

ALSO: SCREEN SAVIORS / FROSTBITE / INTELLECTUAL PROPERTIES

BOSTON COLLEGE

SUMMER

magazine

2002



COMEDY IS HARD

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF DAVE MCLAUGHLIN '85 (AND OTHERS)

Boy, are my arms tired

I went to a comedy club about five years ago. Some friends of friends had been given a handful of complementary admissions, and stand-up comedy was said to be an important manifestation of our culture, and I'd never been, and my wife was going, and so was my older son, and I have a reputation in my family for not going places I should go, particularly those places where our culture is manifested in some important way, so I went.

This place was dark, with a small stage at one end, a large bar at the other, and rows of narrow, uncomfortable chairs in between. Out in the gloom, red-and-gold dragon-motif mouldings and wallpaper glowed, remains of the room's previous life as a Chinese restaurant.

Three comedians performed to a packed house, frenetic guys who spun their gags out of expletives, scatological insights, and flourishes of blue-collar resentment. I remember that they sweated prodigiously beneath colored lights while they smoked cigarettes, drank beer, and trolled (successfully) for saps in the audience dumb enough to start in on a man with a microphone, a belly full of Bud, a pretension to grievance, and license to get a laugh from the repetition of fighting words. The stand-ups strode the boards for a collective 90 minutes or so, handing the microphone off with high-fives, like WWF wrestlers in a tag-team match. I don't remember a single joke they told. Neither does my wife. My son remembers a joke leveraged on a boy's experience with a urinal. I won't be disclosing the details just now. You had to be there.

There's no denying that comedy is a tough racket. The first difficulty is that jokes are not a curriculum. "Nothing," Samuel Johnson noted, "is more hopeless than a scheme of merriment" (and as a lifelong struggler against melancholy, he had reason to know). The second challenge is that gags are not enough. E. B. White (another melancholic), who in his long tenure at the *New Yorker* probably improved more funny sentences than any man who's ever lived, near the end of his career observed that humor could not be produced except as "a by-product" of "serious work." Proof of White's Theorem (in my view) is that the Three Stooges are not funny; Jerry Lewis is funny only when he tries not to be; and the direct mail letter that earlier this month offered me a book "Nominated for the Arthur Andersen Trophy for Best Business Book of the Year" is very funny. And finally and most disconcertingly for anybody who feels driven to crack wise in public, senses of humor are as individual as DNA readings and almost as inflexible; and so no matter how fresh or resourceful a comic may be, some folks are not going to find his joke about Bill and Monica funny, or ap-

preciate his sendup of *Pyramus and Thisbe*, or go home whistling the story about the boy and the urinal.

And that brings me to "Goldberg, the Hotel Owner," my idea of the perfect joke; a joke that is to other jokes what *Karamazov* is to other novels—richer, deeper, threatening. I have no intention of writing "Goldberg" here, it being a fact that paper can drain a spoken joke quicker than an audience of Prussian colonels with gum disease, and it also being a fact that 50 percent of people, by my count, don't find "Goldberg" that funny. But I will tell you that I learned it from a Catholic theologian, who learned it from a rabbi—about as rich a heritage as a joke can bear, and evidence as well of its ability to meet the standards of White's Theorem—and that it is about Goldberg's quest for ultimate happiness and the incongruities that can shift like piles of pea gravel beneath our steps: eros and exhaustion, riches and want, heroic achievement and hotel ownership. In the end, Goldberg tips over, but finds a way to signal that he always intended to land on his ass. And that's the joke.

My DNA inclines me to this kind of comedy, in which determined characters hang onto dignity (or its tattered remains) in spite of having dropped through a manhole, accidentally shot up half of civilization, stepped towel-wrapped through a door marked "private" onto a public street, or made a pass at the stunning woman at the office Christmas party who happens to be the boss's wife. It's primitive stuff, as my sophisticated children never tire of reminding me, but I can't help myself. Mel Brooks gets to me, and so do W. C. Fields, Jerry Stiller, and Leslie Nielsen's police lieutenant in *The Naked Gun*; while the hipsters, the honking clowns, and the attitudinals leave me smiling wanly—their humor as remote as the puns of Aristophanes.

There is an industry of humor theory out there, from Aristotle to Foucault, that tries to explain why certain things are funny. Its highlight, in my view, may be the Marxian (Groucho, and yes, another depressive) Theorem that while one's own jokes are frequently funny, other people's jokes are "not funny, especially if they're getting laughs." In the end, of course, what counts is not Foucault but whether you can remember the punchline, as I can't seem to stop remembering Goldberg, high in his hotel, the ground disappearing northward as he tumbles south, trying, just like us, to look as though this was what he'd had in mind for himself all along.

Our story on comedic dreams and burdens begins on page 42.

Ben Birnbaum



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How to click your way to ultimate truth.

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Paul Mariani

Few modern poets have been more rigorously ambitious than Frost. Fewer still earned the right to that craving.

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On his deathbed, the great Shakespearean actor Edmund Kean was asked if it was difficult to meet the end. "Dying is easy," he answered. "Comedy is hard." A handful of BC graduates are doing it anyway.

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Libraries aren't collections but civilizations. That's why they have histories, cultures, loyalists, and enemies.

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BURN-OUT

Re "Who Will Care?" by Gail Friedman [Spring 2002]: The number of nurses per patient has been reduced to dangerous levels, in the name of cost containment. Nurses often work extra shifts to ensure there is an RN available. After 16 hours, these nurses are more prone to make errors, but the hospital is covered because it has an RN on duty. When the stress gets to be too much, we have burn-out and we lose these nurses to some other line of work.

The reason patients go the hospital is for nursing care on a 24/7 basis. Those who don't need nursing care go home. Hospitals need to hire more nurses and do with less profit to make the profession one that will continue to be attractive to the experienced RN.

CAPT. MARY B. CAVANAUGH '63,
USNRET.

Vienna, Virginia

The reason that there are not more males in nursing is that nursing schools in general make it hard on male students. I have done a survey of over 300 male nurses across the country. Asked "Do you feel that males are represented fairly within nursing?" a clear 68.65% said no. Look over my web site: www.malenurse-magazine.nursing-sites.com

JERRY R. LUCAS, RN
New Albany, Indiana

BOOK CRITICS

The article by President William P. Leahy, SJ, ["The Gift," Spring 2002] was a more upbeat reflection on the priesthood and the Society of Jesus than the book review by Charles R. Morris ["Changed

Order"] in the same issue, which spoke of Jesuit discouragement and confusion.

Even if the Catholic Church resumes the option of marriage for parish clergy, sees its way to encourage women who feel called to the priesthood, and continues to have significant roles for laity, I believe there will always be a place for celibate organizations. The health of the Society of Jesus resides in a focus on the call of Jesus as role model, witnessing to his gospel in the sacraments and in individual life, not merely in compassionate good works.

JANETTE MIDDLETON CRANSHAW

MA'81

Belmont, Massachusetts

Congratulations on the Spring issue. It was timely, serious, helpful. I especially appreciated the piece by Alan Wolfe ["Presence of Mind"].

I do not, however, think readers were well served by Charles Morris's sad and shallow review of *Passionate Uncertainty: Inside the American Jesuits*, by Peter McDonough and Eugene C. Bianchi.

I wonder if you would have published that review if you had seen what Katarina Schuth, OSF, had to say about the book in the March 25 issue of *America* magazine. Schuth, who holds the endowed chair for the Social Scientific Study of Religion at the Divinity School of St. Thomas University in Minnesota, first pointed out how the authors' non-random sampling of nearly equal numbers of present and former Jesuits virtually guaranteed an unreliable final product. She then questioned the authors'

acknowledged first principle of deliberately downplaying affirmative responses to their survey questions. Next, she gave examples of how the authors' own ideas and biases are freely, cheerfully, and confusingly intermingled with the survey data, and then wondered how the memories of men who left the order 10, 20, and even 30 years ago can possibly be relevant to the Jesuits' sense of themselves and their mission today.

JAMES C. O'BRIEN, SJ

Boston College Jesuit Community

STORM REPORTS

Re the special section "Inside the Storm" [Spring 2002]: In the world of six degrees of separation, it happens that I once knew Fr. Paul Shanley, the priest accused of raping young boys at a parish outside Boston. My connection goes back to the late 1970s, when I was a BC undergraduate and a seminarian. My liberal Catholic friends and I heard that Fr. Shanley had been fired by the late Cardinal Medeiros from his street ministry of tending to homeless teenagers, many of whom were gay.

Shanley gave an unsanctioned speech at O'Connell House to a group of BC students. As best as I can now recall, his message was that the Church needed to be more accepting of gays and should minister to them. After hearing of the speech, BC promptly banned him from speaking on campus again.

The University had no prescient insight into Shanley's unsavory activities with children. Instead, I believe that the University, like the

Archdiocese of Boston, was fixed on the theory that practicing homosexuality is immoral.

That is the part of the story that I remembered when allegations about Shanley first appeared in the national press. Those articles mentioned that Shanley had been assigned to a parish called St. John the Evangelist in Newton, Massachusetts. I did not realize until more recently, when the news of his arrest came across the wires, that St. John's went by another name that I knew very well: St. Jean L'Evangelist.

St. Jean's was a French-Canadian mission parish on its last legs despite a devoted group of graying parishioners. A kindly old priest in his mid-seventies named Fr. Frank LeBrun ran it. Fr. LeBrun was a tolerant and welcoming man who accepted Shanley into St. Jean's after a number of other pastors had turned him down.

I went to St. Jean's on Sundays to lead music at Mass. Occasionally, I ran into Shanley at the rectory. He was tall, slender, handsome, and slightly graying: not the old man extradited from San Diego to Boston.

There were children in the congregation, though not enough to keep the elementary school open. But Boston in the 1970s was not a place that had an easy time integrating its public schools, and St. Jean's, just outside the city, was something of a haven for the children of white parents looking for an escape. At the time, the Boston archdiocese gave those parents a hard time transferring their public school children to their local Catholic parish school, so as not to un-

dercut the attempts at public school integration. St. Jean's flew under the radar screen.

Thinking about Shanley for the first time in 20 years, I wonder if any of his victims were children whose parents sent them to St. Jean's in order to avoid having them attend integrated public schools in Boston. I wonder whether the myopic views of the Boston archdiocese about homosexuality blinded it to Shanley's real danger. I wonder why a Church, despite reports of misdeeds, allowed a sexual predator to operate inside a school for seven years.

Some believe that good will come out of this scandal and that the Catholic hierarchy will be forced to reform by ordaining women and married priests. I doubt it. The Church will make cosmetic changes to root out pederast priests, and a celibate hierarchy will resist deeper reform with its every fiber.

JACK CROWE '82
Oak Park, Illinois

I am a clinical psychologist who has specialized in treating individuals traumatized by childhood abuse. James Porter, now an ex-priest, repeatedly sodomized me when I was 11 years old. When in high school, I sought pastoral counseling with a priest; on the second meeting he attempted to fondle me. Parishioners hounded my parents from their church during the Porter trials and lawsuits against the diocese, accusing their son of being a Church-basher or of just being in it for the money. When my parents asked the pastor to inter-

vene, he did nothing.

So I had ambivalent feelings when I read about President William P. Leahy, SJ, initiating a two-year, special academic focus on the issue. A part of me shouted, "Hurrah, at last, thank God, go Eagles, leave it to the Jesuits!" Another part of me looked in vain for any mention of a need to focus on the key issue: an autocratic, patriarchal, medieval governing structure seriously dissociated from living life on life's terms. Even now, church authorities are trying to scapegoat the media, gays, lawyers, Vatican II, American culture, and the victims. What's the real problem? It's enabling pedophiles.

I strongly encourage other survivors of clerical abuse who are members of the BC community to speak up. Add your voice to the debate. This is the best way to heal. And it is also the best way to keep the debate at Boston College real and not simply cosmetic, insular, and academic.

MIKE SULLIVAN '74
Las Vegas, Nevada

Fr. Robert P. Imbelli has it right; the crisis is first about fidelity to Christ and his proclamation, then about ecclesial structures. Absent such purification of the inside of the cup on the part of everyone, efforts at cleansing the outside will only produce even more desiccated "Catholic Lite."

PAUL J. JOBIN MA'63
Claremont, New Hampshire

CURE-ALL

The 1824 cure of Mrs. Ann Carbery Mattingly after a novena by her parish priests at the suggestion of the Ger-

man priest Prince Alexander of Hohenlohe ["Wonder bar" by Nancy Lusignan Schultz, Spring 2002] is more than obscure American Catholic trivia. It is part of the living tradition of her parish.

Each Thursday after the 12:10 P.M. Mass, that parish—St. Patrick's Church, in downtown Washington, D.C.—still celebrates a novena to the Holy Name of Jesus, inspired by Mattingly's sudden cure on the Feast of the Holy Name of Jesus after a seven-year struggle with cancer.

If you're ever in the nation's capital on a Thursday, join us.

JAMES G. BRUEN, JR. JD'73
Centreville, Virginia

GO, GIRL

I just read your article in the Winter 2002 issue on women's boxing ["Get Busy, Girlfriend," by Carlo Rotella]. Thank you for putting into words what so many feel. Women should have every opportunity that men do to compete in any sport and make as much as they do.

I am very proud of the trail that Mitzi Jeter has blazed over the years to make the path of future women boxers a little easier. I'm sure that before too long, Mitzi will have the title "world champion" after her name, because she is the best women's boxer in the world. OK, I'm biased, but that's what cousins are for.

DONNA BROWN
Edgewater, Florida

BCM welcomes letters from readers. Letters may be edited for length and clarity, and must be signed to be published. Our fax number is (617) 552-2441; our e-mail address is bcm@bc.edu.



LEE PELLEGRINI

Oral history contributors, with University President William P. Leahy, SJ. From left: James P. McIntyre, Leahy, Vincent Nuccio, Albert Folkard, David Twomey, Donald White, Thomas O'Connor, Robert Daly, SJ, James Skehan, SJ, Mary Hawes, William McInness, SJ, Joseph Appleyard, SJ, Edward Hanrahan, SJ, John Mahoney, and Harold Peterson

Storytellers

BC PROJECT CAPTURES MEMORIES OF SENIOR FACULTY

The Army calls it an “after-action” interview—the gathering of first-hand recollections from combatants, conducted by the service’s own military historians in the wake of battle. The purpose is to preserve a record of events when more formal documentation seems scant or inadequate. For the past year, in a program

sponsored by the University President's office, Boston College has been collecting "after-action" accounts too, from faculty and staff who served BC in the pivotal, sometimes tumultuous, two and a half decades from the end of World War II through the student protests of the early 1970s.

The oral history project, entitled "The Critical Years," has so far produced 23 taped and transcribed interviews with retired or current BC professors and administrators. The interviews are being preserved in the University archives at the Burns Library. Interviewees were given the option of imposing a 10-year embargo on their accounts, but some have opted for immediate release. The project will continue into the coming year.

A corps of six graduate history students carried out the interviews. Half are at work on dissertations set in colonial New England, and at first they found the prospect of putting questions to a historical subject who could talk back somewhat daunting. But the experience in fact proved refreshing, according to interviewer John Dennehy. He's researching "Post-Revolutionary Massachusetts under Governor James Sullivan" for his dissertation, but says he now wants to start an oral history program in his town of Braintree, Massachusetts. Associate professor of history Deborah Levenson-Estrada prepared the students with a series of training sessions (including one where they practiced on each other), held in the third-floor conference

room at Hovey House. "Oral history is probably less fluff than you might think," she told the students accustomed to mining terse documents and sparse correspondence. "It's just as subjective as census reports. In fact, all objective sources are more interesting for their subjectivity: Why, for example, did the census ask about race this way? In oral history, you're right on top of it. You can ask."

Before the students set out into the field, the University Historian Thomas H. O'Connor '49, who has been a member of BC's history faculty for some 50 years, briefed them on the period to be covered—and served as their first interviewee. O'Connor portrayed the years 1958–68 (the term of the Michael Walsh, SJ, presidency at BC) in particular as a time when colleges everywhere, and Catholic ones especially, were asking the big questions: "What do we want to be? Where do we want to go? Holy Cross made a conscious decision," he said, "not to become a university. BC made a different decision." That decision was to place a new emphasis at BC on graduate and professional programs and to attract a national student body. O'Connor described the fractious two-tier faculty that resulted: "The old style, excellent teachers with terminal M.A.'s; the incoming hot-shot Ph.D.'s, teaching fewer hours, doing research." He talked about tight money and financial naïveté in the face of ambitious campus construction goals. And he recounted "the Troubles" at the dawn of the 1970s: "Student upheaval, the feminist move-

ment, the black civil rights movement," and, of course, the student strike in the spring of 1970. "Some say Fr. Seavey Joyce [BC's Jesuit president from 1968 to 1972] wasn't equipped to cope with it. Well, who was?" said O'Connor rhetorically. "They spit presidents out by the minute. Look at Clark Kerr at the University of California."

It was an era that began with a relatively small crew of faculty and administrators filling multiple jobs. Middle management was virtually nonexistent, and much that happened went unrecorded.

GOOD ORAL HISTORY, it has been said, preserves not just what people did but also what they wanted to do. And so the oral history of Boston College will contain ideas that failed to catch on and arguments that didn't carry the day: Tom O'Connor's preference, in the 1950s, for example, for renaming the institution Campion University; Vincent Nuccio's proposal in the 1960s for a BC off-ramp from the MassPike. The former executive assistant to Fr. Walsh and professor in the School of Education recalls another idea that was floated, whereby BC would be the centerpiece of a Catholic University of New England, formed by mergers with local schools. Romance language professor Rebecca Valette remembers her suggestion in the late 1960s (deflected at the time by a dean) that women faculty be paid the same as men. Economics professor Harold Petersen registers the deep disappointment he shared with some others on

the faculty at the decision to eliminate ROTC in 1970.

Their differences notwithstanding, the 23 individuals who accepted the written invitation to participate in the oral history project comprise a self-selected group. They saw Boston College's potential, embraced its essence, and elected to commit themselves to making it grow.

At a simple ceremony held in the Thompson Room of Burns Library on May 7, their collected memories, encased in a dark wooden box from a store called Hold Everything, were handed by University President William P. Leahy, SJ, to librarian Robert O'Neill for preservation. Most of the participants were there, an assemblage dressed mainly in dark suits and clerical collars, with a rare skirt and splash of pink, seated together in a special section before the podium. "Through your cooperation and remembering," Fr. Leahy told them, "you've given us a way of looking at this institution and by extension at this nation." Three students, members of the Class of 2002, read excerpts from non-embargoed transcripts. Afterwards, the participants milled about, laughing and talking, greeting one another with pats on the back. Overheard in snatches of conversation were phrases tantalizing to the oral historian: "We used to . . ." and "You would never be able to get away with . . ."

Anna Marie Murphy

Interview excerpts that were read at the May 7 event appear in The Full Story, at the BCM Web site: www.bc.edu/bcm

That masked man

WELLES CROWTHER '99, HERO

When a United Airlines plane struck the 78th to 84th floors of the second, south tower of the World Trade Center on September 11, between 50 and 200 people were gathered in the 78th-floor Sky Lobby, waiting for an elevator to evacuate them below. Only 12 survived. They described a blast of light and heat, and then darkness, smoke, and confusion.

Surviving also was the story of a young man with a red bandanna over his mouth and nose who appeared out of the chaos, issuing crisp instructions, lending his strength, and guiding the injured to the stairway out. He spoke with command, but wore no official rescue gear. "Anyone who can walk," he said, "walk down the stairs. Anyone who can walk and help someone else, help. There are people here you cannot help anymore, so don't try to." The young man led first one small group of injured and then another down 17 flights of stairs to relative safety. For nine months, no one knew who he was. Last May, when an article in the *New York Times* recounted his heroics, he was identified as Welles Crowther '99.

Crowther worked as an equities trader at Sandler O'Neill & Partners on the 104th floor of the south tower. After the first plane struck the north tower, he telephoned his mother, Alison Crowther, and left a message: He was evacuating the building. But he apparently never left. His body was discovered last March in unusual circumstances: as one of only two civilians among a cluster of policemen and firefighters in the ground floor lobby of the south tower, a staging area for the morning's rescue efforts.

In fact, Crowther was a fireman, too. From the age of 16, he had, like his father Jefferson Crowther, been a trained volunteer member of the Empire Hook & Ladder Company, in his hometown of Upper Nyack, New York. And like his father, he'd acquired the habit of carrying a bandanna in his pocket; the father carried a blue one, the son, red.

From the testimony of survivors interviewed by the *Times*



Crowther as a lacrosse player at BC

COURTESY OF THE CROWTHER FAMILY

and by Crowther's hometown paper, the *Journal News*, it appears that Crowther got as far down as the 78th floor before the airplane struck his building. Judy Wein, an employee from the 103rd floor, had also made it to the Sky Lobby. The plane's impact left her with a broken arm, three broken ribs, and a punctured lung. "We didn't know where we were. We didn't know what to do," Wein recalls. Then the man in the red bandanna appeared. "He was calm, he showed us where the stairs were, he found a fire extinguisher." Crowther escorted Wein and several other injured survivors down to the 61st floor before turning around and heading back up.

Suffering from burns, Ling Young, who worked on the 86th floor, was still in the Sky Lobby.

She recalls hearing Crowther call out, "This way to the stairs," and, along with another man, following his voice. As they descended together, Young saw that Crowther was carrying another woman on his back. At some point, Crowther pulled off his bandanna, and Young saw his face. When the little group neared the 61st floor, he left them and went upstairs once more. No survivor recalls seeing him after that.

Following the *Times* article, Alison Crowther sent Young a photograph of Welles. "As soon as I saw it, I knew it was him," Young told the *Journal News*.

On June 2, the Rockland Fire Training Center, where Welles Crowther had trained as a firefighter, held a memorial service to honor the five Rockland County volunteer firemen who died on September 11. Alison Crowther spoke. "Welles must have felt hugely fulfilled that day," she said. "He was not Welles Crowther, equities trader. . . . He was Welles Crowther, firefighter."

Tim Heffernan

The Welles Remy Crowther Charitable Trust has been created to support programs benefiting young people. Details can be had from the trust at 106 Birchwood Avenue, Upper Nyack, NY 10960.

OFF THE WALL

A tour of campus graffiti

“Set the gearshift of your soul to high gear.”

“Roll in neutral.”

“Get out of the car and look around, breathe, be!” —*blue felt tip, black felt tip, black ball point, respectively; above toilet paper dispenser; east wall of unisex bathroom, Gasson Hall basement*

Our tour begins here, in BC’s signature campus building. Boston College was founded in 1863, and in its original incarnation sought to educate a small subsection of the population. These entries, recorded in three different hands—the first a deliberate script, the second a barely legible scrawl, the third block lettering in all caps—affirm that the current student body is drawn from a truly diverse pool. The dedicated, the slacker, the hippie all have a place on today’s Chestnut Hill.

“John 7:37, 38” —*No. 2 pencil; two inches high; Lyons Hall stairwell north, halfway toward the basement landing*

The passage from the gospel reads in part, “If any man thirst, let him come unto me.” This was likely intended as an advertisement for the Pub Series held in the Rat, the dining hall in the basement of Lyons. A popular campus event, the Pub Series features performances by BC bands at which students may consume as many as two alcoholic beverages, provided they first secure letters of permission



Cri de coeur: faded, but not forgotten

from their parents, a doctor, and the dean of Arts and Sciences.

“The Grout Gatsby. Grout Expectations. The Grout Barrier Reef. Ringling Brothers, the Groutest Show on Earth. Alexander the Grout. The Grout Wall of China.” —*black ball point, pencil; two authors; printed on the grout between the tiles above the far right mirror, men’s bathroom, Bapst Library basement*

For many, the pillared entranceway to the Bapst Library represents everything higher education should stand for. The sweeping arches and majestic stained glass call to mind Europe’s cathedrals and all that is dignified and pure in schol-

arship. It is no wonder, then, that Bapst graffiti is of the highest order, firmly grounded in the Western canon.

“College would be great if it wasn’t for school” —*etched in wood, one-inch block print; sixth study carrel from the stairwell, O’Neill Library fourth floor*

“Finals = bad. Drinking = good.” —*black felt tip on table; east side near the LB stack, O’Neill first floor*

In contrast to Bapst, O’Neill’s dim lighting, cramped shelves, and bad carpeting call to mind how the other half lives. It is perhaps to be expected, then, that the graffiti here is the worst of the genre: trite, unambitious, and possessed of

an unhealthy preoccupation with the names and phone numbers of those students previously demonstrating a commitment to having a good time. Indeed, a student’s choice of library carries profound implications for all future endeavors.

“A pox be upon this house” —*bleach and lemon juice [?], 12-inch letters; next to each door; Gasson Hall north façade*

Barely visible unless the rising or setting sun glances upon them, these words, legend tells us, were produced in the early 1970s by an ROTC cadet angered at the administration’s decision to oust the officer-training program from campus. The anonymous student has gone, the program was subsequently reinstated, and, throughout, this unauthorized Gasson accessory has remained. Ever to excel, indeed.

For the record: On the fourth floor of Devlin Hall, where BC stores its Fine Artists, there is no graffiti. One may assume students here possess other canvases upon which to display the products of their creativity. Fulton Hall, home to finance and accounting majors in the Carroll School of Management, is likewise unsullied, though the reason for this is not known.

Kilian Betlach ’02

Kilian Betlach majored in philosophy and psychology and is currently a member of Teach for America.

LEE PELLEGRINI

ACADEMY AWARD

Professor of sociology William Gamson has been elected a fellow of the prestigious American Academy of Arts and Sciences. On October 5, he will join, among others, U.S. Senator Edward Kennedy, the actress Anjelica Huston, and the violinist Itzhak Perlman in an induction ceremony in Cambridge, Massachusetts. Gamson is the third BC faculty member to be named to the academy; the others are theology professor Lisa Sowle Cahill and School of Management professor Alicia Munnell.

GROWTH RESEARCH

Funded research at Boston College is growing at a greater than expected rate, according to a fiscal year-end assessment by the Office for Sponsored Programs. Some \$28 million in grant money was applied to research during the 2001–2002 school year—19 percent more than had been projected. Additionally, BC received an estimated \$39 million in grants for future research over the past fiscal year, 35 percent above earlier expectations.

HAPPY ANNIVERSARY

The Jenks Leadership Program (JLP) will celebrate its 35th anniversary in a ceremony on November 8. The JLP was founded in 1967 by then director of counseling services Sandy Jenks as a means of training outstanding BC students in the art of community leadership. Today, students in the JLP take part in a two-step process: a first year spent in lectures and workshops, and a second year spent working in groups on community service projects. All alumni of the program are invited to the celebration; for more information, please call (617) 552-3310, or visit www.bc.edu/jlp

END OF AN ERA

John Mahoney's last class



LEE PELLEGRINI

Mahoney: "You have to use poetry."

I waited for class to begin in the small and lavishly Gothified Gasson lecture hall, stern-faced portraits of Cicero, Webster, and other edifying exemplars emblazoned on the walls and arched ceiling. Professor John Mahoney, retiring after 47 years in BC's English department (though he will be professor emeritus starting next year), was about to teach his last class of English 358, "Poets, Poems, Poetics," an upper-level course of about 40 students. Would this be a sentimental journey, an hour and a half of him waxing nostalgic?

Would he maybe dig deep, one last time, into Wordsworth, his specialty? The students who entered the room and found seats were nicely groomed young men and women in pressed khakis and clean jeans. There were few piercings in evidence, few outward signs of "poetic" eccentricity.

As it turned out, the last class was not a one-man farewell show. Instead it was a symposium, with three outside panelists: Robert Barth, SJ, a BC English professor; John Anderson, a poet and lecturer in BC's English depart-

ment; and Katherine Douthit, a painter pursuing a graduate degree in applied linguistics at the University of Massachusetts. Anderson read some of his own poems, and Douthit showed two of her paintings and discussed the parallels between visual art and poetry. ("Representational art," she said, "is more like a declarative sentence; abstract art more like a poem.")

However, it was the students who really ran the symposium. There was a student moderator, Nicole Cotroneo '02; three student presenters,

Stephen Calme '03, Kevin Skelly '02, and Jonathan Farina '02; and three student reciters, Joseph Halli '05, Katherine Johnson '03, and Michael Lombardi '03.

Professor Mahoney was simply the gracious host, a tall, slender man with a generous air. At the beginning he briefly welcomed everyone, explaining that it is his custom to end each upper-level class with a symposium like this one. At the end he said a sweet, short goodbye to this particular class, thanking them for a semester of "being there and working hard; a tribute to the fine arts," as he must have similarly said goodbye to

every class at the end of every semester. In between his welcome and his goodbye he said nothing at all. There was no "last class" pomp. The fact that this was his last class was never mentioned.

The students who recited handled long and difficult poems from memory: Thomas Hardy's "The Convergence of the Twain," John Donne's "A Valediction: Forbidding Mourning," and "The Paper," by panelist Anderson. The presenters scarcely referred to their notes. Calme went first, offering definitions of poetry, including the elegant "poetry arranges words to transcend

words." Skelly spoke to imagery and poetic language, saying that imagery is what makes poetry timeless. Farina traced poetic theory from Plato to the moderns. All told, they gave a brief and nuanced look at what had been covered in the class over the semester. When Professor Barth, a Coleridge expert, followed up with questions for each presenter, their answers ranged widely—over Oscar Wilde's influence on contemporary theory; Coleridge's distinction between imitation and copy.

In the end, I may not have heard Professor Mahoney teach, but I did hear his teach-

ing. For some people, like Mahoney himself, poetry becomes a lifelong pursuit, and for others, perhaps for many in his classes, it simply becomes another part of life. Stephen Calme, during his presentation, recalled a moment early in the course when Professor Mahoney had issued a challenge: "OK, describe in two simple, declarative sentences what it is like to be in love." There was silence. "You see," Mahoney had said, "you can't. You have to use poetry."

Susan Miller

Susan Miller is a freelance writer based in Boston.

NAMES AND PLACES: LESSONS FROM THE BC ALUMNI DIRECTORY

In January 2001, the Boston College Alumni Association released its first revision of the Alumni Directory since 1995. A year and a half later, the BCM staff has completed its analysis and can report the following:

Weight of directory: 6 lbs., 11 oz.

Thickness: 2 5/8 inches

Number of pages: 1,922

Number of entries: 132,071 BC and Newton College graduates

Celebrated names: One William Faulkner, five Charlie Browns (and four van Pelts), one Helen Reddy.

Additionally, 38 Abbotts and 122 Costellos; two Tinkers, seven Everses, and three Chances; 11 Rowans, 289 Martins, and a Laffin.

Names we enjoy saying to ourselves: Bethany Blessing '92; Jose Malina Dapena '78; Negar Motashemi '92; Punyam Satya-Narayana, Ph.D. '80; Rosanna Colarusso-Lamalva '94; Crystal Midnight '97; and Hillard Pouncy III '70.

Most common surname: Sullivan (964)

Second most common surname: Murphy (764)

Third most common surname: Smith (630)

Most common non-European surname: Kim (113)

Rank of Kim among all alumni surnames: 95th (of 42,644)

Most common Italian surname: Russo (78)

Other surnames with 78 entries: Connor and Wood

States that are home to the most graduates: Massachusetts (61,802); New York (10,540); Connecticut (6,815); California (6,099).

States that are home to the fewest graduates: Arkansas (54); Wyoming (29); South Dakota (28); North Dakota (19).

Nations in which a single graduate lives: Bangladesh, Barbados, Cuba, Ethiopia, Ghana, Honduras, Iraq, Latvia, Lesotho, Monaco, Qatar, Scotland, Senegal, the Solomon Islands, Sri Lanka, Sudan, Uganda, Uruguay, Yugoslavia.

Number of foreign countries represented in 2001, versus 1995: 117, versus 111.

SUMMIT ATTEMPT

CSON holds a meeting on the Massachusetts nursing crisis

Representatives of 33 Massachusetts nursing organizations brainstormed solutions to the state's worsening nursing shortage at a summit meeting held at Boston College on June 14. At issue was a job vacancy rate for registered nurses of about 9 percent, and an aging and homogeneous workforce in which 96.6 percent of the state's 113,000 nurses are female, 95.5 percent are white, and the average age is 48. With a motivational speech by the 2002 Olympics organizer and Republican Massachusetts gubernatorial candidate Mitt Romney, and impassioned discussion among nurses about problems of image and substance encountered in the workplace, the conference built overwhelming support for the creation of a statewide center dedicated to nurse recruitment.

The summit planners included the dean of BC's Connell School of Nursing, Barbara Munro (representing the Massachusetts Association of Colleges of Nursing), and representatives from eight other nursing groups. Romney had been invited to speak months earlier, before his re-entry into the state's political fray. The organizers had been looking for a speaker who might inspire a truce between rival Massachusetts nursing factions, and Romney had demonstrated the ability to coax together coalitions as he rebuilt the once scandal-ridden



From left: MARN's Karen Daley and Susan Krupnik, the Connell School's Barbara Munro, the Olympics' Mitt Romney

Salt Lake City Olympics. Even so, one key nursing organization, the Massachusetts Nursing Association (MNA), representing 17,000 unionized nurses, declined to show up at the conference.

As the keynote speaker, Romney mercifully stayed off discussions of state politics, but still managed to seduce his audience like a seasoned pol. He called nurses heroes and related the story of his mother, who passed up hospice care because she couldn't bear to switch nurses. Romney also

drew parallels between the recruitment challenges of the Olympics and those of nursing. He had taken over an Olympics tarnished by charges that Salt Lake City organizers had bribed Olympic Committee members, and he had quickly faced the need to attract 24,000 volunteers for arduous, sometimes tedious work. "People don't sign up because of what you need," he said. "People sign up because they want to do it." Romney described a marketing campaign that promoted volunteer

jobs as "the experience of a lifetime" and positioned former professional quarterback Steve Young as the chief of volunteers. Some 67,000 volunteers applied, believing—as nurses might—that they were serving a higher purpose. After the Olympics, a star-studded concert honored all the volunteers—emblematic of the kind of professional respect and reward system often found wanting in nursing.

If Romney was the inspiration, the summit's afternoon speaker was the reality. Dennis

Sherrod, associate director of recruitment and retention for the North Carolina Center for Nursing (NCCN) spoke about his organization, which was mandated by state law in 1991 to plan workforce strategies so enough nurses will be available to meet residents' health care needs. The NCCN—which is 75 percent funded by the state, with the remainder coming from grants and donations—is recognized as a national authority on nursing workforce data. Its recruitment strategies include posters for schools, a nursing badge earned by Scouts and other youth groups, and coloring pages to plant a positive image in even the youngest consumers. To help reward—and thereby retain—nurses already in the workforce, NCCN hosts pampering retreats for nurses, who frequently tell Sherrod that the getaway inspired them to earn advanced degrees.

North Carolina's strategy seems to be working. In recent years, while many states have watched their nursing workforces shrink, the number of nurses in North Carolina has grown faster than the state population. While the NCCN has no hard data to take credit for such success, it can count the 600 nursing scholarships it awards yearly to students who graduate from high school with a B average. The center also calculates hits on its Web site, which went from 100 to 600 per week after a recruitment campaign mailed more than 30,000 brochures, videos, and posters to schools, libraries, employers, and others.

BETWEEN THE SPEECHES
by Romney and Sherrod, more

than 80 nurses and other health-care professionals broke into small groups to discuss ways to tackle the shortage in Massachusetts. Nurses repeatedly lamented their difficulty with recruiting minorities and men to the profession, and stressed the need to get positive messages about nursing to children, teachers, and guidance counselors. One told the story of a Vietnamese girl who was advised by her guidance counselor that she couldn't be a nurse because she was an immigrant. Audible sighs of understanding greeted another nurse who recalled a medical resident telling her, "You're just a nurse."

Wish lists grew quickly, cataloging hopes for increased financial aid for nursing students, better P.R. to polish the profession's image, and even a Nursing Hall of Fame. The overarching idea, nurtured by summit planners, was to create a state center like that in North Carolina, dedicated to nurse recruitment and retention.

The summit meeting closed amidst rousing support for such a center. Like impassioned members at a revival meeting, one nurse after another stood up to pledge the support of her organization. Some offered meeting space or staffing, others promised financial backing, Web site links, Web design, or fund-raising help. Flyers were circulated announcing an August 1 meeting for the proposed center's design team.

Chances are that the excitement would have been muted if the MNA had accepted its invitation to the summit. The union's absence was not unexpected. The Massachusetts Association of Registered

Nurses (MARN), which coordinated the conference, was created after the century-old MNA withdrew from the American Nurses Association in 2000. With just 400 members, the new organization is dwarfed by the older union, which is, says BC's Munro, "the biggest bargaining unit for nurses in the state."

According to its spokesman, David Schildmeir, the MNA didn't attend because it views the summit's focus on a statewide nursing center as a distraction from the union's main goal, which is passage of legislation to ensure reasonable nurse-patient staffing ratios. "We saw nothing on the table about that," Schildmeier said in an interview. Even if a center successfully recruits more nurses, he said, "if you haven't fixed the core problem and given them a safe ratio, they're just going to turn around and leave."

Little was said at the conference about the missing organization, although MARN's past president, Karen Daley, described the MNA as "critically important" in her speech and said she hoped the group would join future discussions.

When the summit was over, dozens of nurses trooped back to their emergency departments and community centers, to doctors' offices and hospices, all seemingly revved up to work on a state center for nursing—with or without help from their unionized colleagues.

Gail Friedman

Gail Friedman is a freelance writer based in the Boston area. Her article on the nation's nursing shortage, "Who Will Care?" appeared in the Spring 2002 issue of BCM.



Lionel Charles

GENEROUS HELPING

Dishroom supervisor Lionel Charles has received this year's Boston College Community Service Award. Charles, a Dorchester resident and native of Haiti, coordinates an ongoing effort to provide part-time Dining Services jobs—and friendly adult guidance—to Dorchester high school students. "Teens who don't have jobs or don't have anywhere to go after school will get in trouble," Charles said. Some 50 teenagers have been involved in the program.

HONORUS CAUSA

Six individuals received honorary degrees at Commencement, on May 20. They are: R. Nicholas Burns '78, U.S. permanent representative to NATO, doctorate in law; Rev. Robert J. Bowers '82, founder of the Chernobyl Children's Project USA, doctorate in humane letters; Sara Lawrence-Lightfoot, chair of the board of the MacArthur Foundation, doctorate in humane letters; John W. O'Malley, SJ, scholar of Christianity, doctorate in humane letters; Sr. Marie Santry, SND, principal of Holy Family School in Natchez, Mississippi, doctorate in humane letters; and Elizabeth Zweig Leoni MA'77, executive director of Greater Boston Catholic Charities, doctorate in public administration.

Booking

53 DAYS, 14,500 MILES, AND 37 READINGS

Editor's Note: On March 20, 2002, Steve Almond, a member of the creative writing faculty in the English Department, set out on a coast-to-coast, mostly self-funded reading tour to promote his book of short stories, My Life in Heavy Metal (Grove, 2002). For the next 52 days, Almond managed to tap out a series of "Roadog" e-mail reports, from which the following are excerpted.

VOLUME I, EARLY APRIL, 2002

- "You can't do a keg stand in a prom dress, cuz your dress will fall up over the keg and no one will know how much you drank." Received wisdom from Angel Lynette Johnson, 20, of Harlin County, Kentucky, during the Greyhound bus ride from Harrisonburg, Virginia, to Washington, D.C.
- # of tattoos Angel Lynette Johnson showed the author: 2
- The author's chief calorie source on the road: Skittles
- Critic's Korner: "Every couple of years, a writer comes along who tries so desperately to show that he's got his finger on the pulse of his times that it makes you wish the times would just die already. Bret Easton Ellis, Amy Tan, Jay McInerney—they keep on appearing, up-and-comers who wear *zeitgeist* like Armani and whose sole mission in life seems to be to fill us in on the difficulties of being young, affluent, pampered, and (horrors!) oversexed. Steve Almond . . . wants to join the list. . . . Almond writes nice sentences . . . unfortunately his frequent recourse to shallow epiphanies is just plain annoying. Almond complains at 7:00 P.M., Monday at Olsson's Books & Records." *Washington City Pages*, March 28

VOLUME II, MID-APRIL, 2002

- Highest turnout thus far: 137 people at the Oxford Conference for the Book, Oxford, Mississippi
- Lowest turnout: 1 person (Eric), Memphis
- Colloquy between the author & Red Bull Promotional Girls Julie & April, transcribed Tuesday, April 16, at Beaucoup Books in New Orleans:
Julie: Hey! That was really fun. This is, like, the first reading we've ever been to. We saw a thing about it in the paper.
April: Yeah, mostly we go to clubs.
Julie: It's our job. They send us out to check out cultural stuff. You know, just to hang and check out the scene.
Steve: You get paid for this?
April: Yeah! Isn't that cool?
Julie: It beats the hell out of handing out fliers.
April: Do you want a Red Bull? It's a delicious energy drink.
- Critic's Korner: "Almond's first-person narrators are al-

ways saying embarrassingly arty things. . . . Though they're not the same people, they talk as if they are, one character after another indulging in the same effete verbal tics ("taking" lunch or "supper" rather than eating it, the implicit entitlement in the phrase not fitting the people talking). Almond can't write dialogue by instinct, and he doesn't think his language through." *Greil Marcus, Salon.com*

VOLUME III: MAY DAY! MAY DAY! 2002: SPECIAL SOUTH FLORIDA CRIME EDITION

- "Robert Blake is an object lesson in what happens to guys who fetishize their cockatoos." Received wisdom from Pingey Tetavicho, Miami Beach nightclub promoter
- Number of times the author has been patted down for explosives thus far: 7
- Number of audience members who have left a reading in order to go strip: 1
- Number of babies the author has kissed on tour: 9
- Critic's Korner: "Never mind Almond's woefully inaccurate rendering of the female anatomy and its capabilities—call it literary license . . . worse is that Almond wraps up this story, as he does many others, with a preachy little summary of the preceding tale that leaves the reader with Something to Think About. 'I was doing something even noble in the eyes of youth,' David says. 'Radical, kickass, seeking love on all fronts, transporting myself beyond the reach of loneliness and failure, into the blessed province of poontang.' In a word: Yuck." *The extremely insightful Ann M. Bauer, in the Minneapolis City Pages*

VOLUME IV, MAY, 2002

- Largest # of rock stars at a reading: 5 (Austin)
- Largest # of psychoanalysts at a reading: 12 (Palo Alto)
- "You look different. Fatter." Author's old pal Goeff welcomes him to Phoenix
- Pounds gained on the road: 11
- Ratio of bills to fan letters the author received upon opening his mail at home: 23/1
- Critic's Korner: "Oh, were you gone?" *The author's neighbor Jenna*

Almond's story "The Pass" won a 2002 Pushcart Prize. His new collection, My Life in Heavy Metal, is available at a special discount from the BC Bookstore through the BCM Web site: www.bc.edu/bcm

THE HEARING

What the Church needs



JUSTIN KNIGHT

Fr. Leahy and alumni: "I'm a member of the Church, just like you."

The pangs, strains, and dislocations of the American Catholic community were on vivid display on the afternoon of Saturday, June 1, when about 70 reunioneering alumni took up an invitation from University President William P. Leahy, SJ, to express their opinions on BC's "The Church in the 21st Century" initiative. [See *BCM*, "Natural resource," Spring 2002.] Announced by the president two weeks earlier in a blitz of interviews with the *Boston Herald*, *Boston Globe*

and *New York Times*, the undertaking promises a "special academic focus" over the next two years to examine issues relating to the clerical sexual misconduct scandal. The program would include, Fr. Leahy said, public lectures, campus seminars, Web and print publications, and special presentations for alumni across the country.

The alumni who forsook a clear and sunny spring afternoon to gather in the tiered seats of a Devlin Hall classroom were middle-aged and

older, for the most part, and dressed like Cape Cod vacationers, though a few older men were celebrating reunion Saturday in sportscoats or suits, dress shirts, and ties. All appeared to listen attentively as Fr. Leahy welcomed them and outlined what he saw as the Church's immediate tasks (respond compassionately to victims, and change internal structures so that abuse and cover-ups cannot happen again) and the related long-term issues BC hopes to en-

gage: sexuality in the Catholic tradition and in American culture; the interlocking partnership of lay people, clergy, and hierarchy in the Church; and what the president called "how we live our faith today and pass it on to the next generation."

Labeling his audience an "ideal" group from which to gather critiques of BC's plans, Leahy opened the floor to "comments and questions." These came quickly and steadily and for more than an hour, sometimes directed at BC's president, sometimes at other speakers, and sometimes at individuals who were far away from Boston College; the tone of the discussion ranging from therapy group, to zoning board hearing, to boardroom presentation, to revival meeting. Fr. Leahy took notes on a legal pad throughout and directed the discussion with the restrained hand of a veteran teacher (he happens to be one), recognizing individuals who had not yet had a chance to speak, reflecting comments back at the audience so they took off in fresh trajectories, nodding his encouragement, and now and again asking a direct question.

"How many people here personally know victims of [clerical] sexual abuse?" a man in the audience began. About 20 hands rose. "We know three," a woman in a magenta sweater called out to Leahy.

"How has that affected you?" he asked. "It's galvanized my faith," she replied. His question was softly phrased; her response was flinty, daring challenge, and not from Leahy. Leahy pointed to another raised hand. "What we're looking at is a conspiracy of silence on the part of [Church] leadership in order to avoid the questions of women and married priests," a man said.

This brought a man in the second row to his feet. He wore a gray suit and identified himself as an ordained deacon and a member of the Class of 1942. Expressing his credo as "my bishop, right or wrong," he said that a chief problem in Boston was that lay people had not defended Cardinal Bernard Law sufficiently. "Powerful forces—the media and lawyers—have been taking this thing out of context," he said. Around the room, people had begun to shake their heads and smile. "I can't imagine the cardinal not caring for children," the man in the suit declared before sitting down to applause from a few people sitting near him, who appeared to be classmates and their wives. "[Cardinal Law] is involved in a conspiracy to obstruct justice," one man responded immediately. A woman said, "The root cause is abuse of power." A man in a madras-patterned shirt and with a laborer's broad shoulders said to Fr. Leahy, "This is not about faith but about trust. The faith may remain strong but trust has been broken at its roots."

When a man asked "What's expected of the laity now?" Leahy shook his head and put up his hands defensively, draw-



Top: Leahy and alumnus. Bottom: First meeting of the advisory committee. To Leahy's right, codirectors Robert Newton of the president's office and Mary Ann Hinsdale of the Institute of Religious Education and Pastoral Ministry.

ing laughter. "I'm not the pope or a cardinal," he said. "I'm a member of the Church, just like you. But I'd say that one thing we need is better-educated lay people." Leahy went on to note that while an estimated 70 to 75 percent of BC's undergraduate students were "confirmed in the Church, many come in unprepared for college-level theology." The University, Leahy said, has to lower its expectations for what it can teach

young Catholics about their faith. He said he also believed that archdioceses would benefit from "a greater sharing of power" with laity. "BC has been enhanced by the presence of lay men and women" on the faculty and staff and on the Board of Trustees, he said, "and while we'll always have a hierarchical church, it needs the active participation and talents of our lay people."

Not all in the room were absolutely focused on

questions of education or governance. When Leahy asked how trust in the hierarchy could be restored, a gray-haired woman responded "adoration and prayer," but so quietly that she had to be asked to repeat herself. Governance was what was on most minds, however. "Transparency" was a condition of restored trust, said a man in a dark green polo shirt—"a full hearing on all the facts, no matter how painful." Another man said plaintively, "We need a forum to talk." Another spoke of "parallels in crisis management" in government and business and the regular use of "blue-ribbon commissions" to probe wrongdoing in those arenas. A woman in a white blouse told how her archdiocese in Texas had years earlier created administrative structures for reporting child abuse, and said this had given her a sense of personal "responsibility as a member of the diocese." Leahy, who was familiar with the Texas program, said that it was a model that deserved duplication. Another man, who said he was a deacon, spoke of the Church's need to develop "appropriate advisory bodies" and "youth protection models" like those used by youth organizations such as the Boy Scouts.

The U.S. Church's special circumstances in a pluralist and democratic homeland seemed to be another important issue for the alumni. When Fr. Leahy asked how many in the room belonged to parishes that had "functioning parish councils," many hands went up. "The question is how functioning," a woman added, to general laughter.

Another woman spoke of having become embarrassed to identify herself as a Catholic during workplace discussions of religious issues with people of other faiths. An alumna in a white T-shirt and shorts—perhaps the youngest person in the room—asked whether “The Church in the 21st Century” would include “debates about women priests or married priests. As a woman in America, I can run a company. But as a Catholic, I go into a church and there are many things I can’t do.” Leahy said all questions that surfaced during the initiative would be openly discussed. “A lot of these issues are serious and important,” a man in a blue button-down shirt responded, “but they don’t get down to the root cause of how this happened. There’s been a lack of candor.” Another man: “The Church is not a democracy, but it has to be more democratic.” “Without moving from the universality of the Church, we need to allow for American culture,” said another. A man then asked how the views of the bishops and authorities in Rome “will affect the [BC] program.” Leahy let the knowing laughter subside. “There is a fear of Americanism in Rome,” he said. “But a university ought to be a meeting place where the issues are discussed—maybe not resolved, but discussed.”

The list of concerns swelled. A man grieved that the scandal had “paralyzed” the American Church, “deflecting us from other issues.” A blonde woman who identified herself as a catechist said that of 24 ninth-grade

[Catholic] students she’d surveyed, none went to Mass regularly. “None,” she repeated. Another woman asked “How do we handle the debilitation of the pope?” Others in the room raised the “loneliness” of priests, alcoholism among priests, and “having accurate information” regarding the scandal and the Church’s response. “Can BC address that?” a man asked. Fr. Leahy nodded and wrote on his legal pad.

“What happens to priests who did something 20 years ago?” said the 1942 graduate in the dark suit. “Can they serve the Lord no more?”

“Would you have him as your priest?” someone called out.

“I would.”

“What if your grandchild was in the parish?” someone else asked.

An earnest-looking, dark-haired younger man who said he was “concerned about the credibility of the Church in America” asked whether BC’s presentations would include views from “law enforcement.” No, Leahy said. Another man called out “Who does the pope talk to?” Leahy laughed and again put up his hands as though to stop a charge. “To my knowledge,” said the native Iowan, “no one from Iowa gets phoned by the pope.”

And finally, a man raised his hand and said, “These are the things that need to be done,” and then without breaking a sweat ran through a consultant’s crisis management to-do list: “full disclosure,” “own the responsibility,” “re-establish trust,” and “change processes to share power.”

Leahy called the session to a close a few minutes later

(and 15 minutes past the allotted hour). Noting that “the interest of Catholics in their Church has been deepened by what has gone on these last five months,” he said that he was grateful for what he had learned and that, while it was time to call the session to an end, he would stay afterwards to take any further comments. Even as he spoke, people began gathering around him. A thin dark-haired woman sitting near me, who had said nothing during the session, whispered “Bravo.”

THE ALUMNI REUNION gathering was not the only source of counsel for planners of the BC initiative. Fr. Leahy, the Alumni Association, and other offices received more than 400 e-mails and letters in the weeks after the announcement. Most came from alumni and all but a handful praised the University for, as one writer to Fr. Leahy said, “put[ting] forth a proposal that will be an avenue for people like my wife and I to address and help to reconcile the direction of our beloved Church.” More responses came as a result of a direct solicitation from Fr. Leahy to deans and faculty.

A 33-member advisory committee of faculty, staff, alumni, and students was appointed in late June. Its codirectors are Robert Newton, special assistant to the president, and Mary Ann Hinsdale, director of BC’s Institute for Religious Education and Pastoral Ministry. The committee has been meeting through the summer to set programs for “The Church in the 21st Century” (see sidebar).

Ben Birnbaum

GOOD SPORTS

Boston College was one of 20 schools recognized by *U.S. News & World Report* on March 18 for overall athletic achievement. Athletic departments were evaluated in five categories: compliance with NCAA regulations; gender equity among varsity teams; cumulative win/loss records; number of sports offered; and the graduation rate for varsity athletes.

MORE BEDS

Design work has begun on a new Lower Campus residence hall. The building will house 300 undergraduate students in suites of four, six, or eight beds and will be located between St. Ignatius Gate and Walsh Hall. The new facility, which is scheduled for completion in the winter of 2004, is part of the University’s plan to create 800 additional dormitory spaces in the next two years.

TO OUR READERS:

The first event in “The Church in the 21st Century” initiative will take place on September 18th at 7:30 P.M. at Boston College. Featured speakers will be University President William P. Leahy, SJ, and *Newsweek* religion editor Kenneth Woodward, with a panel of respondents drawn from alumni and faculty. The event is free but requires a ticket. For further information, go to www.bc.edu/church21 or e-mail church21@bc.edu or call (617) 552-0470.

The event will be Web cast live and transmitted live by satellite in conjunction with the National Boston College Club Network. For further information, go to www.bc.edu/alumni or call (617) 552-4700.

Poet du jour

HIS FRIENDS RESCUED HIM FROM OPIUM AND SET HIM UP AS THE
POETIC VOICE OF CATHOLICISM. THEY SUCCEEDED, FOR A TIME

Certain bad or mediocre poets strike a chord with the sensibility of their day and they become popular. But the secret of that success, the hitting of a transitory sweet spot, also assures their disappearance when, inevitably, the public mood shifts. Who thinks of the saccharine-soused bromides of Rod McKuen anymore? "The People's Poet," as McKuen was dubbed in the late Sixties, is just plain obsolete, a fuzzy version of the Beat Generation's no-strings kind of guy.

The English Catholic poet Francis Thompson's fall from favor at the middle of the last century is partly of this variety; that is, he could write a bad poem with the best of them and, similarly, his public's attention drifted elsewhere. But the particulars of his eclipse are also less nebulous; for he could write a good poem too: It was his being presented as a specifically Catholic poet that did for him.

Thompson (1859–1907), that "shy volcano," as G. K. Chesterton called him, was best known as the author of "The Hound of Heaven," perhaps the most beloved and ubiquitously taught poem among American Catholics for over half a century. "I fled Him, down the nights and down the days;" it begins. "I fled Him, down the arches of the years; / I fled Him, down the labyrinthine ways / Of my own mind; and in the midst of tears / I hid from Him, and under running laughter." The wild poem rushes along, urgent and heartfelt, showing man careening through the world seeking love, meaning, himself, but finding everywhere everything "shattered in shard on shard"—until he hears Christ's message: "Ah fondest, blindest, weakest, / I am He Whom thou seek-



"I the body, He the cross"—Francis Thompson at age 34

est! / Thou dravest love from thee, who dravest Me.'"

Thompson was born in Preston, Lancashire, a cradle Catholic and the son of a doctor. His first idea was to become a priest, but he dropped out of the seminary and was sent to train for a medical degree. He hated the field and, in time, having acquired an addiction to opium, left his college and disappeared into the London streets. There he lived a couple of years in destitution, before being rescued from suicide by a prostitute who cared for him until he was taken up by Wilfrid Meynell, the editor of a new Catholic magazine, "Merry England." Meynell and his wife, Alice, supported Thompson for the rest of his life—19 years. Freed from immediate want, he pursued a literary career, contributing

poems, essays, and reviews to Meynell's magazine and elsewhere, and publishing three volumes of poetry. Despite his gratitude and deep feelings for the Meynells, Thompson was, it seems, something of a trial. With a short respite, he remained addicted to opium, and his melancholy nature was worsened by romantic troubles. He died at the age of 48.

After Thompson's death, Meynell published collections of his works; and in the 1930s, Fr. Terence L. Connolly, librarian of Boston College, an admirer of Thompson and friend of the Meynells, brought the writer's papers to the University from England, establishing the Thompson Room to hold them. As curator of the collection, Fr. Connolly sought to promote Thompson's reputation, and he, too, compiled and edited volumes of the poetry and prose. (Indeed Connolly may have hastened Thompson's popular

decline by cobbling together poems from Thompson's notes and drafts, producing works inferior to anything the author himself would have countenanced.) Although Thompson has fallen into obscurity, a new edition of his poems has recently been published by the library once led by Fr. Connolly, edited and annotated by Brigid M. Boardman, author of the 1988 biography, *Between Heaven and Charing Cross: The Life of Francis Thompson*.

It may seem strange to us, and even a little annoying, that Francis Thompson—an Englishman, after all—was popular among U.S. Catholics in general, to say nothing of being celebrated at Boston College, whose collections today include such a wealth of Irish and Irish-American material. There's no getting around it: Englishness had, in that distant day, a caché that Irishness decidedly lacked; still, let us be clear what sort of an Englishman Thompson was. Like Chesterton, he was sympathetic to the Irish; and more to the point, his Catholicism, by virtue of his being English, was charged with meaning. The very existence of English Catholicism called attention to the fact that England herself had fallen away from the Church and conjured up Recusancy: courageous, defiant, and true. ("How sweeter than the bee-haunted dells / The bosomy blood of martyrs smells!" Thompson rejoiced in ghoulish surmise in "To the English Martyrs.") Whatever one's extraction, but probably most interesting to Irish-Americans, Francis Thompson was one of us, not one of them.

Beyond giving rise to a certain tribal spirit, Thompson's poetry appealed to the American temper in its untrammelled, bursting quality, sometimes bumptious and garish, but fired-up nonetheless. It is filled, too, with archaisms, so dear to Americans of yesteryear, and with concocted words on the lines of "devinelier," "unprevisioned," "outlaw-wise," and "sighful."

Winter that numbeth the throstle and stilled wren,
Has keen frost-edges our plumes to pare,
Till we break, with the Summer's laughing children,
Over the fields of air.
While the winds in their tricksome courses
The snowy steeds vault upon
That are foaled of the white sea-horses
And washed in the stream of the sun.
Thaw, O thaw the enchanted throbbings
Curdled at Music's heart;
Tread she her grapes till from their englobings
The melodies spurt and smart!

Not everyone rejoiced in Thompson's linguistic abandon; his contemporary, the English poet Lionel Johnson wrote that Thompson "has done more to harm the English language than the worst American papers."

It was the Meynells' avowed intent to promote Thompson as "the poet of Catholic orthodoxy," and to this end both Wilfrid Meynell and, later, Fr. Connolly excised from Thompson's poetry passages that smacked of Modernism, that capacious and ever-mutating bugaboo of the Church during the late 19th century and first decades of the 20th. They removed, for example, passages that sprang from Thompson's interest in ancient religions (or heathen mythology, depending on your view). Such deletions did not make Thompson more popular, just more palatable to wary orthodoxy. But by the mid-1950s this defensive, authoritarian impulse was identified by a vocal group within the Church as the reason for U.S. Catholics' cultural backwardness and lack of intellectual prestige. American Catholics were, as the leading critic, Monsignor John Tracy Ellis, put it, suffering from "a self-imposed ghetto mentality." Inevitably or not, such criticism became, in one short decade, orthodoxy itself; and American Catholics rejected the idea of a special culture. Catholic religion and Catholic culture separated. The former became seen, increasingly, as a private matter, as being merely one religious profession among the others practiced in the United States. The latter, tarred with the brush of anti-intellectualism, virtually disappeared. The poetry of Francis Thompson, though replete with learning and literary allusion—and the farthest thing from anti-intellectual—was a casualty of this temper nonetheless.

According to biographer Brigid Boardman, Thompson believed he was writing for the future, that he was "the Poet of the Return to God." And, oddly enough—in retrospect—Monsignor Ellis, who inadvertently advanced the dismantling of Catholic culture, took a view of things entirely compatible with Thompson's, believing that "the moribund philosophy of materialism," which marked American society as a whole, was giving way to a society based in religious and moral values. It was this new order that would find leadership, he hoped, from a coming generation of Catholic intellectuals. Had that day miraculously dawned, an unbowdlerized Francis Thompson would have fit right in. As it happens, Brigid Boardman, who has restored the passages cut from his poems and included poems that "had been all but suppressed," believes that Thompson is more accessible now than in his day. His medical training and life on the streets gave him a gritty view of reality and a social conscience, and his governing idea that God is immanent in all things and in all experience, so vexatious to both Victorians and the Vatican alike, no longer strikes an alien or heretical note.

Katherine A. Powers

Katherine A. Powers writes the column "A Reading Life" for the *Boston Globe*. Her reflections on the medieval imagination, "The Illustrated Life," appeared in the Winter 2001 issue of BCM.

The birthwrite

SOE'S FOUNDING DOCUMENT



Charles F. Donovan, SJ, with School of Education students in the early 1950s

It all began with a one-page memo. Dated February 18, 1951, it was from Charles F. Donovan, SJ, then chairman of the education department in the College of Arts & Sciences, to William Keleher, SJ, then president of BC. "There is need for a Catholic teachers college" in the Boston area, Fr. Donovan said, and every reason why Boston College should create "a good and flourishing school of education to exercise a beneficial influence." A mere year and a half later, the new school opened its doors with Donovan at its head—in spite of a change in BC's presidency during that period and a requirement to secure approval from officials in Rome.

Action had stalled momentarily when the head of the New England Jesuit province, Donovan's memo in hand, requested details. But within two weeks of taking office on June 20, 1951, the new University president, Joseph R. N. Maxwell, SJ, dispatched a six-page response. Approval from the Superior General in Rome followed two weeks later.

One issue raised by the provincial head referred to a term mentioned only once in the original memo from Donovan:

"coeducational." As Fr. Donovan put it many years later, "the suggestion of coeducation was far more radical in 1951 than the proposal to start a professional school."

For a number of years, women had been enrolled in the graduate schools, the Intown College (now Advancing Studies), the Law School, and the School of Nursing. But these were all located in downtown Boston. A coeducational school of education at Chestnut Hill would require special facilities, added administration, and, for many, a new attitude. Yet, when the *Boston Traveler* asked him whether it would ultimately lead to opening all of Boston College to women, Fr. Donovan said, it "definitely will not."

Fr. Donovan was intelligent, but he was not prescient.

William M. McDonald '68

William M. McDonald is the Lynch School's director of communications. The school will celebrate its 50th anniversary with a symposium on October 24. For details and for a multimedia historical presentation, see: www.bc.edu/lynchschoo

Memo to: Rev. Fr. Rector

Feb. 18, 1951

From: Fr. C. Donovan, Dept. of Education

Re: the Foundation of a School Of Education at Boston College

Rev. and Dear Fr. Rector:

A number of circumstances lead to the conclusion that it would be appropriate and wise for Boston College to start a four-year co-educational College of Education, leading to the degree of B.S. in Education, already granted to 20 or 30 boys each year in the College of Arts and Sciences.

a) We have had difficulty in arranging a program for our prospective teachers within the framework of the liberal arts program. This has been particularly true in the matter of practice teaching, which conflicts with the heavy philosophy program in senior year. Putting philosophy courses in the late afternoon as we have done is not a happy solution either for the students or the philosophy department, though it is the best arrangement under the circumstances for freeing the boys for practice teaching in public schools.

b) There is need for a Catholic teachers college in this area. Boston University's largest division is its school of education, and certainly many of their students are Catholics, who are not interested in or qualified for a straight liberal arts program. Even at Boston Teachers College and the state teachers colleges Catholic students are subjected to erroneous and basically anti-Christian ideas and principles. Since the battle between the Church and secularism seems to be centering more and more definitely in the schools of the country, it seems of prime apostolic importance to provide Catholic teachers with a sound educational and philosophical background.

c) A special school is needed particularly for the training of elementary school teachers. It is impossible to train such teachers adequately in a college of liberal arts, and neither Emmanuel nor Regis is doing much in this direction. Prospective teachers should have their foot in an actual grade or high school all the way through their training, and this can be arranged only in a school whose schedule is tailored to the needs of future teachers.

d) Other Jesuit institutions - Fordham, Marquette, ~~St. Xavier~~ Loyola, Seattle, San Francisco - have separate schools of education, which are important divisions of these schools. There is no reason why in so ~~it~~ strongly a Catholic centre as Boston and Massachusetts, Boston College should not have a good and flourishing school of education, to exercise a beneficial influence on education and educational policies in this part of the country.

If you wish further details regarding program, faculty, possible housing, etc., I shall be glad to submit a fuller blueprint.

Respectfully submitted,

Charles F. Donovan, S.J.
Department of Education

ALL TOGETHER

The Center for Christian-Jewish Learning at Boston College will be the initial, temporary home of the Council of Centers on Jewish-Christian Relations (CCJR). The newly formed council includes 24 secular U.S. organizations devoted to improved understanding between the two faiths, and representatives from national and international Jewish and Christian religious bodies.

PRIDE AND PREJUDICE

The winner of this year's Amanda Houston Fellowship is Sonjah McBain '03. The fellowship, named for BC's first director of Black Studies, is used for advanced study involving travel. McBain, an English major and native of Grenada, will live in England for a year, where she will study race and class issues in the works of Jane Austen and other period British writers.

HISTORY CLASS

Emeritus professor Mary T. Kinnane has published a history of the early years of coeducation in the Lynch School of Education—the first school at BC to admit women. A *Dynamic Era in the History of Boston College* covers the years 1952–65 and includes profiles of faculty members and administrators. The book is available at a discount through the BC Bookstore via the BCM Web site: www.bc.edu/bcm

DEATHS

- Frank A. "Tank" Perkins, athletic equipment manager from 1968 to 1988, on April 30, at age 81.
- William J. Ryan, Jr., professor of psychology from 1969 to 1998, on June 7, at age 78.
- Joseph P. Warner '58, JD'61, adjunct Law School professor and chief justice of the Massachusetts state supreme court from 1989 to 2001, on June 15, at age 65.

WELL-BUILT

After 41 years, a carpenter sets down his tools



George Roper in the BC carpentry shop

It was April 2, 1961—he supplied the date as easily as you might recall your birthday—when carpenter George Roper arrived at Boston College. He walked into what is now called the old service building (back then it was new), where he met “Arthur Melville, Father Johnny Murphy, and a secretary named”—and here, after four decades, a moment’s pause—“Theresa McCarthy,” who took down his information.

When Roper retired on April 26, he left with the memories of 41 years on Chestnut Hill. Despite all he helped build in that time—and that includes most of the modern

structures on the campus—on his final day of work he seemed happiest recalling the people he had spent the time with.

There was Fr. Carl Thayer, the former Classics professor, for whom Roper once built an outdoor stage; Leo Sullivan, vice president of human services, his boss and friend of more than 30 years; “the boys” he represented for three decades as head of BC’s trades union; and his college-educated children, George ’87, Sean ’89, Ann ’92, and Michael ’94.

Of his own graduation, Roper was unsentimental. “You ask yourself, How the hell am I going to face this?

But reality sets in, you know. I don’t think you’re fair to yourself to keep going too long.” His retirement plans aren’t firm, but for now they’ll involve a few months of rest, and then maybe a trip to the Smithsonian museums, particularly the National Museum of American History.

Roper wasn’t around for this year’s Commencement—if you’ve seen 41, you’ve seen them all—but he had a stand-in. When the day’s honored guests delivered their valedictions, they leaned for support on an oak lectern that George Roper built.

Tim Heffernan

DAS ENCYCLOPEDIA

Everything, and more, about the Nibelungs

It will probably never be a bestseller. Published just last March, the volume—all 375 pages of it—sits at number 1,125,255 in the Amazon.com sales ranking (“only three copies left in stock—order soon”). But nearly 60 academics from the United States and Europe, including a Boston College professor and his student, labored to bring it into print. The book, *The Nibelungen Tradition: An Encyclopedia* (Francis G. Gentry, et al, editors) is the first comprehensive reference work on one of the world’s most esoteric literary masterpieces, the heroic German poem the *Nibelungenlied*.

Professor Michael Resler, chair of BC’s Department of German Studies, was a contributor. Resler is a philologist, doing what he calls “backwards translating.” He takes old manuscripts and, by extrapolating from earlier sources, brings them back to the best approximation of their original “sound” (the works he deals with originated in oral tradition). According to Resler, the *Nibelungenlied* (“The Song of the Nibelungs”) was first written down by an anonymous poet in 1200. Composed of 2,400 four-line stanzas, its elements include: a treasure guarded by dwarves and a dragon; a magic cloak that makes the wearer invisible; and a hero who slays a dragon and bathes in its blood, mak-



John McCurdy as Hunding in a 1932 production of Wagner's *The Valkyrie*, the second opera in his four-part *The Ring of the Nibelung*

ing his skin impenetrable. It offers deception, jealousy, and revenge enacted by Attila the Hun, the supernatural strong woman Brunhild, and the fair Kriemhild; and a battle so fierce that soldiers who fall off their horses drown in the blood of the slain. The tale lapsed into obscurity for hundreds of years, until 18th-century scholars rediscovered it. In the 19th century, Richard Wagner devised his own, operatic, version—the immensely successful *The Ring of the Nibelung*.

Professor Resler’s specialty

is actually not the *Nibelungenlied*, but 12th- and 13th-century Arthurian romances such as *Daniel of the Blossoming Valley* by der Stricker and *Erec* by Hartmann von Aue. He describes Arthurian romance, which emphasizes personal quests and individual achievement, as a sunnier cousin of the heroic tradition that the *Nibelungenlied* embodies. Arthurian romances originated in France, achieved popularity throughout Western Europe in the late Middle Ages, and are still an active element of our culture—think Harry

Potter. They’re “totally escapist,” says Resler. By contrast, Resler characterizes the *Nibelungenlied* as “dark, pessimistic,” and concerned more with the fate of an entire people than with that of any single character. Its roots are in a much earlier, pre-Christian (and preliterate) world.

Lacking “both the religiosity and humanism” of the Arthurian legends, says Resler, the story of the Nibelungen had no appeal outside the Germanic world during the Middle Ages and eventually fell into obscurity even there, until the rise of the scholarly discipline of philology in the late 18th century. Then early German philologists, seeking to apply their methods to material from their own culture, rediscovered the *Nibelungenlied* and made it available to a general readership, whose imagination it captured. Interest in the *Nibelungenlied* peaked with 19th-century German Romanticism, which celebrated the works of the Middle Ages as the reflection of a particularly authentic German cultural era.

In 1,200 entries, the new encyclopedia covers the history of the legend from its ancient antecedents to the present, and includes sections on how it has influenced music, art, literature, film, and politics. Professor Resler contributed 11 entries. When the book was in the planning stages, he was presented with

IRA NOWINSKI / CORBIS

an enormous list of topics from which to choose. His entries range from *buburt*, a knightly equestrian contest conducted with blunted lances, to Walter von der Vogelweide, “the greatest lyric poet of the German Middle Ages” and possible author of the *Nibelungenlied*. Anyone with the urge to follow the Nibelungenstrasse, the actual route traveled in the song, can

consult Resler’s entry on that topic. One of Resler’s students, Karen McConnell ’99, also contributed to the volume.

TODAY IT IS THE Wagnerian version of the story, quite different from the original, that is best known. For his opera, the great Romantic Wagner borrowed elements not only from the *Nibelungenlied* but from other legends, and merged

Arthurian and heroic themes. The plot has a familiar sound to fans of J. R. R. Tolkien (himself a philologist): In it the original treasure horde has become a magic ring, enabling the possessor—the “lord of the ring”—to be master of the world.

Indeed, the *Nibelungenlied* is largely unknown in its original form outside of academe. But with renewed interest in myth and magic—fueled partly

by a Tolkien revival—perhaps its day is coming. To experience the authentic story in all its intensity and sweep, Professor Resler recommends the English translation he uses in his class “Knights, Castles, and Dragons”: *The Nibelungenlied*, translated by Arthur T. Hatto and published by Penguin. Its Amazon rank is 81,210—“only three left in stock—order soon.”

Susan Miller

TAKE-HOME: QUESTIONS FROM SPRING SEMESTER FINAL EXAMS

PSYCHOLOGY 369: “THE DEVELOPMENT OF GIFTEDNESS AND CREATIVITY”—Professor Ellen Winner

You have received a phone call from the desperate parents of a highly gifted child in a regular first grade classroom. They say their daughter is four years ahead of the other kids in math and reading, and that she is bored and unhappy in school and has no friends. The parents know that you have just spent a semester studying gifted children, and wonder what you can advise them in terms of schooling for their child. Write a reply to them in which you describe all of the possible options for the education of gifted children (including keeping the child in the regular classroom). Tell them what the research shows about the effectiveness (or non-effectiveness) of each option. Then offer your advice, based on the research evidence.

FINE ARTS 293: “THE MUSEUM OF ART”—Professor Nancy Netzer, director of Boston College’s McMullen Museum of Art
You have been asked by the British Parliament to organize an exhibition at the British Museum. The goal of the exhibition is (1) to explain to Britons and foreign visitors the origins of museums from the classical period to the present and (2) to speculate about new developments in museum display in this century. Your essay should elaborate on your overall concept for the exhibition and describe each of the sections of your exhibition.

BIOLOGY 163: “UNDERSTANDING URBAN ECOSYSTEMS: ENVIRONMENTAL LAW AND POLICY”—environmental lawyer Charles Lord; environmental lawyer Aaron Toffler; and research associate professor of biology Eric Strauss

- There are several market-based approaches to environmental protection. Using examples, discuss several of these approaches, and explain how they could be used to improve the current command and control method.
- Discuss how the geology of the Boston area has shaped its ecology. Be sure to include issues of watershed function, human settlement and expansion, proximity to the coast, and water recharge.

ECONOMICS 310: “ECONOMIC PSYCHOLOGY”—Professor Donald Cox

For each of the phenomena listed below, discuss a theory covered in class that is most useful for analyzing it.

- Vampire bats share food with one another, and the only thing that seems to matter in the donor’s decision to share with a needy bat is whether the potential recipient has shared with the donor in the past.
- Campus unrest in the 1960s was often characterized by the following paradoxical pattern. University administrations, seeking to quell the unrest, would make concessions to protesters, only to find that the protests would then escalate, both in size and in militancy, after concessions were granted.

Fighting words

TOM DOOLEY WAS HANDSOME AND CHARISMATIC,
AND HIS TALL TALES HELPED GET THE U.S. INTO VIETNAM

When Thomas A. Dooley died of cancer on January 18, 1961—one day after his 34th birthday and two days before the inauguration of America's first Catholic president—a Gallup poll ranked him third among the world's "most esteemed men," right behind Dwight Eisenhower and the Pope. A typically effusive editorial tribute to the famed "jungle doctor of Asia" proclaimed: "Tom Dooley is survived by his mother, two brothers, and three billion members of the human race who are infinitely richer for his example." Monsignor George G. Gottwald, who delivered the eulogy at the Pontifical Requiem Mass for Dooley, compared him to Christ, noting that "the greatest life that was ever lived was 33 years. Dr. Dooley was 34." Congress posthumously awarded Dooley the Medal of Honor, President Kennedy gave him the Medal of Freedom, and a popular groundswell built to have the doctor canonized. In all, the nationwide paroxysm of grief that greeted news of Dooley's demise was a fitting response to the death of the man whom many Americans had come to regard as a modern-day saint.

Within a decade, however, Dooley was all but forgotten. His books, which sold millions of copies during his lifetime, disappeared from stores and gathered dust on library shelves. Hollywood studios had plans to make a film of his life, but nothing came of them. Campaigns to promote the cause of Dooley's sanctity in the Roman Catholic Church fizzled. The maxim about all glory being fleeting is applicable to the whole of modern American culture, but rarely more poignantly than to Tom Dooley.



Tom Dooley in Vietnam, in an undated photo

CORBIS

There are several reasons for Dooley's fall into obscurity. First of all, he left no lasting monument to his life's work. The Medical International Cooperation Organization (MEDICO) that he founded proved dependent on Dooley's charisma for money; it collapsed within a year of his passing. Another determinant was his sexuality—never completely hidden but only a matter of public record after his death. One of Dooley's classmates at Saint Louis University High School recalls a teacher's lesson that "homosexuality is something that only happens in hell," an indication of how gay men and women were viewed by

many Americans at mid-century, to say nothing of the conservative Catholic circles from which Dooley drew his staunchest support. Post-obit revelations that the wholesome "Dr. Tom" was not only gay but promiscuously so undoubtedly contributed to his erasure from collective memory.

But probably the most significant reason for Americans' amnesia with regard to Dooley was the Vietnam War. No one played a larger role than Dooley did in moving Vietnam to the forefront of public concern in the United States. For millions of Americans, his 1956 book *Deliver Us from Evil* was their introduction to Vietnam. Dooley's graphic accounts of communist atrocities against Christians profoundly influenced American attitudes toward a country that few policymakers would have been able to locate on a map at the onset of the 1950s, but which had become the logical testing ground of U.S. credibility in the Cold War as the following decade dawned. Dooley, of course, did not

“cause” the Vietnam War, but he did influence the body of information that was available when war began, and he—more than anyone else—managed to make a large segment of the American public care passionately about preserving South Vietnam from communist tyranny.

DOOLEY FIRST TRAVELED to Southeast Asia in 1954, assigned to the U.S. Navy’s program of aid in transporting North Vietnamese refugees. The Geneva Accords sealed by the French and the communist Viet Minh in July of that year had provisionally divided Vietnam at the 17th parallel and specified that all Vietnamese who wished to relocate either north or south would be permitted 300 days to do so. Almost a million Northerners—nearly all of them Catholics from the Hanoi Delta—chose to migrate below the parallel, and the United States organized a task force of some 50 ships to help transport them. Dooley, then a 26-year-old Navy lieutenant, was put in charge of building refugee assembly camps in Hanoi and of providing their medical services. He and his fellow officers waged a furious campaign to stamp out contagious diseases before the hordes of exiles boarded the Navy’s vessels.

After returning to the United States, Dooley published an account of his experiences, first in condensed form in *Reader’s Digest* and then as *Deliver Us from Evil*. It caused a sensation, becoming the great early bestseller on Vietnam. Nothing until *The Pentagon Papers* in the summer of 1971 received comparable readership. Racist and sketchy in the extreme on the complexities of Vietnamese culture and politics, *Deliver Us from Evil* nonetheless retains a capacity to affect the reader on a visceral level that gives some hint of how powerful its impact must have been in 1956. Dooley’s description of a Vietnamese teenager whose legs were pounded by rifle butts—“the feet and ankles felt like moist bags of marbles”—still provokes a shudder. His purported quotation of a communist radio broadcast can still rankle: “This is an American. His head is a blockhouse. His beard is barbed wire. His eyes are bombs. His forehead is a nest of artillery and his body is an airfield.”

It was the atrocity stories in *Deliver Us from Evil* that attracted the most attention and commentary. Dooley told of how the Viet Minh jammed chopsticks into the ears of children to keep them from hearing the Lord’s Prayer, cut off the tongue of a religious instructor whom they accused of preaching “heresy,” and pounded nails into the head of a Catholic priest—“a communist version of the crown of thorns, once forced on the Saviour of whom he preached.” Catholic priests, Dooley wrote, were by far the most frequent targets of Viet Minh terror. He claimed to have discovered one priest whom the communists had left “a mass of blackened flesh from the shoulders to the knees. The belly was hard and dis-

tended and the scrotum swollen to the size of a football.”

Critics accused Dooley of manufacturing his Vietnamese Grand Guignol out of whole cloth, but these charges only became public decades after his death. Six U.S. officials who were stationed in the Hanoi-Haiphong area during Dooley’s tour of duty submitted a lengthy, albeit secret, exposé to the U.S. Information Agency in 1956 in which they held that *Deliver Us from Evil* was “not the truth” and that the accounts of Viet Minh atrocities were “nonfactual and exaggerated.” The report was declassified in the late 1980s. William J. Lederer, author of the Cold War bestseller *The Ugly American* and, as Dooley’s mentor, the man who prevailed upon *Reader’s Digest* to publish Dooley’s story, told the journalist Diana Shaw in 1991 that the atrocities the doctor described “never took place.” Even more persuasive were statements by Norman Baker, who served as a corpsman under Dooley’s command in Vietnam and who told Shaw that he never saw anything like the gruesome spectacles detailed in *Deliver Us from Evil*.

Nonetheless, Dooley tapped into powerful emotional currents in 1950s America, which was experiencing a massive religious revival inextricably bound up with the anxieties of the Cold War. It was not difficult for Americans at the time to believe that “godless” communists had committed such fiendish acts, and Dooley’s horror stories only confirmed the widespread perception, memorably articulated by evangelist Billy Graham, that communism was “inspired, directed, and motivated by the devil himself, who has declared war on Almighty God.”

Young, idealistic, and (conveniently) very handsome, Dooley became a genuine superstar, commanding top-tier lecture fees and receiving thousands of fan letters a day. The Navy doctor’s Catholicism, which might have limited his appeal in an earlier era, worked to his advantage during the Eisenhower years, when—as Charles R. Morris, James T. Fisher, Patrick Allitt, and other scholars have demonstrated—Catholicism was synonymous with 100 percent Americanism. Dooley wisecracked during a 1959 fundraising tour for his clinic in Laos that he was uniquely qualified to match wits with communist guerrillas “because I was educated by the Jesuits,” and his largely non-Catholic audience roared its approval. For American Catholics, the 1950s were halcyon days. Catholics’ anti-communist credentials looked impeccable in waging Cold War, and there was no more charismatic Cold Warrior than “Dr. Tom.”

DOOLEY’S POPULARITY WAS AT ITS ZENITH when he died in a New York hospital on the eve of Kennedy’s Camelot. JFK capitalized on the torrent of publicity attending the doctor’s final days; in proposing the creation of the Peace Corps, Kennedy cited “the selfless example of

Tom Dooley.” Few would have argued in 1961 that Dooley’s career furnished a fitting example for energetic and idealistic Americans to follow.

Years later, with the United States mired in a seemingly unwinnable conflict in Vietnam and the divisions in American society more pronounced than at any time since the Civil War, matters looked different. In a stinging 1969 article for the Catholic magazine *The Critic*, Nicholas von Hoffman called Dooley “too preposterous a figure for youth to identify with” and blamed the doctor’s “ethnocentric fusion of piety and patriotism” for helping to create “a climate of public misunderstanding that made the war in Vietnam possible.” Dooley, von Hoffman charged, “contributed to the malformation of our knowledge and moral judgments about Southeast Asia” by depicting the region’s conflicts in simple terms of good versus evil. Such “muddled, primitive political thinking” had led to a war that ravaged America’s spirit and squandered the immense moral capital the United States had accumulated by defeating the fascists in World War II. Von Hoffman predicted that “eight years hence, Tom Dooley will

appear so bizarre, . . . so much a defunct social type, that no one will make the effort to remember him.”

This forecast proved accurate. None of the major histories of the Vietnam War published from the mid-1970s through the early 1990s mentions Dooley’s name. But interest in Dooley has revived in recent years among scholars seeking a fuller understanding of why the United States expended so much blood and treasure in an area of such apparent strategic and economic insignificance. Traditional balance-of-power and materialist interpretations having failed to render the Vietnam War intelligible, historians are now employing categories of analysis traditionally consigned to “social history”—like race and gender. The meteoric career of Tom Dooley suggests another vital, hitherto unexplored dimension of America’s longest and most divisive war: religion.

Seth Jacobs

Seth Jacobs, an assistant professor of history at Boston College, teaches courses on the Vietnam War and the Cold War.

THE MASTERWORKS FOUNDATION, BERMUDA



FRESH AIR—*Cactus*, a 1915 oil painting by E. Ambrose Webster, is on display at the McMullen Museum of Art at Boston College as part of *In a Perfect World: Bermuda in the Context of American Landscape Painting*. The exhibit gathers 55 works by artists who, during the great social upheavals of the 19th and early 20th centuries, sought tranquility in the place the artist Marsden Hartley described as “nothing whatever but sunlight—soft air—and the water.” The show runs through September 15. For more information, please call (617) 552-8587, or visit the McMullen Museum Web site: www.bc.edu/artmuseum

Writer's guide

TALES OF FRANCIS SWEENEY, SJ



GARY WAYNE GILBERT

Francis Sweeney, SJ, in 1993: "This is my obit photo," he said as the photographer worked.

On my first day as a Boston College employee, in 1987, I showed up for work, was soon intimidated by the press of my duties, and went for a walk.

Francis Sweeney, SJ, was standing under the enormous bronze eagle in front of Gasson Hall. He was regarding the bird with distaste.

"How are you, Father?" I said.

"I am as fat as a stuffed pig," he replied. "I am old and my teeth need repair. But I have just had word from the poet Richard Wilbur that he will come for the Humanities Series this fall, and I must see to the details of the contract. He is the poet laureate, as you know. I do not think that I will pick him up at the airport. I wish I had a trustworthy assistant to

do these things. I had one once, but he is, I believe, now incarcerated, or a graduate student, both of which are predicaments. My teaching is going well. I have too many papers to correct. I am far behind in my tasks. I have no energy anymore. Such is the wage of age. But I must tend to my writing as well. I am working on a brief piece about my mother. She was a saint. Are you new here?"

"Yes, Father."

"Come to lunch."

"Yes, Father."

At lunch this unusual person held forth on Benedict Arnold, Arnold Toynbee (whom he called Arnold), Phyllis McGinley, Pedro Arrupe, Robert Frost, Czeslaw Milosz, Susan Sontag, Jack Kerouac, Alec Guinness, Annie Dillard, George Higgins, T. S. Eliot (whom he called Tom and with whom he had boxed in a South Boston gym), the mournful nature of the lunchtime fare served at St. Mary's Hall, the mysterious disappearance of Chestnut Hill's rabbits, the virtues and vices of freshmen from 1950 to the present day, olden times on Nantasket Beach, and the audiotronics of Gasson Hall, Saint Ignatius Church, and Robsham Theater, respectively.

Without effort he also managed to elicit from me my history, favorite authors, and romantic status. By the end of the lunch, I found myself rattling away on my theories of writing,

love, and divinity to a man I had met an hour ago. This easy familiarity, I was to discover, was one of Sweeney's trademarks; he befriended people as effortlessly as he told stories.

For all his gravitas, he enjoyed telling tales on himself. My favorite of these is a trip he took to Ireland, to visit the poet Richard Murphy. Murphy decided to buy a cow. Sweeney went with him, up into the hills of Killarney, heading for a small farm where there was a cow for sale. When priest and poet arrived, the young farmer led out the cow.

"She's a very quiet cow," the farmer said to Sweeney. "A child could milk her. She has soft tits." Sweeney blushed every time he told this story, and he told it more than twice.

There are a thousand stories about Francis. Stories

swirled about him like birds. How he was hatched and coddled, as he said, in Milford, Massachusetts, and worshipped his mother, and found his way to the Jesuits, and at age 27, armed with a suitcase and a bad heart, showed up at Boston College to teach literature to freshmen. How he advised the writers of *Stylus* for so many years and watched with pride as writers the caliber of George Higgins and David Plante and Frank Bergon flew from his tutelage into their careers. How he wrangled and persuaded and dazzled and lured many of the finest writers in the world to Boston College for his Humanities Series: Auden reading in his bedroom slippers, Frost in a chair making his student listeners sit on the floor in front of him, Andre Dubus weeping as he read aloud from his wheelchair. How Francis taught and taught and taught—four decades of poetry and writing and literature and stories. His amused voice. His decrepit suit-jacket. His headlong shuffling gait. His face the map of Cork. His

Old World manners and dry sharp bookish wit. The dry-leaf snicker of his laugh. His hen-scratch handwriting in later years, both meticulous and illegible. The inky warren of his office in McElroy where a hundred student assistants kept Sweeney organized while never quite managing to conquer his voluminous files of letters. The dark-brown light of his room in Saint Mary's, where he fought thousands of lonely hours with thousands of warm words in letters, essays, poems.

He was crusty and honest and funny and prim and curt and kind and precise and rude, a short round witty paradox of a man, a bemused prayer, a sweet intricate puzzling story.

Brian Doyle

Brian Doyle was BCM's senior writer from 1987 to 1991. He edits Portland Magazine at the University of Portland in Oregon. Fr. Sweeney's poem "The Collector: Mondragone" appears on page 25.

VOICE LESSONS

In the last months of Francis Sweeney's life, his body was a burden to him. His eyesight and hearing were deteriorating, and a cancer was silently growing. But whenever I talked to him on the phone, I had the sensation that I was hearing the voice of the 35-year-old Jesuit I first met in the fall of 1951.

Stylus is the BC literary magazine and Francis was assigned to be its faculty advisor. I was one of a crowd of students that Francis found hanging around the *Stylus* office. To a callow youth whose spotty knowledge of the world came almost entirely from wide but disorganized reading and who aspired to a kind of literary sophistication he couldn't clearly imagine, Francis was like the pages of the *New Yorker* come alive. Only better, because his wry humor and range of reference came with a judicious morality, a blithe charity, and an understated religious view of life which was so attractive that, unconsciously, I decided I had to imitate it.

Two years later, when a friend who owned a Jeep drove me from Malden to the doors of the Jesuit novitiate at Shadowbrook in Lenox, Francis endured the bumpy ride across Massachusetts on the old Route 20, perhaps to make sure that I arrived with my resolution intact. As we parted he solemnly gave me the only bit of advice he ever offered about Jesuit life: I should not let any Jesuit superior give me a secondhand pair of shoes. I have no idea what painful experiences led him to this wisdom. I have tried to put his

maxim into practice over the ensuing 50 years, though I have yet to meet a superior who has offered me secondhand shoes, or even new ones.

It was more typical of Francis to turn this sort of arcane wisdom and quirky knowledge into comedy. His parents gave him a trip to Europe in 1939 when he graduated from Holy Cross. He took with him a French phrasebook for tourists and claimed that the most useful sentence in it was: "Postillion, my horse has been struck by lightning." He loved telling the story of how, as a young priest arriving at St. Mary's Hall to join the Boston College Jesuit community, he had been welcomed by the venerable historian, Fr. J. F. X. Murphy, who escorted him to his room and then announced, "I shall now leave you to your own devices—which are, no doubt, numerous and foul." And he used to claim that he and another Jesuit faculty member, Fr. Vincent DePaul O'Brien, would occasionally have a meal together in Boston's North End and disclose to the waiter that they were "on curates' holiday from the Parish of the Venemous Bede, inventor of the Rosary."

A peculiarity of death is that, though breath is stilled, the voice of someone we love is not.

Joseph Appleyard, SJ, '53

Fr. Appleyard is vice president for University mission and ministry.

CLASS WARFARE

Honor on the Charles River

"Why am I even here?" wailed BC junior Colleen Myron as she stood on the banks of the Charles River in a hard rain on a chilly, dim Sunday afternoon in late April. Her classmates Dave Reynolds and Stephen Czick, standing beside her, shoulders hunched against the downpour, grunted in a sort of primal empathy. "Why?" Myron said again.

The answers were simple: a good cause, the urging of faculty, and the reputation of the A&S Honors Program's Class of 2003. This spring, for the sixth consecutive year, students in each of the program's four classes joined in the annual Run of the Charles, a canoe relay race that draws more than 1,000 participants from across the New England region. The main purpose is to raise money to protect the Charles River watershed, but for the BC students, mostly a collection of novices and landlubbers, class pride is also on the line.

Organized by Honors Program faculty member Timothy Duket and director Mark O'Connor, each class fields a team of 10 paddlers who work in relay pairs to navigate a river course that runs 24 miles from Needham to Cambridge. At each hand-over of the canoe, the paddlers are required to re-enact a voyageur's portage, shouldering their vessel and trotting it a ritual



Honors professor Tim Duket welcomes Courtney Beer '02, rear of canoe, and Annette Keane '02 at the finish line.

half-mile overland before passing it on to the next two racers.

Though they now stood groaning in the rain, the Class of 2003 had swaggered into this year's contest, having already won as freshmen and sophomores. The seniors, meanwhile, never having won, were desperate for a closeout victory. All looked set for a fierce down-to-the-wire battle—and then the weather turned sour, and a number of participants decided to sleep

in rather than make the 8:00 A.M. van from campus to the river. "We faced three choices in the morning," Duket said. "Not doing the race; consolidating the teams—but nobody wanted to work with other classes; or just working it out as we went." They took the last option.

Things got off to an inauspicious start. Just 100 yards into the race, the freshmen's canoe capsized, ending their hope of victory. By

the time the second leg of the relay began, the juniors had fallen 15 minutes behind the hard-charging seniors. At the canoe exchange, however, they discovered that one of their paddlers, Dan Burns, was AWOL. ("Dan went out last night and was, uh, not feeling good this morning," Reynolds would explain to his teammates after the race ended.) Professor O'Connor was hurriedly drafted to take Burns's place. It was a

fateful move. Though a middle-aged academic, O'Connor, an avid canoeist, was described by his students as "Old Man River himself," and he earned the title, driving the juniors from 15 minutes down to a 15 minute lead by the end of the stage.

The seniors were not done, however. With Mike Reif, a former crew team member, anchoring the fourth leg, they closed to within a few minutes of the juniors at the Watertown docks. Alas, Courtney Beer and Annette Keane, who were to take over the senior canoe for the final leg, had gone sightseeing in town in the anticipation that they would not be needed until around

three o'clock. Reif's boat pulled in at 2:30, and the seniors waited, and waited, while the soaked freshmen and a resurgent sophomore team sailed up. Then the sophomores got tipped at the dock ("By a couple of girls who had absolutely no cause to think they should help push our canoe into the river," in tipping victim Marc Mathias's later recollection), and the juniors, calling themselves "J.J. and the Argonauts," paddled off to an easy win. Eventually Keane and Beer returned from their grand tour, and then Beer fell into the river as she stepped into the canoe, and a nasty headwind kicked up, and the luckless seniors finished dead last.

"I was covered in Charles River water!" Beer wailed, arms outstretched in disgust, as she and Keane pulled the boat up to the landing at nearly 5:00 P.M. By then the fitful post-race celebrations on the river's banks were coming to an end. A few damp barbecues sputtered gamely beneath impromptu tents of blue plastic sheeting, but most of the canoeists had made a rapid exit. Duket gathered his charges for a final photograph, then packed them into the available cars and vans for the ride back to campus. He looked exhausted.

"We spend the whole day ferrying these kids between the waypoints and back to

campus," he said. Duket, his wife, Amy Martin, Professor O'Connor, Professor Alice Behnegar, and West Newton canoeist Debbie Colgan—a friend of Duket's—had put more than 200 miles on their vehicles during the event. Standing in the rain in a gray sweater and ballcap, his feet sinking into the muddy ground, Duket shook his head. "Every year, we say, 'This is it. No more. Never again,'" he said. "But by the next year, we will have forgotten, and it'll all start over again."

It may only have been a trick of the fading light, but he did not look altogether dismayed.

Tim Heffernan

THE COLLECTOR: MONDRAGONE

by Francis Sweeney, SJ

In his attic a Bedlam choir of clocks
Crowded out life,
With time the tenant
And himself a cramped intruder.

Knowing no other prudence or care,
Not mad, but gathering all his wit into this elf's desire,
He oiled and tuned them, and gave them back
Their dignity of varnish and gilding.

He taught them to chime together,
And woke each hour in the night
Like a lord naming the spires in the barony.

Then he set them to strike, each for a different city,
And that was the last of his fancies,
For one night he wandered out of time
And did not wake to four o'clock in Boston,
Nine in London,
Eleven in Khartoum.

From Morning Window, Evening Window, © 1999, Haggerston Press.

spirituality.com





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"Know thyself, and God will reveal his occasion for thee"
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EVENT CALENDAR

UPCOMING EV
 Thu June 20, 2002 at 1
 Joni Overton-Jung
**FINDING PEACE WHEN
 ARE**

**EVENT
 BEGINS IN 1hrs.21**

ARTICLES FOR TODAY

you have a part in Middle East peace
 how prayer resolved one Middle East conflict.

ty new husband
 a victim of domestic abuse prays her way through the ordeal and achieves peace when she realizes that God loves her and her ex-husband equally.

amazing grace for everyone
 a prison chaplain learns that prisoners, like everyone, have access to God's grace.

COMMUNITY

• Polls

[What spiritual quality do babies represent to you?](#)

[How do you find spiritual rejuvenation?](#)

• Spirituality Talk discussions

[Question of the Week: What](#)

The Shroud of Turin
 High quality 3-D images of the Shroud of Turin

HOME INDIA NEPAL GIBRALTAR MIDI BOOKS QUOTES LINKS ABOUT ME

One of the most amazing properties of the Shroud of Turin is that it contains depth information which can be used to create a 3-D model. Using a NAL computer, researchers made the first 3-D images in 1976.



The graph above was made using the AIA VP-8 Image Analyzer. It shows the first 3-D image of a replicable quality made in a PC. The emphasis is on the amazing properties of the shroud and the fact that the painting there is not a trick, but a real thing.

[ZOOM](#)

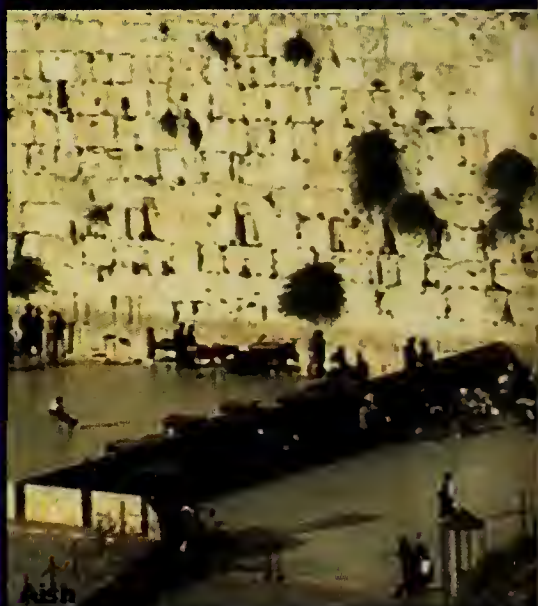
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• [ENLARGE VIEW](#)



Shabbat
Shalom

The
Yatra Sri Nankunt Sahib
Web Site

Guideposts for Teens

Mem

The Poll
 Which world record would you rather hold?

- ☐ Balancing the most books on your head
- ☐ Eating the most live cockroaches
- ☐ Making the largest meatball
- ☐ Farthest nasal ejection

[Results](#) [Archive](#)

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Pilgrimage in the Himalayas

Valley of Flowers
National Park

Nankunt Sahib

SAVED

by the web

BY DAMIEN CAVE '96

A Buddhist temple appears toward the top of my laptop computer screen, as if in the distance. Leading toward the temple is a paved way of gray slate, and a message.

"Come follow me up this path," the Web site (www.do-not-zzz.com) beckons. "Enter into the world of Zen."

I follow, clicking on the first tile, then the second, third, fourth, and fifth. A gong sounds, and suddenly I find myself before a virtual teacher, a monk dressed in dark robes with a shaved head. He sits cross-legged as words appear before me. In simple language, I'm taught how to sit, then how to breathe rhythmically with the rise and fall of a candle's virtual flame. There is the sound of chanting, and soon other sounds accompany my lesson—the rush of wind through tall grass, birds chirping, bubbling water. I see an interactive rock garden and click on a boulder floating in the air; it settles with a soft crunch on sand. My journey is complete.

"So you've mastered the first steps of Zen," I read. "Take a look around you now. Maybe it looks a little different."

Not quite. But if at the end of the 15-minute lesson my office cubicle appears drab as always, the

HOW TO CLICK YOUR WAY TO ULTIMATE TRUTH

translation of Zen beliefs into computer code that I have just witnessed does signify a change in the religious landscape. For Zen is not the only religion that "can be experienced anywhere, at anytime," as the Webmaster notes dur-

ing my lesson.

Adherents of religions both mainstream and on the fringe—from Christian to Wiccan to Jewish to Muslim to Santerian—are using the Internet, and the ways that they are using it are still evolving. It's been nearly two decades since the first religious bulletin boards—rogue, idiosyncratic enterprises unsanctioned by mainstream churches—encamped on the Net. Today even Web sites based in traditional, organized religions are moving beyond straightforward textual content toward recorded hymns and sermons, virtual tours, and video feeds from such evocative venues as the Western Wall in Jerusalem (www.aish.com/wallcam) and the Grotto at Lourdes (www.lourdes-france.org/gb/gbwcam.htm). The Net has always been a fertile field for religious writing, debate, and information; now, it's also becoming a potential house of worship.

To a certain extent, religious Web developers are

simply responding to demand. According to the Pew Internet and American Life Project, one out of four adult U.S. Internet users—roughly 28 million people—have sought out religious or spiritual information online in the past few years. Each day more than 3 million Americans log onto some kind of religious Web site, up from 2 million in 2000.

With so many people getting Internet religion, can the old congregational centers hold?

IN THE UNITED STATES, where radio, television, and the Internet all took early root, religious groups have always had an uneven relationship with new technologies, often denouncing their secular expressions before grasping their potential for spiritual good. When radio first appeared in the 1920s, some Protestant traditionalists, following in the footsteps of anti-modernists like William Jennings Bryan, saw the new medium as a threat to church and family values. But others, only a handful in the beginning, among mainstream and evangelical preachers alike, quickly embraced radio as an extension of the pulpit. Traveling evangelist Aimee Semple McPherson, the outspoken founder of the International Church of the Foursquare Gospel, was one of the first to jump on the airwaves; in 1924, she launched KFSG, the third radio station in Los Angeles. The Catholic Fr. Charles Coughlin was close behind. His *Golden Hour* broadcasts, begun on Detroit's WJR in 1926, had 30 million listeners on Sundays in the 1930s. "Everyone eventually seized the opportunity of radio," says Martin Marty, professor emeritus of the history of modern Christianity at the University of Chicago. According to Marty, "the biggest show in the '30s was *The Lutheran Hour*." A broadcast sermon framed around biblical passages, it originated in St. Louis and still airs on more than 1,200 stations.

Early television produced its share of star preachers, too: In the 1950s and 1960s, the Federal Communications Commission encouraged TV stations to give free airtime to churches, and again preachers embraced a new medium. Some came from mainstream churches, like New York's Catholic Bishop Fulton Sheen, whose program *Life is Worth Living* outdrew Milton Berle in New York City in the 1950s. Others, like Billy Graham, came from Protestantism's striving evangelical strain. (Graham's first appearance on television was in 1951.) Televised religion gained its largest audiences in the 1970s, after stations were given permission to sell airtime for religious programming

and flamboyant evangelicals like Jerry Falwell jumped on board. The evangelicals, "seeing the potential, pitched their programming toward entertainment," says Randall Balmer, a professor of American religion at Columbia University. But, a few popular personalities notwithstanding, the more typical Protestant and the Catholic broadcasts were of traditional church services.

IN MANY WAYS, the movement of religions toward the Net has been similar. "A lot of folks have seen that religion on the Web is important," says Mark Kellner, author of *God on the Internet* (1996). "It's no surprise. If you look at the history of technology, every advance—going back to Gutenberg—has been embraced by some part of the church as a way to communicate its message."

But the Net, unlike radio and television, is a many-to-many medium. Any user with a connection can not only receive but also broadcast. As a result, the experience of on-line religion, since the burgeoning of the Net in the 1980s, has taken some surprising turns.

Consider the genesis. The first religious cohort to make a home on the electronic networks of the early Internet was a group entirely unfamiliar to top-down broadcasting—namely, the neopagans. With little or nothing in the way of a physical church, Druids, worshippers of Roman gods, and even radical Freemasons formed virtual congregations through e-mail and bulletin boards. With little or no firm doctrine, they used the Net to confer, pray, and advise one another on what to believe. (A 1988 post by a Roman-god worshipper, for instance, urged, "Look to Apollo, and receive his light; hoard not His gifts: healing, growth, joy.") Religion on the Internet "exploded as soon as it could happen," says Howard Rheingold, one of the first writers to chronicle the Net's religious growth, in his book *The Virtual Community* (1993). "There were thousands of strange [bulletin boards] in the early '80s."

The Web site www.religioustolerance.org contains a list of neopagan groups currently represented on the Net. Many of them, like the Church of the Subgenius, a not entirely serious religion that focuses on the need to relax and "slack," have been active electronically for 15 years, an eternity by Internet standards. Their early presence shouldn't come as a surprise, says Brenda Brasher, a leading Internet religion scholar who teaches at Mount Union College in Alliance, Ohio. "Neopagans had the least historical 'drag' keeping them off the Net," she

continued on page 33

Dear Boston College/Newton College Alumnus/a:

It seems hard to believe that the new academic year is here. We have had a busy summer. Boston College hosted the Jesuit Advancement Administrators conference in June. The theme was Walk the Talk: It's All About the Mission. There were 225 of our colleagues from the twenty-eight Jesuit universities and colleges, who joined us for three days to learn, collaborate and share best practices in university relations, communications, government affairs, development and alumni relations. Father Leahy opened the conference and set the tone by challenging the audience to deepen their understanding of the Jesuit and Catholic mission and "walk the talk." It was a powerful conference.

It has been a mission-driven summer, as many administrators, faculty and staff participated in seminars exploring the Jesuit and Catholic dimensions of Boston College's mission. Our vice president for mission and ministry, Joseph Appleyard, SJ, has worked with the Alumni Association to deepen our understanding of our Jesuit identity. Under Father Appleyard's leadership, and with support through the grant from the Lilly Endowment, we were able to offer a new initiative for alumni called Pathways. Michael Sacco and Burt Howell directed an alumni retreat this past June, which offered alumni an opportunity to return to campus for a weekend of vocational discernment. The program was a tremendous success and the Alumni Association is researching ways to provide this experience to alumni across the country as a component of the national club network.

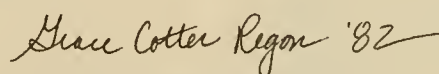
As you know, Boston College will conduct a "special academic focus" over the next two years to examine issues related to the sexual misconduct scandal in the Catholic Church. The program, which will begin this fall, will have the title "The Church in the 21st Century." Father Leahy has appointed Special Assistant to the President Robert Newton to serve as director to the initiative and an advisory committee comprised of faculty, administrators, students and alumni. Thank you for your comments, suggestions and powerful letters of support for Father Leahy's leadership and initiative.

The Alumni Association is pleased to welcome Kirsten K. Hammann '94 and Julie (Hirschberg) Nuzzo NC '74 to the team. Julie Nuzzo joined us in late spring as an assistant director for classes with specific responsibility for Newton College alumnae. Julie hit the ground running with the Newton College reunion and the new reunion program. Kirsten Hammann joined us in July as the associate director for communications. Kirsten comes to us from Harvard and brings tremendous Web, design, publication and editorial expertise. You should expect great things from the new members of the team. I'd also like to welcome and introduce two new members of the Boston College team. Jim Husson will serve as vice president for development. Jim joined us in August from Brown University. Tom Keady serves as the associate vice president for community relations and government affairs. Tom joined us from Northeastern University.

We are excited about the year ahead. Charlie Heffernan '66 began his term in June as president of the National Board of Directors. Charlie brings great leadership and energy to the board and the worldwide alumni body. Under Jack Moynihan, senior associate director, and his leadership team, you can expect new components to the class and national club program. Our communications team will launch a redesign of Class Notes and new components and modules to the online community. We look for ways to connect and reconnect alumni and find the Web site (www.bc.edu/alumni) to be our best option for sharing the Boston College of today. Look for e-news, and please take a minute to register for the online community. You are one click away from finding your roommate from freshman year, a fellow volunteer from the Appalachia trip sophomore year, a Fulton Debate Team member junior year or the fullback who sat behind you senior year in Capstone. Take a minute and reconnect!

We look forward to seeing you across the country this year. We know that we will see you at our alumni receptions in Miami, Pittsburgh and South Bend during the fall football away games. For those of you in New York, Washington and Boston and for all who lost family and friends on September 11, please know that Boston College is praying for you. You are in our hearts.

Peace,



Grace Cotter Regan '82
Executive Director



ALUMNI ASSOCIATION CLASS NOTES

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Linda Song Wendel '97

DIRECTOR, GRADUATED LESS THAN TEN YEARS

Antonia Soares Thompson '91, Law '94

ALUMNI ASSOCIATION BOARD OF DIRECTORS 2002-2003



ALUMNI ASSOCIATION ALUMNI ACHIEVEMENT AWARDS

On September 26, 2002, the Alumni Association will continue its tradition of honoring distinguished graduates at the Alumni Achievement Awards Ceremony at Robsham Theater. The outstanding recipients will be recognized for demonstrating excellence in their respective fields and for exemplifying the "Ever to Excel" motto of Boston College.

2002 ALUMNI ACHIEVEMENT AWARD RECIPIENTS

Arts and Humanities: T. Frank Kennedy, SJ '71

Commerce: Joseph W. McCarthy CAS '58

Education: Carolyn Denham '67

Health: Gerald Healy '63

Law: Robert Callahan '52

Public Service: Gary Correia '79

Religion: Patricia Winkler Brown NC '60

Science: Timothy Toohig, SJ '51 (posthumously)

Young Alumni Award of Excellence: Lisa Navracruz '94

William V. McKenney Award: Louis V. Sorgi '49

Monsignor Thomas W. Wells '66 will also be recognized in a special presentation during the evening.

'28

Maurice J. Downey
180 Main St.
Walpole, MA 02081
508-660-6958

Henry J. Ballem died on Friday, April 26, 2002. Mr. Ballem was probably one of Boston College's oldest alumni; he was born on April 24, 1906. He was also perhaps among the most distinguished military alumni as well, having served in the Navy for thirty years, achieving the rank of commander, and serving in the Pacific throughout World War II.

'29

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'30

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'31

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'32

Walter M. Drohan
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Mary Boyle Hurley '41 returned from holy day Mass and died suddenly. Her beloved husband was Ed Hurley. Ed Driscoll was a keen analyst and was vice president of Prudential Securities in New York. Ed's wife called me to advise me of his death. The thirteen remaining class members are in the ninety-year-old group.

'33

William M. Hogan, Jr.
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'34

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The following was submitted by classmate Bill Kvaraceus in memory of Herb Kenney, who passed away on May 30, 2002. —Editor

Herb has written his last piece—
Long after meeting his deadlines
On *The Stylus*, *The Heights*, and the yearbook
And then with the *Boston Globe*.
As kindred campus poets
We composed, we sang on the Heights—
Now he writes under eternal lights.

'35

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Due to editorial error, '35 Class Notes was not included in the last edition. We apologize for the error and include the column below. —Editor

The members of our volleyball team attended the Winter Olympics, guests of the Geritol Co. Of course, there was no volleyball competition, but they made interesting contacts that may result in invitations to play in several distant countries. Incidentally, we could use a few new members. If you are still in good physical shape, get in touch with us through your correspondent (you do have to be able to jump two feet off the floor from a standing position). The classmate we are featuring in this issue is **Bob Huddy**, one of our most faithful members through the years. To sum up his working career, he went to work a few weeks after graduation with a big national insurance company, the Employers Group, and returned forty years later as vice president for claims, a position that required the supervision of 104 offices from coast to coast. The last twenty years of his career were spent in that position. He lost his high school sweetheart and wife of fifty years, Florance, in 1988, and has been living with his daughter, Barbara, for the past several years (this is why we couldn't find him). All of this is pretty much the story of a classmate with a successful career, but the thing that makes Bob Huddy unique—yes, unique—is his lifetime hobby. Let's let him tell us about it: "I began my hobby, racing home pigeons, way back in 1926 at the age of twelve. My dad was already a countrywide champion of long-distant flyers, and I was fortunate, every year from 1926 to 1954, to win every scheduled race from eighty to six hundred miles, one year or another. In 1946, I received the Racing Pigeon Hall of Fame Award." Space does not allow us to tell you more, but the most important fact is that he is still fully and happily involved in his hobby. **Bill Coffey** and **Blanche** send their best wishes from beautiful Marshfield Hills. Bill's hobby is growing vegetables on his two acres, and the fact that he uses a rototiller tells us that he is still in pretty good shape. **Jim Woods** and **Edna** are doing quite well in Milton, although Jim has had hip surgery since we last talked. All is not well with **Dick Vaughan** and **Mary**. Dick is fighting serious prostate problems, and **Annie Sullivan** has put him on her St. Basil's prayer line, which can do wonderful things. **Frank Sullivan** and **Edna** are happy after twelve years of retirement in South Yarmouth at Thirwood Place. They miss our own **Rita** and **John Griffin**, who were fellow residents for the last few years of their lives—which suggests an idea. Maybe Thirwood could be the gathering place for members of our class in retirement. Check it out if you are interested. Hope there's room for volleyball. The "Remember" feature for this issue comes from **Walter Sullivan**, who was part of the gang from Framingham whose only means of transportation was kindly strangers who would answer the appeal of their sad faces and lifted thumbs at points along the road. Beacon Street at the corner of Hammond and College was the favorite starting point for the trip home. Walter tells of one incident where he willingly worked for his ride: "One day when I was alone and thumbing, a woman came by, gave me a disdainful look and drove on. Within seconds, I heard a loud report, looked up and saw her car slow down and come to a stop. She emerged and looked helplessly at the flat tire on a rear wheel. When I came up to her and offered to change the tire, she gratefully agreed. Needless to

say, I got my ride in the direction of Framingham." Please become an active member of our class and send in your own remembrance. We guarantee to publish it.

Our volleyball team, lining up for the start of the Boston Marathon, attracted a lot of attention in their uniforms, "Boston College 1935" on the back of their jerseys and "Geritol" on the front. We have a great group picture, copies of which will be passed out at our seventieth reunion in 2005. To avoid the crowds at the finish line, the team had decided to end its run at a friendly pub in Natick, where any symptoms of dehydration could be remedied promptly. Everyone made it to Natick, and Geritol picked up the tab. This time the remembrance comes from **Jim McDonough**. Jim writes about one of our more colorful characters, **Moon Mullin**, now long gone (he died of a heart attack in 1960). Jim writes, "In our third year at BC, we had Father Mike Harding for philosophy, and I sat right in front of Moon. One day he turned my chair around before I arrived. Father Harding, waiting to begin while we straightened things out, called on Moon Mullin. 'Give back to me the refutation of John Stuart Mills.' Moon hemmed and hawed a few times, and Father Harding said, 'Don't you know it?' Moon answered, 'Do you want me to give it back as you gave it, or do you want me to improve on it?' The whole class broke up, including Father Harding." We were unable to reach **John McGee** in Sarasota, Florida. He and his wife, Margaret, have apparently moved since we talked to him last. We are hoping that his son, John, Jr. '63, will see this and bring us up to date. We had the same problem with **Tom Dowling**, most recently having lived in Bessemer, Minnesota. If retirement involves a change of address, please notify the Alumni Association. How dull life would be without news from your classmates four times a year. **Dan Holland** continues to give us solid evidence of his enthusiasm for Boston College. His third grandchild, Kelly John Holland, is a junior in the honors program and is active in social causes, one of which is Habitat for Humanity. He was preceded at BC by **Mara Kathleen '00** and **Daniel Brendan '98**.

'36

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I recently had an exchange of correspondence with **Chuck Bevacqua**, son of our late classmate, **Lou Bevacqua**. Chuck, a graduate of the BC Graduate School of Social Work, was searching for information in our Class Book (which had been lost) about his father, which I was able to furnish. Lou, as you may recall, was a schoolteacher and administrator in Seymour, Connecticut. **Joe Cosgrove** has had a series of strokes and is now in Glen Ridge Nursing Home, Hospital Road, Malden. He retains an active interest in BC and current events, and his daughter and family members read books to him. **Dan Courtney** had a fall in March injuring his left shoulder and pelvic area. After a spell in the hospital, he is now home and recovering but

unable to come to the luncheon. Thanks to a note from his wife, Gladys, I learned **Bill Ellis** is on limited physical activity, and they would be unable to come to the luncheon. Bill is still in Mattapoisett and wanted to be remembered to all. I also had a note from **Randy Cournoyer, Jr.**, writing that his father, **Randy Cournoyer, Sr.**, had died some time ago, as had his wife. Their home had been in Jeffrey, New Hampshire. Please remember them in your prayers. Also remember in your prayers **John Larkins's** wife, Catherine, who died early in the year. John is still in Washington, D.C. Our annual class luncheon was scheduled for May 23. Unfortunately, we had to cancel it. The Alumni Association has a minimum requirement of twenty-five for lunches. Our total was eleven—six classmates and one widow. Two classmates, **John Kilderry** and **Frank Hilbrunner**, called to let me know that they would be unable to attend—John because of pending eye surgery and Frank because Dorothy was just home from the hospital. I also had very nice notes and telephone calls from the following widows: Mary Cahill, Kay Fay, Wanda Milus, Peg McCarthy and Kay Sampson. Had we been able to have the luncheon, those planning to attend were: Rita and **Bob Condon**, **Joe Clougherty**, **Steve Hart**, Mary and **Joe Keating**, **George Mahoney**, Gerry and **Jack McLaughlin**, and Mary Shea. As far as our annual lunches are concerned, it appears the curfew has tolled the knell of parting day, and we've reached the end of that line. However, there may be occasions in the future that we can have get-togethers of a sort to keep '36 alive and well. I'll keep you posted. **Morris "Mo" Parker** died in June of 2001. Mo, an active golfer, had retired and was living in Hull. **Bill Baxter** died in February of 2002. Bill had been living in Stoughton. Please remember Mo and Bill and their families in your prayers.

'37

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'38

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'39

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It's just days away from the start of a light-hearted, sunny summer, and believe me, I wish that this column could be filled with only good news. Unfortunately, time has run out for some of our classmates and their spouses, so the little good news that I have must take a back seat to what can only be called the bad news. Over the past few months, the heavenly population has been called upon to welcome **Francis McGaffigan**, **Simeon LeGendre**, **Jim Cadigan**, and Mary Costello, the dear wife of **John Costello**. Their obituaries deserve more space than is available, but the central fact is that they are all important members of the BC family of

1939. **Francis McGaffigan**, a retired U.S. Navy captain, proudly served in our Navy during both World War II and the Korean conflict; he was awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross and the Navy Air Medal. A long-time Californian, he is survived by his wife, Mary, seven children and fifteen grandchildren. **Jim Cadigan** of Hingham, another much-admired and well-known infantry hero of World War II, also recently passed away. Jim was one of the most decorated veterans among our classmates, and there is still a recommendation under consideration to award him the Congressional Medal of Honor. He is survived by four children, twelve grandchildren and five great-grandchildren. Ironically, just a day before **Jim Cadigan's** death, another classmate, **Simeon LeGendre**, joined the heavenly choir. **Simeon**, a regular at many of our '39 reunions, was a practicing attorney and a business law professor at Merrimack College; he was professionally recognized and honored by both the Lawrence Bar Association and Merrimack College. Another World War II veteran, he served with the American Division in the Pacific and was recognized for his expertise in language and in decoding messages. He is survived by six daughters and sixteen grandchildren. Yesterday's mail brought the final bit of sad news. A kind letter from **John Costello**, of Andover, informed us of the recent death of his wife, Mary A. (Ford) Costello. Mary had earlier served as Frank's key assistant during his thirty-year career as registrar of probate in the Essex County Probate Court. Needless to say, our sympathy and our prayers are offered for our deceased classmates, their spouses, children, grandchildren, and—proof of our age—great-grandchildren. On the more positive side, a kind note from **Leo Landry** updates us on his continued devotion to BC and on his "new life." Leo and his wife, Jo, have made the "move" into the comfort zone provided by a retirement community in Media, PA. The really good news is that they are enjoying the multiple outlets for learning and activity and the domestic flexibility provided by community services. Happily, too, we have one further big, important, organizationally critical good news item. Our prexy, **John Lynch**, sent us a note regarding **Simeon LeGendre's** death and only then told us that he has recently been hospitalized not once but twice for not minor operations. These operations happily have returned him to good health. I quote him as reporting, "Fortunately, I am OK now." For all of us I say, "Thank God." We needed that good news. Let's hope and pray that we will have more of it. Please write, telephone, e-mail, whatever—we always need to be updated.

'40

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The class held its twenty-fifth Annual memorial Mass of petition at Trinity Chapel on the Newton Campus on Ascension Thursday, May 9, 2002. We prayed for twelve members who passed away during the past year: **Elmore M. Campbell**, **Joseph H. Coakley**, **Victor Coghlan**, **William A. Connolly**, **Richard Curnane**, **Francis P.**

Gallagher, **Joseph T. Joseph**, **Edmund J. Kenny**, **George T. O'Brien**, **Harold S. Ringer**, **Cyril Tolland** and **Edward Swenson**. Mass was celebrated by Fr. Bill Granville, who gave an inspiring homily reminding attendees of the presence of the Holy Spirit among us. Attendance was great, led by **Ed Kennedy**, who hasn't let his blindness dampen his enthusiasm for life. Following Mass, luncheon was a treat graced by some of the class widows, notably **Kay Gilligan**, **Kay Wright**, **Helen Drinan**, **Muriel Desmond**, **Lucille McCarthy** and especially **Mary Joy**, who, by acclimation, was nominated and elected first lady of the class. **Doris and Frank Ahearn** were celebrating sixty-two years of marital bliss. President **Ed Nagle** remarked on Frank's remarkable career, from editor of the *Sub Turri* to chairman of the Boston City Council. **Murray Lyons** and his wife, **Dorothy**, made it all the way from FL. **Paul Greeley** came from Pittsfield and brought his son, **Jack**, and so reunited the debating team of **Ahearn**, **Greeley** and **Rogan**, signaling to all the world that the class was alive and well and ready for action. All the regular standbys were on board, including **Arthur Hassett**, **Bob McGovern**, **Ed Nagle**, **Tom Duffey**, **Joe Cronin**, **Bob Power**, **Jack O'Hara**, **Bob O'Malley**, **Dan McCue** and **Jerry Twomey**. **Ed Groden** planned the festivities, and his wife, **Louise**, along with **Mary Joy**, offered the gifts at Mass. Ed surely distinguishes the class for his role as the American officer responsible for initiating the first firepower response to the Japanese at Pearl Harbor. The full story needs to be told. How was it that fate chose our classmate for such a distinction?

'41

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Due to editorial error, '41 Class Notes was not included in the last edition. We apologize for the error and include the column below. —Editor

Once again, we start this column with our deepest sympathy and prayers to the families of **Dick Daley** and **Emil Slizewski** on the passing of two wonderful classmates, in December 2001 and February 2002, respectively. Their contributions to our class were most noteworthy. Both participated in extracurricular activities. **Dick** served later as a class vice president and correspondent. **Emil** gave many years to the BC Law School, where he was recognized as an outstanding professor and one of the best in the school's history. His reputation was enhanced by the outstanding performance of many students. Both, along with our others, will be sorely missed. Our president, **Nick Sottile**, is recovering well from a heart operation in December 2001. His recent words were: "Go BC," and he is looking forward to good class representation on Laetare Sunday, March 10, 2002. Fr. **Jim Rogers** sends his regards from his Cape residency, where he continues his weekend Masses. He also continues to paint, and his paintings are well sought with all proceeds going to his favorite charity. **Jim Murray** submitted an article from the January 2, 1941, *Times-Picayune* of New Orleans concerning our

Sugar Bowl victory of January 1, 1941. The pictures and stories brought back many memories of those of us in attendance. Bishop **Joe Maguire** was in contact to check on all of us. Your correspondent, having many friends in the Springfield area, is very aware and proud of the love, honor, respect and esteem in which this great man and priest of God is held by the Springfield Diocese. We all have readily seen this over our many years. **Jack Kehoe** and **George Hanlon** also wanted to be remembered to the class. I ask you all to stay in contact, and meanwhile, may God bless our families, our departed classmates and us. A.M.D.G. **John J. "Jack" Brady** of Reading, a retired attorney and Massachusetts National Guard member, passed away in November 2001. Also, **Brendan Crotty**, of Walpole, died in February 2002.

First of all, the committee, as always, offers our classmates and their families its best wishes for love, health and happiness, wherein we remain together for many more years. President **Nick Sottile**, who has served this class admirably and unselfishly year after year, underwent a heart procedure in December 2001. He recovered well and, as of May 15, has completed all rehabilitative sessions. During his recuperative period, his concern and devotion to the class were never deterred. Future plans were discussed, particularly our annual Mass and luncheon of June 2002. This function has always been a memorable and rewarding experience to see, talk and sit down with our former classmates to recall and review the many occasions of our past experiences. Passing years have taken their toll, and many beloved classmates now form God's class of 1941. Our current list grows shorter, but this class will survive and exist forever. Please, God, stick with us and our families to see us through it all. Last Laetare Sunday, March 10, we had a great occasion to be with **Nick and Mary Sottile**, **Bob Gallagher**, **John Jansen**, **Lenora and Jack Cullen**, **John Colahan**, **Elaine Domenicis** (daughter of **Jack Hayes**) and **Jack Callahan**. Congrats to all for this and the beautiful Mass celebrated. I received a letter from **Harry Lukachik '43**, brother of classmate **Al Lukachik**. He enclosed an outstanding article from the *Connecticut Post* dated December 30, 2001, with photographs of **Chet Gladchuk** and **Al**, two Sugar Bowl bridge porters, recalling the BC Sugar Bowl victory on New Year's Day, sixty years ago—the 1941 national champions. Harry was the chief manager of the football team. Thanks to Harry for bringing back great memories of younger days. We ask for your prayers for the following departed classmates: **Rev. Robert J. Powers** (June 2001), who started BC with our class and left for seminary; **William Bulger**, of Concord, a teacher at Concord High School and an active Knight of Columbian; **Richard Daley** (December 2001), of Bedford, former treasurer and class correspondent; **John Brady**, of Reading, an attorney; **Brendan F. Crotty**, of Norwood, a doctor; **Emil Slizewski**, of Milton, a distinguished professor at BC Law School for over thirty years; and **Joseph Zabilski**, of Westwood, an outstanding coach and athletic director at Boston College and Northeastern University. We ask our class to remember these loved friends and wonderful classmates and their

families in our prayers. Our loss is God's gain. The committee renders its utmost thanks to **John Colahan** for his continued assistance in all undertakings. By the time you receive this, summer will have passed, and we hope and pray that health and happiness have prevailed. Please help us with this column and send us any pertinent material.

'42

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Sincere congratulations to **Frank D'Ambrosio** on his twenty-five years of service to the church as a deacon. Thanks to **Jim Stanton** and **Terry Geoghegan**, plans for our sixtieth anniversary were well organized and, in my opinion, well received. Among those present at the Heights Overture, the Pops concert and the Curtain Call were **Frank Colpoys**, **John Cuono**, **Frank D'Ambrosio**, **Terry Geoghegan**, **Gerry Joyce**, **Bob Muse** and **Jim Stanton**. In attendance at our sixtieth anniversary luncheon and memorial Mass, on June 1, listed alphabetically, were **Leo Benneci**, **Tim Callahan**, **Margaret and Amby Claus**, **Agnes and Frank Colpoys**, **Ronnie Corbett**, **John Cuono**, **Jennie and Frank D'Ambrosio**, **John Fitzgerald**, **Bill Gaine**, **Virginia and Terry Geoghegan**, **Norma and Tony Graffeo**, **Tom Flanagan**, **Louise and Jack Hart**, **Margaret and Paul Heffron**, **Elizabeth and Tom Hinchey**, **Gerry Joyce**, **Mary and Paul Livingston**, **Rita and Frank Mahoney**, **Mary and Bob Muse**, **Laura and Jim O'Brien**, **Helen and Jim Stanton**, **Joan and Dick Stiles**, **Charlie Sullivan**, and yours truly, with better half, **Helen**. Widows included **Dorothea Cadigan**, **Eleanor Maguire** and **Mary Stanton**. Expected but not present, at least, to the best of my memory, not seen by me, were **Mary and Vincent DeBendictis** and **Clara and Joe Marcantonio**. If I have omitted anyone, I apologize. In separate letters, **Bob Drinan** and **Joe Nolan** expressed sincere regrets that prior important commitments prevented them from attending. Each asked to be remembered to the class. In addition, also for good reason, **Charlie Ahern**, **Frank Dever**, **Connie Pappas-Jameson**, **Jimmy Boudreau** and **Frances Kissell**, called to say they could not attend. They too wanted to be remembered to the class. Now that our sixtieth anniversary is just a wonderful memory, we can start looking forward to our sixty-fifth. Notes for this issue were started in February 2002, added to in March 2002 and lost in April 2002, somewhere between Naples, FL, and home. Included among those notes was a list of classmates who died since my last report. Hopefully, it will appear in the next issue. Nevertheless, you may be certain that all were included in our memorial Mass. Kindly remember **Charles P. Mackin** in your prayers. As you may recall, **Charlie** left for the Marine Corps shortly after he so proudly cheered the football team to victory at the BC-Tennessee Sugar Bowl game. He was a member of the VFW, the Knights of Columbus and the Good Shepherd Church in Camp Hill, PA. He died on March 20, 2002. To his widow, **M. Patricia**, their two sons and one daughter, the class extends sincere sympathies. Please say a prayer in

memory of **Louise M. Stanton**, beloved sister of **James F. Stanton**. She died on March 16, 2002. While in FL, I enjoyed: several rounds of golf (nine holes per outing) with **Frank Colpoys**, the monthly meetings of the BC Club of Southwestern Florida, socializing with classmates, the beaches, the weather and guests. We look forward to next year. Come on down. I cannot help but repeat my praise of **Kim and Chris Heaslip**. Their truly excellent management of the Boston College Club of Southwestern Florida makes all who attend the meetings most welcome. He and his partner were down one hole with two to go, the club championship hanging in the balance. **Jim Stanton** then proceeded to eagle the seventeenth hole and birdie the eighteenth for a hard-earned victory. As you read this, summer will have ended and the football season begun. Our prayers are for a successful season for **Coach O'Brien** and the team. Unfortunately, after some fifty-five-plus years, our tailgating privileges were taken away. As a result, my wife and I have shifted our pregame socializing to the Hall of Fame Room. If you'd like to join us, please give me a call. At game time, we still hope to be found in Section R, Row 20, seats 14 and 15. Congratulations to our newly elected alumni officers. May the same spirit that guided their predecessors inspire their alumni endeavors.

'43

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As we begin this column, we extend condolences to the family of **Leo Sullivan**, who died on May 2, 2002, in Canton. Leo was a Marine veteran and a long-time agent with Travelers Insurance. With thanks to **Ernie Santosuosso**, we learn that he saw **John Foyne**, **Maureen and Al Donovan**, **Ann Marie and Bob Blute** and **Joe O'Neil** on Laetare Sunday. From Kenya, **Tom Heath** tells us that he recently had a cataract operation and is now seeing a lot better. We would like to thank all those widows of '43 who were kind enough to send class dues in memory of their departed ones—**Jeanne Duane**, **Carol Finnegan**, **Agnes Lyons**, **Bernadette Corbett**, **Betty Grimes**, **Kay Divver**, **Peg King**, **Fran Galligan**, **Honey Canale** and **Mary Schoenfelt** (also for her extra support). Speaking of dues, thanks to the following classmates for their extra support: **Frank Lind**, **Al Sutkus**, **Ed Moloney** and **Ernie Santosuosso**. **Ernie** also lets us know that he recently gave of his time and effort in his ninth Second Helping campaign fund-raising, and further still, he has the time to do some guest stints on music radio. Other notes from here and there: From Alexandria, **John Connolly** tells us that, after some twenty-three years in the Air Force, he went to NOAA, then on to Alden Electronics and finally retired in 1971. After a winter sojourn in FL, **Tom Curry** now abides in Westboro and still plays a little golf on occasion. Back in March, **Ray Sisk** was shivering in that "warm" 40-degree FL sunshine. From Freeport, IL, **Frank Mahoney** tells us that his son **Mike** is now the U.S. magistrate judge

in Rockford. From CA, **Elmo Bregoli** says he'd love to play golf, but he can't reach the green from there! Down on Cape Cod, **Dan Healy** wonders if we are "survivors" or "relics." In the same vein, **Tom Manning** says that "no news is good news at this stage of life." A recent note and call from **Eddie O'Connor** tells us that he and Mary are slowly getting ready to move to CA, probably in the fall, to be near family. Since we must report in this column some past events, we will note here that news of our golf days will be reported in the next issue of the *Boston College Magazine*. On a final note, please mark your calendars now for the next class event, which will mark the beginning of our sixtieth anniversary of graduation, the fall festival, October 3, 2002. More news on this at a later date. One final note, please keep in touch!

'44

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On June 4, 2002, as we faced deadline on these notes, sad news came that **Joe O'Donnell**, vice president of our senior class, had passed from our ranks. Joe had come to enter our BC freshman class in September 1940, as a recent graduate of Malden Catholic High School. His career as a labor organizer, historian, advocate, educator and family man marked him as one who truly was "a legend in his own time." This past June, Joe no doubt rose to join **Paul Burns**, **Jim Dowd**, **Jim McSorley**, **Charlie McAleer**, **Al McDermott**, **Joe Bane**, **Paul Lambert**, **Jim Cotter**, **Mike Gargan** and many '44 alumni and shipmates who went on before him in the Master's mansion. On June 8, 2002, Joe O'Donnell was laid to rest in Mount Feake Cemetery in Waltham, following a funeral Mass attended by about three hundred at Our Lady Comforter Church in Waltham, where Joe and his wife, Marie, resided for the past year with their son, Kevin '74, and his wife, Gail. For many years earlier, Joe and Marie made their home in Plymouth. The Mass was concelebrated by Father Kilroy, pastor of the church, and Fr. Ed Boyle, chaplain of the Catholic Labor Guild. Their daughter-in-law, Gail, spoke of how family remained the center of life for Joe and Marie. In addition to Joe's four sons (Kevin and Stephen of Waltham, Joseph P., Jr., of South Boston, and Brian '77 of Weymouth), his brothers and sisters, their spouses, seven grandchildren, and members of the O'Donnell clan, the large gathering at the funeral Mass included classmates from BC, associates and former students from the Harvard Trade Union Program and members of the Catholic Labor Guild. All found inspiration in Father Kilroy's homily and in the eulogies of Marie and Gail O'Donnell, which focused on this unique man who challenged himself, accepted challenges of others, set his goals and stayed the course throughout his life. For Joe's activities and keen observations of life on Chestnut Hill in the early 1940s, we must respectfully refer our readers and classmates to the *Sub Turri* 1944 and the eight-page photo story of class history, penned by Joe, this time as class

historian. It concludes with an action photo of its author, as Joe strides toward the lunchroom in the Tower Building. After his first two years in AB Honors, with emphasis on Latin and Greek, our "man of all seasons" majored in history and government, with Father Finnegan and Jim Burke, SJ. In an accelerated senior year, joining the Navy's V-7 Program, he joined others in navigation and physical fitness classes in preparation for early departure for midshipman training at the University of Notre Dame. Next, it was on to amphibious service and promotion to first lieutenant, as a line officer on a large slow target in the Pacific theater. After the war, with the help of the GI Bill of Rights, it was on to Boston College Law School, earning his juris doctor degree. As nominee of the American Federation of Labor, he successfully completed the Harvard University TUP. At the outset of freshman year at BC, Joe became a member of the Bakery and Confectionery Workers Union, helping to organize Local #485. He combined his classical education with shop steward, street and meeting-hall experience. After postwar saturation as a student in Harvard's TUP, Joe was invited to instruct and then to join the faculty, with his Harvard professors Sumner Slichter, Jim Healy and John Dunlop. There he renewed his long association with **Don White**, then a special lecturer in economics at Harvard's TUP. Joe's career at Harvard spanned more than thirty-five years, becoming executive director of the program as well as planning and teaching classes for the Catholic Labor Guild. For his leadership and long service to the Catholic Labor Guild, he was honored as a recipient of the Cardinal Cushing Man of the Year Award during the 1960s. He would not want these notes to overlook that his grandson, Matt O'Donnell, is currently at BC and on the baseball team's pitching staff. At Harvard, Joe's long career with the business school and the school of education kept him in close contact with Don White, dean of graduate studies at BC, and with Boston College professor Francis McLaughlin, who had succeeded Don White as special lecturer in economics at Harvard's TUP. A mediocre student of Mr. Buck's economics courses, in class with Don White in the 1940s, I was hardly surprised when he went on to graduate studies for a master's degree and a doctoral degree with Harvard's heavy hitters, professors Slichter, Dunlop, et al. By now many of you may recognize, in these notes, some of the networking skills of Knight Commander Don White, who was among the BC/Harvard/Labor alumni who attended. They came away impressed at **Joe O'Donnell's** wake and funeral with his great wife, Marie, his sons, their wives, the grandchildren, the O'Donnell clan and their appreciation for Joe O'Donnell. We conclude this fond remembrance and sincere tribute to Joe in his own words from the fiftieth-year book of the class of 1944: "My labor involvement became international. A few of our graduates became prime ministers; others became active in helping wage-earners take leadership roles throughout the world. It was my pleasure to spend over thirty years to make this world a better place in which to live." I regret to inform you of the recent

passing of **Eugene Laforet**, our renaissance man. Gene passed away on June 8, 2002, of lung cancer. Details will follow in the upcoming issues.

'45

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I regret to inform you of the death of our classmate **Thom Colbert**, in April. Our condolences to Eileen, his wife, who told me that he was sick for only a short period of time. The funeral Mass was held at St. Elizabeth Church in Milton, with **Vin Burns**, SJ, as celebrant. Yours truly and my wife, Lillian, **Paul Paget** and Clair and **Dave Hern** were in attendance. Thom worked as guidance counselor and math teacher at Boston Latin School for thirty years. He also taught in Winthrop. After having retired from teaching, he worked as a self-employed insurance broker and real estate appraiser. He founded the Thomas J. Colbert Insurance Agency and the City Suburban Realty Co., both in Watertown. Thom was a very active member of our class, attending the majority of our events. He graduated from Harvard Graduate School of Education and belonged to the Harvard Club of Boston, the Milton Seniors Social Club and the Irish Charitable Society. We will miss Thom, and we hope that his wife, Eileen, will continue to participate in our class activities. Our classmate **Bill Hamrock** lost his sister Mary E. in May 2002. She is survived by two brothers, Bill and Jim, and a sister, Theresa. The sympathy of the class is extended to Bill and his family. Al Branca '39 passed away this year. You remember Al as past president of the Alumni Society and founder of Blue Chips. A thank you note was received by the Second Helping Committee for our support of their annual fund-raising event held at the 600 Club at Fenway Park. Lillian and I attended the annual Wall Street Council Tribute Dinner this year, which coincided with our fifty-third anniversary, on April 19. Father Leahy presented the President's Medal for Excellence to Charles Dolan, chairman of Cablevision Systems Corp. and unsuccessful bidder for ownership of the Boston Red Sox. This event supports the Presidential Scholars Program. By the time you read this, the snowbirds will be back from FL, and we will have played our first "legend" golf game at Hatherly Golf Course. We will have also had our Mass for the deceased and luncheon on June 5. I will report on this in the next Class Notes. I want to thank all of you who responded to our dues request for this year. There are still a few we haven't heard from, and your support will be appreciated. In view of what is going on within our church, I want to give you a quote from Fr. Roger Landry's homily at a church in Fall River: "It takes a real man and woman to stand up now and swim against the current that is flowing against the church. It takes a real man and woman to recognize that, when swimming against the flood of criticism, you are safest to stay attached to the rock on which Christ built his church. It is a great time to be a Christian." Thanks to Paul Paget for sending me father's homily. Father Leahy announced in

May that BC would become the first Catholic academic institution in the country to take a serious look at the crisis in the church caused by the clergy sexual abuse scandal. Father Leahy plans to appoint a committee to design the program and launch it in the fall. It will include undergraduate and graduate courses, public lectures, seminars and events for alumni. These notes will not be out until August, so I am sure you will have heard about these programs. In any event, I have given you a broad outline of Father Leahy's program. Let us congratulate him for taking this very innovative and important undertaking at this time of crisis for our church and the faithful. Ever to excel.

'46

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Bernard K. McGrath died in August 2001. Bernard was originally a member of the class of 1945, but he interrupted his education for military service. He served as a meteorologist during World War II in the Asiatic-Pacific theater. After graduating from BC, he earned a master's degree in finance from Boston University. Bernard retired in 1985, after having worked in both the finance and insurance fields for forty years. He and his wife, Ellen, have three children and several grandchildren. They enjoyed many trips abroad, the latest being to Ireland. He was active in Kiwanis, National Association of Cost Accountants and the Elk Club in Brockton. I received a note from Charlie McCready '45 stating that, contrary to my winter Class Notes, which listed him as deceased, he is "still looking down at the grass." He and his wife have four children, two of whom attended BC. They celebrated their fifty-sixth wedding anniversary last September. Charlie and fellow BC grads Dave Carey '45, Bill Hamrock '45, Jack Curry '45 and their wives celebrated St. Patrick's Day in Naples, FL, as guests of Barbara Tracy, widow of Frank Tracy '45. I received some recent updates on Neil Scanlon, who died in February. He was a navigator during World War II. He earned nine combat decorations flying thirty-two missions over Europe. Neil and Pat had six children. He taught high school math while attending BC Law School at night. He also earned a master's degree in law from Harvard and taught at the University of Connecticut Law School for forty years. In Simsbury, CT, Neil served as chairman of the town's housing authority and successfully lobbied to build the town's first low-income housing project. Neil mediated for

the State Board of Education in teacher-board negotiations and served as an alternate member of the State Board of Labor Relations. He was the first chairperson of the Hartford Archdiocese's Council of Arbitration. James Calabrese retired a year and a half ago from the insurance business. He now enjoys gardening, fishing and spending February and March in Naples, FL. He has two children and five grandchildren. Jim, who continues to be quite healthy, will turn eighty-one next year. He plans a trip to Hilton Head next year. Joseph Casanova celebrated his eightieth birthday in May. Enjoying very good health, he plays golf regularly at Braintree Country Club, where he meets other BC grads. He and his wife, Ann, have two children and five grandchildren. Francis J. Cassani and his wife, Marie, celebrated their fiftieth wedding anniversary last June. They have both been under the weather recently. Frank still directs the men's choir at church and volunteers time to read to prekindergarten children. He and his wife have two children. Their first grandchild graduates from College of the Holy Cross this year. They also have a granddaughter at St. Anselm College. Bill Hamrock is a patent attorney and practices law in Kennebunkport, ME, and Naples, FL. He and his wife, Anne, have eight children, six of whom live in the Washington, DC, area. Robert Marshall and his wife, Gloria, recently celebrated their fiftieth wedding anniversary with an Alaskan cruise. He also took a ski trip this past winter with his grandchildren. In April, Robert celebrated his seventy-fifth birthday and wants to know if there is anyone in his class who is younger. He is still involved in real estate sales part time and has just taken up the violin. Jim Ward, originally of the class of 1945, is retired from Burroughs, where he worked for twelve years. Early in his career, he spent six years in England, where he met his wife of fifty-seven years, Audrey. They have traveled to England many times over the years. They have three children (one daughter, who went to college in England, and two sons, one who graduated from Yale and the other who graduated from SUNY, New Paltz) and four grandchildren. At seventy-nine years of age, Jim has undergone open-heart surgery, cataract surgery and a corneal transplant. He enjoys golf and is a baseball fan. Charles McGuerty is semi-retired from the wool business. Now he has time to walk a mile everyday. He and his wife, Mary, have four children and nine grandchildren. Robert Morrison retired in 1986. He had a slight stroke a year and a half ago and underwent eye surgery last May. He and his wife, Gladys, have four children and two grandchildren. Leo J. Murray retired twelve years ago. At age seventy-six, he enjoys good health and plays golf regularly. Francis Perry leads an active life, despite some physical ailments. He and his wife, Helen, have been going to Sea Island, GA, for the last thirty-five years. He works with his son in the real estate development business and helps Joseph Doolin at Catholic Charities. Thomas J. Phair retired, at eighty years of age, in September. His wife died in 1999. Tom has been active in the Knights of Columbus for many years. His sight has diminished due to macular

degeneration. James Sproul retired twenty years ago. He and his wife, Hope, who have been married for fifty-six years, have three children, six grandchildren and two great-grandchildren. They travel regularly to FL, CA and OH to visit their children. Their daughter, Tracy '82, recently returned to BC from CA for her twentieth class reunion. Louis P. Steele has been active with the Catholic Association of Foresters for twenty years. He likes to ski in the winter and golf in the summer. John J. Sullivan still works full time, teaching adult basic education. He is involved in the church, helping with the Cardinal's Appeal and lecturing at St. Joseph and St. Lazarus in East Boston. During the summer, John can be found at the Cape and in the fall on the Vineyard. Bernard Travers and his wife, Patricia, who have been married for forty-six years, have three children (two daughters and one son) and four grandchildren. Bernard serves as lector and Eucharistic minister and is on the parish council at St. Ignatius Church in Chestnut Hill. He is also a member of the Republican Club of Newton. He attends a weekly meeting of ex-POWs who served in the European theater during World War II. Bernard and his wife visited their daughter in FL last Christmas. He has a brother who is a member of the class of 1950 at BC. One of his daughters completed a master's degree at BC. Paul Waters is a new great-grandfather. How many others in the class are? Bill Melville and his wife, Irene, celebrated their fiftieth wedding anniversary. Bill looks quite well since his recent illness. Jim Costello and his wife, Jeanne, now have twelve grandchildren. Bill Noonan has recovered from his recent operation and looks great. The class officers held a meeting to prepare for our fifty-fifth reunion next May. Please put it on your calendar of events for next year and plan to join us. Memories and anecdotes: Day-hoppers, remember riding the El and walking from Lake Street to the campus in the dead of winter? One classmate, hurrying to take an exam, fell on the ice. He arrived wet and bedraggled. Wonder how the exam went! 1948 ... a year to remember: More highlights of our graduation year. Boston had the second highest food prices in the country. Cardinal Cushing led four hundred Boston Catholics on the first pilgrimage to Rome since before World War II. Russia enforced a total blockade on the western zones of Berlin and the famed Berlin airlift began.

'49

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I cannot recall as much reaction to any of my notes as the report on the death of Jim Fitzgerald. I received a call from Jim Houlihan who filled me in on Jim's winning goal with four minutes to go in the NCAA championship final. And I also received a lovely note from Warren Lewis, who was Jim's linemate and teammate and a dear friend ever since. As Warren said, "Angels shall surely sing him to rest." The Laetare Sunday crowd was down this year. I was unable to attend because of a schedule mix-up (which is happening more and more I

find). The following '49ers were in attendance: Lou Visco, John McQuillan, Margaret and Ernie Ciampa, Sally and John Meany, Mary and Tom O'Connor, Marie and Joe Gauvin, Tina and Jim Houlihan, Mary and John Hickey, Louise and Jim Whelton and Madelyn and John Carney. Pat and Jim O'Neil were sitting with her golden anniversary class of 1952. Madelyn and John Carney are celebrating first Holy Communions of three of the grandchildren at St. Williams in Dorchester. Two of the children are twins of their son Bernard (Harvard '76) and his wife, Mary Kickhown '78. Speaking of hockey (I was, wasn't I?), the *Taunton Daily Gazette* recently did a spread on Joe Quinn, who has been coaching hockey at Coyle-Cassidy High School for thirty-two years. Joe, a member of the championship 1949 NCAA hockey team, has put his talents together to pass them on to the kids in Taunton. He is the only coach the school has ever had and is quickly approaching three hundred wins. Joe was inducted recently into the Coyle-Cassidy Athletic Hall of Fame. Mark Ottaviani, athletic director, is quoted as saying, "He's more than the coach of the hockey team. Joe Quinn is the hockey program at Coyle and Cassidy." Joe has won several eastern Massachusetts titles, and his team is always in contention. Congratulations, Joe. The BC '49 spirit continues to inspire others to greater heights. Speaking of inspiration, I am sorry to report the death of Bob Curran. He died at the age of seventy-six on February 26, 2002, in Bedford, NH. He is survived by his wife, Kitty, and two daughters, Maureen and Patricia. Bob was an inspiration to me. Physically handicapped, he never let it get in the way of a good time. Whatever function the class was having, Bob and Kitty were the first to sign up. He and Kitty were roommates of mine at the twenty-fifth reunion, and we had a blast! His smile is gone, but his enthusiasm and spirit will be with us forever. We are having a Mass and luncheon for the class on Tuesday, June 4. Mass is at 11:00 A.M. and lunch at noon at T 100. The following have already made reservations: John Driscoll, Margaret and Ernie Ciampa, Louise and Jim Whelton, Dot and John McQuillan, Mary and Tom O'Connor, Madelyn and John Carney, Mary and Vince Nuccio, Millard Owen, Fran and Bill Cohan, Nancy and Bill Butler, Paula and Peter Rogerson, John Cahill, Joe Quinn, Jane and Ron Leary, Eileen and Bill Flaherty, Ed Wright, Bernie McCabe, Pat and Jack Turner, John Hickey, Charlie McKenna, Margaret and Shag Dakeesian, Pat and Jack Waite, Carol and Don Mac Nulty, Anne and Arthur Asher, Ann and Bert Hanwell, Don St. Andre, Pat Leonard, Mary and John Prince, and Lorenda and Ed Tedesco. In addition, Mary Murphy, Betty McKittrick and Dot Harney will be there. I received a note from John Forkin explaining he would be unable to attend because of health problems. I bet he is still as feisty as ever. One of my greatest athletic experiences is sitting next to John at a football game. Everyone should experience it at least once. Bill Morrissey was elected by the board of directors of the Federal Home Loan Bank of Boston to serve as chairman of the bank. Bill also serves as

senior vice president of Central Bank. Great! Where were you in 1952 when I was looking for a mortgage? Congratulations, Bill! Personally, I have retired from teaching at I.L.I.R. Ten years is enough! I enjoyed it very much! I renewed my football tickets, and I will be there with Cohan and McCool, God willing. I have a granddaughter getting married in June; her mother is a BC graduate. My newest granddaughter is living in Charlestown. In my day, only Irish bank robbers were in Charlestown driving the Loop with stolen cars. How things have changed! Keep those cards and letters coming!

'50

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It is my sad duty to report the death of Larry Coen, our current vice president and former president of the class of 1950. Larry was one of the first people I met when entering Boston College, after having returned from World War II as members of the greatest generation. Larry and his wife, Janet, had just celebrated their fiftieth wedding anniversary shortly before he passed away on May 2, 2002, in Marshfield. His Mass of Christian burial took place on May 6 at Our Lady of the Assumption Church in Green Harbor, followed by interment at the Massachusetts National Cemetery in Bourne. The vanity number on Larry's car was BC 1950, and that was fitting since Larry was, in essence, Mr. BC Class of 1950 for over half a century. Bill Horrigan reminded me of all that Larry did for Boston College, and our class in particular, during the years when the future of the University was very precarious. He leaves his wife, Janet Fahey Coen, also class of 1950, and two sons, Lawrence R., Jr., and Shaun P., of Framingham. He also leaves one daughter, Jill M. Poirier, who lives in Marshfield. I understand that our class was well represented at both Larry's wake and funeral. I was not able to be there, since I was a patient in the West Roxbury Veteran's Hospital for eleven days and wasn't released until May 7. I am well now. Joseph H. McCaffrey died suddenly on March 26, 2002. He was a retired executive of the Boston public schools. Joe earned a master's degree in education from Suffolk University in 1957. He leaves his wife, Patricia, and five children: Kathleen of Essex; Steven J. of Reading; Mark E. of IL; David of Waltham; and Maura of Cambridge. A Mass of Christian burial was said on April 1, 2002, at St. Peter's Church in Cambridge, with burial at the Massachusetts National Cemetery in Bourne. His father, the late Harry McCaffrey, a captain of the Cambridge Police Department, was an icon in the city. He is still remembered here by many people with reverence almost fifty years after his death. Our class extends its deepest sympathy to their respective families. Eddie Brady has been very busy this spring arranging for a 1950 class golf match at the Falmouth Country Club on June 13, 2002. I hope that Ed was able to interest enough classmates to put on the golf match in Falmouth.

'50-'53
NEWTON

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Helene Sweeney Doyle '50 sent me the news note from Convent of the Sacred Heart in Greenwich, CT, describing an award ceremony for George J. III and Eileen Dealy Gillespie '53 for their service and dedication to the school. Eileen has devoted time and energy to the board of trustees and co-chaired the sesquicentennial capital campaign (1996-99). She has also received the Outstanding Alumna Award. On accepting his award, George said: "So tonight, with all of you, I celebrate the Sacred Heart education and Sacred Heart graduates—women of high moral principle, caritas and faith. Those of us fortunate to be their spouses, brothers or fathers, thank Convent of the Sacred Heart for helping to mold for us young women of such uncommon character and quality." Congratulations to Eileen. Send news!

'51

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Fred Mauriello's son, Christopher, assistant professor of history at Salem State College, has coauthored a book, *From Boston to Berlin: A Journey through World War II in Images and Words*. The words are based on the more than 250 letters Fred wrote home, from 1943 to 1945, when he fought across Europe with the 309th Artillery Battalion, 78th Division, in such historic battles as Remagen Bridge and the Bulge (the last major counteroffensive by the Germans, resulting in 77,000 Allied casualties in the month-long conflict). The images are provided through photographs taken by Roland Regan when he served with the 348th Combat Engineering Battalion. His son, Roland Regan, Jr. '77, is the book's coauthor. Ironically, Fred and Regan, Sr., (who died in 1989) never met though both grew up in the North Shore. The authors are using the proceeds of the book to establish scholarship funds at BC for students from their fathers' hometowns—Revere (Fred) and Lynn (Roland). Their Web site is www.bostontoberlin.org. Fred sends his best wishes to his classmates. He is in a nursing home in Milbrook, NY. You might want to send him a note through his wife, Jacqueline, at P.O. Box 511, Milbrook, NY 12545. Duxbury homeowners Len Ceglarski and his wife, Ursula, celebrated their fiftieth wedding anniversary, encircled by sixteen grandchildren. Lennie, that is amazing. But, you may want to talk to Bob Jepsen and his wife, Mary, in Dorchester. They just welcomed two new grandchildren—numbers twenty-three and twenty-four—both boys. That brings the grand total among their eleven children to fifteen boys and nine girls. Lennie, that's four full hockey squads! John Bacon (West Yarmouth) reports that Joseph Sullivan, OFM, celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his entry into the Franciscan order in June. From 1973 to

1979, he was the superior at the Arch Street Chapel, Boston. He spent more than twenty years at parishes in Brazil. Fitchburg Historical Society board member **Bill Casey** reports that **Bob Corcoran**—who is to raising funds what Alan Greenspan is to lowering interest rates—is at it again. This time, a second fund-raiser for the historians. **Vince Connors** (Reading) passes on some bad news. Fr. **John Garvey** (Woburn), who was ordained in the Glenmary Missioners in 1957, died of a heart attack in February. Father John, who had served in parishes throughout the South and the Southwest, made his first visit to The Heights in fifty years for our fiftieth! This note comes from Wally Burgess '49 on Guam: his closest friend, **Tom Ahearn**, died in November of last year, after a long illness. A letter to '51 classmates from John Bacon follows: "I am writing to provide a brief update on class affairs since our fiftieth reunion celebration. I am sorry to report the death of **Bob Sullivan**, who, as you know, was our class correspondent for the *Boston College Magazine Class Notes*. Bob was also an active member of the steering committee for our fiftieth anniversary weekend. Please remember him in your prayers. He will be missed greatly by all of us. The following classmates have passed away since the last magazine was published: **John J. Gaudet** (Nashua NH), **Kenneth Gorman** (Yardley, PA), **Daniel Kearns** (Concord), **Francis Kiley** (Norwell), **John McCue** (Milton) and **Herbert Moran** (Scituate). May they rest in peace! We are fortunate that **Joe Ryan** has agreed to take on the responsibilities of class correspondent. Joe played a major role in the publication of our anniversary yearbook, which has received plaudits from many of you. Please help and encourage Joe by contacting him regarding ideas or material for inclusion in the column. [...] Turning to another subject of concern to me, one of leadership continuity for our great class; I feel it would be in our best interest to establish a committee consisting of class leader, secretary/treasurer, and class correspondent, to ensure continuing proper leadership and council. The following class members have shown and provided an outstanding amount of support for our class activities over the years: **Jack Casey**, **Bob Corcoran**, **Jim Derba**, **Maurice F. Downey**, **Pat Roche** and **Ed White**. This, by no means, is meant to be a complete list of those who have served our class well over the years but meant to be a compact, workable number, locally accessible, who have agreed to serve. I am willing to continue to serve as class leader and contact for the Alumni Association at the pleasure of this committee. In closing, I hope you will keep us updated with any developments that you feel may be of interest to your classmates."

'52

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Congratulations, Golden Eagles! We made it and are now members of that exclusive club! It is hard to believe that fifty years have passed since our final tests, last oral exam and the prom at the New Ocean House in Swampscott. I remember how proud I was when I received my final marks and discovered I was

in the top 99 percent of the class! Now, when I mention that to my wife and ask her if she can believe it, she nods her head and says, "Yes! I certainly can!" Thinking back, do you realize we have seen five generations and four major wars? We went from no television to 54-inch color televisions, from cars with floor shifts and running boards to rockets to outer space. There are so many things for which to be grateful since our college days. This has been a great year for us, and we had many wonderful activities to celebrate the occasion. Tailgating with **Art Powell**; the annual memorial Mass, thanks to **Roger**; Laetare Sunday, thanks to **Fred Meagher**. All activities were well attended. In March, there was a minireunion in Naples, thanks to **Al Sexton**, **Joe O'Shaughnessy** and **Bob Allen**. They held a luncheon at the Vanderbilt Inn, a sunset cruise on the *Nautilus* party boat and a bon voyage party at the Vanderbilt Towers III party room. It is my understanding that all those arrested were set free on bail and all charges were dropped! The golden eagle welcome dinner was held May 16, and the golden eagle investiture was held the next day. That evening the class headed for BC Night at the Pops, preceded by a buffet and followed by a "curtain call" at McElroy Commons. On Saturday, there were several seminars, a loyalty celebration with Father Leahy and then a memorial Mass at St. Ignatius. That evening the class of 1952 had its fiftieth anniversary celebration on campus in the tradition of '52! With nearly four hundred attending the reunion activities, I cannot list all the names. However, the yearbook will be ready in October, and **George Gallant** and **Joan** have been working on the publication for about one year. I'm sure you will find this fascinating, with many facts, figures, photos and faces. I cannot describe the jubilation I experienced at this reunion. It was wonderful! Many thanks to **Kathy** and **Roger Connor** for all the work they have put into class activities, not only this year but also for the past fifty years. Also, thanks to **Bob Allen**, **Gene Giroux**, **Jim Kenneally**, **Patricia Chard O'Neil**, **Jack Leary**, Fr. **Hugh O'Regan**, **Tom Megan**, **Charlie Sherman**, **John Kellaher**, **Fred Meagher**, **Mary McCabe**, **Art Powell**, **Lex Blood**, **Jim Callahan**, **Joe Ippolito**, **Frank McDermott**, **Charlie Sherman** and **Bill Newell** for their help in planning anniversary activities. Thanks to **Bernie O'Sullivan** and his committee members for the outstanding job raising funds for the fiftieth reunion gift. More than \$2.3 million was raised, with over 63 percent participation. Thanks to a \$1 million gift from classmate **Jim Birmingham**, the Daniel E. Kearns '51 Chair in Urban Education and Leadership has been established in the Lynch School of Education. Finally, many thanks to all the class officers who have kept us together for fifty years. West Roxbury and Roslindale were well represented and the many friends, some of whom originally thumbed to school from the Holy Name Circle, included **Gene Tinory**, **Tom Nee**, **Jack Monahan**, **Jim Mulrooney**, **Jack Donovan**, **Bob Freeley**, **Jim Leonard**, **Paul Roche**, **Art Powell**, **Al Sexton**, **Charlie Brown**, **Jay Hughes**, **Alex Morgan**, **Phil Mitchell** and **John Kennedy**. Out-of-staters included **Bob Shea** and **Larry Sullivan** from

CA; **Dave Birmingham** from CO; **Bob Doherty**, **Jim Mullen**, **Nick Loscocco** and **Paul Donovan** from FL; **Nick Gallinaro** from NJ; **Tim O'Connell** from OH; **Bill Glebis** from GA; **Bob Ferroli** from IN; **Bill Walsh** from IL; and **George Cyr** from MD. Congratulations to **Roger Connor** on his election to the Alumni Association board of directors. Some say elections are nothing but beauty contests, but **Roger** is living proof that is not true. **Charlie Hanafin** has forty-six grandchildren, and there are more on the way. The class wishes to extend its thanks and gratitude to the Alumni Association and to the Development Office for their hard work in making our anniversary celebration the joyous occasion it was, from the beginning to the closing dinner. Thank you! It was a wonderful three-day celebration. It's amazing how some guys haven't aged one day since June 1952, such as **Tom Megan**, **Charlie Hanafin**, **Frank McGee**, **Bob Doherty**, **Bob Shannon** and **Al Casassa**. Then there are those, like myself, who have grown through their hair and limited their weight gain to a pound a year since graduation. Our class is not without sadness, however, and I am sorry to report the deaths of four classmates. **Matt Towle** (of the evening school) died at Laetare Sunday Mass. **Matt** lived in Brookfield and was very active on the reunion committee, attending every meeting despite the lengthy commute. **Charles "Chuck" Sheehan**, who lived in Alexandria, NH, died while cross-country skiing in February. **Chuck** was with classmate **Joe Keohane** when stricken with a heart attack. **Chuck** was lead scientist with Mitre Corp. His wife, **Gloria**, died four months earlier, and he leaves his daughter, **Brenda**. **Mike McCarthy** of Braintree passed away in March. **Mike** was retired from NYNEX, where he was vice president of human resources. He leaves his wife, **Sandra**, and seven children. His son, **Robert**, graduated from BC in 2002. **Nancy Heggarty Dempsey**, who lived in Franklin, died in April. She left five children and six grandchildren. She was the sister-in-law of **Ann Dempsey Hanson**. I am sorry to advise that **J. Vasmar Dalton** passed away recently. Our deepest sympathy to his family for their loss. The class will have its annual memorial Mass on October 5 at the chapel on the Newton Campus (formerly Newton College of Sacred Heart). Details will be sent at a later date. In as much as I was unable to catch every detail and list everybody's name, please drop me a note if you have news for this column. **Genevieve Doonan Tyrell** has written to express her appreciation for the kindness, generosity and hospitality shown by members of the first graduating class of the School of Nursing at our jubilee.

'53

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REUNION YEAR
MAY 15 TO MAY 18

Well, let me say, as you read these notes, we'll be the fiftieth anniversary class of record. Yes, I know I'm pushing it, and it won't take place until May 2003, and the

class of '52 will have done all their celebrating, enjoyed all the big parties on campus and the Pops. We're next in line, as I see it! Talking with President Paul, many things are on the fire already and more to come. For starters: as of this time, mid-May, there are forty-eight people signed up with deposits in for the London/France fiftieth anniversary class trip. It's still not too late to sign up, so call Mary Neville at Alumni House (617-552-4755). We've reserved forty tickets to the Navy game on October 19. If interested, look for the mailing and sign up. I understand **Dick Curran's** son (also a BC graduate) is mayor of Woburn. "He'll fix any of his father's classmates parking tickets" I'm told. **Ray Kenney** and **Gerry McLaughlin** are meeting to plan the development of a fiftieth yearbook. They'll be sending out a form on June 1 looking for information such as biographies, a flattering picture of one self, etc., so be ready and start looking for a picture of yourself that you like. **Dick Horan** has been delegated to form a committee of twenty classmates to get on the phones, focusing on securing significant gifts from classmates for the class of 1953's fiftieth anniversary gift to the University. *Think big!* Back on March 9, 2002, on the front page of the *Boston Herald*, there was a picture of Watertown firefighter **Paul Coughlin**, son of class president **Paul Coughlin, Sr.**, who was involved in a serious fire rescue attempt that almost cost his own life, but there is no question of Paul's dedication as well as that of his brother firefighters on the work they do. They are ready to put their lives on the line for all of us *any time*. A big thanks to P. J. Coughlin from the class of '53. If anyone wants to drop him a line, Paul can be reached at 508-430-1526. I received a nice letter from **Bob Hibbett**, who now lives at 469 Broad St., Weymouth, MA 02188. He writes of his many years of teaching English and writing in a NJ high school. Since retirement, he has taught classes at the Howard Learning and Retirement Center. He says that academia is in his blood. Presently, he is a full-time writer. His current writing interest is the Third Reich (not the one running for governor). He walks and plays a little softball, and can't understand his loss of coordination at the age of seventy. Bob, welcome to the club! **Bob Galvin's** daughter is starting BC A&S in the fall of 2002. Would you believe that Fr. **Tom Fleming** is filling in as pastor at Saint Raphael's in Medford? I guess there's still truth to the old saying, "You can't keep a good man down." I received a sad note from **Gerry McCauley** on the death of **Edward S. Powers**. Gerry says that he and his wife, Kathleen, fixed her and **John** up back in 1956, and they've been close friends since. If you remember, Ed was the manager of the football team. Gerry says that John has retired as of December and now "every day is like Saturday." Well ... isn't it? Two final things: we are in dire need of class dues—\$25.00 for help with the upcoming events of the fiftieth will be appreciated. Also, we have our own class Web site, www.bc.edu/Reunion53. Keep the information coming to the class snoop! Our classmates love to read about you.

The following was submitted by classmate Paul Coughlin. —Editor

Congratulations to Joan and **Dick Horan** on the graduation of their granddaughter, Beth, from the Lynch School of Education at BC. The proud grandparents were delighted to present her with her degree. Congratulations also to our hearty golfers who braved threatening skies to play in our eighth annual golf outing in Wayland. They were **Jack Coleman**, **Jack McCarthy***, **Bob Sullivan***, **Paul Murray***, **Walter Corcoran**, **Jim Law***, **William Keeley***, **Joe DeSalvo**, **Bill Ostraski***, **Dan Cullanan***, **Gerry McLaughlin***, **Msgr. Paul Ryan***, **Fred Good**, **George Kieswetter***, **Ray Kenney**, **Jack Lynch***, **Spike Boyle**, **Paul Coughlin**, **Paul Ochs***, **Gerry Pyne***, **Fr. Tom Fleming**, **Jim Wellwerth***, **Bob Welles** and **Art Delaney**. (* indicates prizes won). Thanks to Bob Welles and the magic of our Webmaster, George Kieswetter, you can see all our pictures on the Web at www.bc.edu/Reunion53 (note: no dot before 53). Your yearbook committee, under the guidance of co-chairmen Gerry McLaughlin and Ray Kenney, continue to work on deadlines for a fall 2003 completion. Bob Galvin did a good job as committee chairman collecting and organizing your autobiographies. Remember, it's a part of your life's history, so be sure to participate so that you will have your own copy to share with your family. Your biography tells a great story. Fr. **Joe Appleyard** and **Fred Gould** are working with their committees on our history and sports. Dick Horan has organized his committee, which is contacting everyone for contribution to our class gift, and I'm sure you have heard of the great incentive we have to do our best. Jim Wellwerth is also working with the alumni staff on events of alumni weekend, May 15, 16 and 17. Also, our golf committee, with unanimous support from all in attendance (twenty-five), voted to have our golf outing on May 14 of alumni weekend at Wayland Country Club. Remember, details are available on our Web site, and it is your fastest way to receive updated information. If you don't have a computer, go to your library. They will help you reach our Web site.

'54

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Mark your calendars! The memorial Mass for the class of '54 will be celebrated on Sunday, November 10, at Trinity Chapel on the Newton campus at 10:30 A.M. After the Mass, there will be a brunch, \$22.00 per person, at Alumni House. Please send your payment to **Lou Totino** at 105 Robert Road, Dedham, MA 02026, made out to the BC class of 1954. Last May, a minireunion was held in Newport, Rhode Island. The following classmates signed up: Joan and **Frank Patchell**, Lori and Lou Totino, Fran and **John Turco**, Pat and **Bob King**, Mary and **John Curtin**, Jane and **John Ford**, Shirley and **Bob Sanborn**, Nancy and **John Moreschi**, **Joe Skerry** and **Ray McPherson**. Lenny Matthews reports to us that he has two nieces, Liz and Marcie, who play for the Bentley College softball team. Liz, a senior, is a cocaptain. They are the daughters of Bill Mathews '57. **Jim Kelley**, a triple eagle and noted antitrust

lawyer, passed away last April in his beloved Edgartown. There he ran his own law firm, providing advice to companies too small to retain on-staff lawyers. Jim was a member of the Supreme Court Bar Association, the Massachusetts Bar Association, the DC Bar Association and the Dukes County Bar Association of Martha's Vineyard. Besides his wife, Margaret Vincent, he leaves four daughters and two sons.

'54
NEWTON

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'55

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Back in February, I received an article about Jack Griffin '82, son of **Mary Rose McCarty Griffin** and her husband, John. Jack has been named president of *Parade* magazine and was elected into the 2001 hall of fame by the American Advertising Federation. Because of his outstanding contributions to the community through his volunteerism, Jack was selected by a special panel of judges at the AAF to receive the Jack Avrett Volunteer Spirit Award. **Jerry Donahoe** also received an award. Kiwanis International recognized him for his valuable contributions to the organization, especially his behind-the-scenes efforts as he assisted others to achieve their personal goals. Congratulations to both Jack and Jerry. Jerry also reported that Peg and **Art McCarthy** hosted a golf and sun vacation at their home in Venice, FL. Joining Jerry and his wife, Virginia, at Art's were Pat and Jeff Hayden, Mary and **Dick Renehan**, Doreen and **Paul Croke**, as well as Alice and **Dick Drew**. A two-part retirement tribute was held on April 4 for **Jean O'Neil**. Jean joined the faculty of Boston College (now Connell) School of Nursing in 1969. The first part of the tribute was a reception held in Gasson Hall. It was attended by several members of her family, current and former administrators and faculty members, students and members of the support staff. **Doris Frediani**, **Patricia Phipps Malone** and your faithful correspondent represented the class of '55. The second part of the tribute was a dinner held in the Heights Room, Lower Campus Dining Hall. A parody, "You've Picked a Fine Time to Leave Us, O'Neil," seemed to sum up the faculty's desire that she change her mind and stay. Jean has made many outstanding contributions to the life of the University as well as to the School of Nursing, and the theme of the evening was how much she will be missed. In her professional career, Jean has been a faculty fellow at the Harvard Medical School, acting undergraduate dean, recipient of the American Journal of Nursing Media Award for the video on recruitment, recipient of an award from Sigma Theta Tau, the International Honor Society for Nursing and Mentoring, and also from Sigma, an award for excellence for the Alpha Chi newsletter. Jean has been the editor for

many years. Jean also received an Alumni Award of Excellence. Jean has been deeply involved with students, including a federally funded program for disadvantaged students. She has also served as a consultant for the North American Nursing Diagnosis Association and, as such, has traveled to such places as Sweden and Australia. In recognition of her many contributions to the nursing profession and nursing education, Jean received a proclamation from the House of Representatives, signed by speaker of the house, Thomas Finneran. I could continue to record her many accomplishments, but I will close by saying that Jean is also a very humble woman who tries to live her faith each day as she gives of herself to others.

'55
NEWTON

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'56

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On May 5, the class had brunch and a showing of the movie *Kilimanjaro* at the Boston Museum of Science. Our table included Ray Leimonas, Lucille and Jack Kennedy, and Nan and Ed McDermott. Ray retired after twenty years in the Army, including a stint in Vietnam, and is now chief social worker at Quincy Mental Health Center. He had seen his ethics professor Leo Reilly, SJ, at a restaurant shortly after he returned and told him how much the principles from that class had helped him counseling soldiers in Vietnam. Ray had to leave right after dinner because of an emergency call. Lucille and Jack Kennedy have sold their home after thirty-eight years and moved to Swampscott. Their son has taken over the Home Trends store in Wellesley. Nan and Ed McDermott were late arriving from Hampton, NH, because they had to detour around a motorcycle blessing ceremony on a major route. Nan and Lucille discovered that both had attended Mount St. Mary College in Hooksett, NH, in different class years. We also saw George Cartier, who appreciated the coverage of his whipped cream incident of last year's reunion. Bill Carr e-mails from Medford that he was elected to the city council in 2001, after a recount on Thanksgiving weekend. He retired from the Medford school system, where he spent thirty-six years as a guidance counselor. He and his wife, Janet, have four children and five grandchildren. Leo Power was honored for outstanding service to tennis by being inducted into the 2002 USA Tennis New England hall of fame on June 8. Leo has served on the New England board of directors since 1977 and was president from 1987 to 1991. He has also received awards for outstanding service to junior tennis and overall contributions to the sport. His family was named Tennis Family of the Year, both locally and nationally in 1980. The class committee voted to send Leo a \$50 gift certificate for use in Newport. Bea '62 and Peter Colleary were at the BC-Red Sox

game in FL with Joan and Joe Danieli. He said that Joe has had one knee replaced and is waiting for the other. Also on the mend are Dick Toland and Leo Power. Please keep them in your prayers, along with our other classmates and their families. The class committee discussed possible activities for next year including a tour of the Big Dig, a harbor cruise with dinner at the Chart House, a basketball or hockey game and dinner in January, a football game (while the students are out), a show at the Robsham Theater on campus, and a weekend at Cape Cod. The Lynch School of Education is planning a celebration of its fiftieth anniversary this fall on October 24. Mary Kinnane '63 will be there. They would especially like our classmates to attend since we were there from day one. Once again, thanks to all who keep the news coming.

'56
NEWTON

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'57

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The class forty-fifth reunion dinner was held on Saturday, May 18, 2002, at the Heights Room on campus. Co-chairs, Paul O'Leary and Jim Turley provided a wonderful evening of great music, dancing and celebration. The following classmates attended this gala reunion: John Addesa, Rev. Tom Ahearn, Mary and Joseph W. Berkley, Ed Brickley, Joe Burke, Norma DeFeo Cacciamani, Jim Cantwell, Dick Circeo, Phyllis Hemmer Clarke, Ed Coakley, Paul Cochran, Barbara Higgins Cosgrove, Kay Cotter, Bill Cunningham, Jim Day, Paul Daly, Jim Devlin, Margaret Fidaleo DiMare, Dick Dowling, Jim Doyle, Dom Emello, Ralph Ferrera, Charles J. Fox, John L. Harrington, Tom Harrington, Dawn Henderson, Don Haskell, George Hennessy, Mary Hogan, Bob Huber, John F. Joyce, Rev. Gerry Kelly, Peg Kenney, Frank Lynch, Bob Matthews, Dave McAvoy, Myles J. McCabe, Ellen O'Brien McCarthy, Tom McDonald, Sheila McGovern, Cecelia McManus, Paul McNulty, Bill McQueeney, Eddie Miller, Pat Flanagan, Donald F. Moran, Leo J. Morrissey, Joe Moylan, Barry Murphy, Paul O'Leary, Mary Doherty Pipia, Marilyn Smith, Ana Mary Dooley Stewart, Rev. Eugene P. Sullivan, Joe Sullivan, Bill Tobin, Geraldine Dunne Toler, Betty Turley, Jim Turley, Nancy Fidelle Miller, Bob Wilcox, John F. Wissler, Louann MacNeil Woronicz and Jim McGuire. A special reunion Mass was celebrated before dinner at St. Ignatius Church for the forty-fifth reunion class of 1957, the fiftieth reunion class of 1952 and the twenty-fifth reunion class of 1977. William P. Leahy, SJ, president of BC, celebrated the Mass, while our beloved priest classmate, Fr. Gerry Kelly was selected and honored to give the homily. Father Gerry's topic was on the life of St. Ignatius. It was an excellent masterpiece. At the conclusion, Father Leahy referred to

Gerry as "a Jesuit wearing a Maryknoll suit." Jim Devlin did an outstanding job organizing a class golf outing at the Sandy Burr Country Club a few days before the reunion. The following participants played and were paired into foursomes: Bill Cunningham, Ed Brickley, Neil Fitzgerald, Ed Coakley, Barry Murphy, Don Fox, Dave McAvoy, Charlie Fox, Frank Higgins, Larry Chisholm, Jim Devlin, George Hennessy, Dick Dowling and Bill McQueeney. Voted MVPs were Ed Brickley, Don Fox, Dick Dowling and Bill McQueeney. Honorary participants were Tom Ahearn, MM, and Gerry Kelly, MM. Over the years, I find that each major reunion is both unique and different from those of the past. There are always those unsung heroes that contribute to make a reunion a very special one. This forty-fifth class reunion was no different from past reunions, but the names of the players were: Norma Cacciamani, Ellen McCarthy, Ed Brickley, Jim Devlin and Bill Tobin. Working behind the scenes, they were instrumental in making this reunion a very successful one. I would be remiss by not mentioning our class gift chair, Ed Coakley. Again, Eddie did a superior job in raising a significant class gift through the auspices of the BC Development Office. Congratulations, Ed! The class very much appreciates your efforts. Bill McQueeney announced in May that he would be stepping down after twelve years as chair of the class board of directors. Under Bill's fine leadership, the class was directed to many new heights in his pursuit of excellence. A new chairman will be elected in early fall. A class fall football event, the BC-Navy game, is planned for Saturday, October 19, 2002. Postgame activities will include a class Mass, social hour and dinner. A general class mailing will be sent out to all outlining the specific details. Bill Cunningham and his wife traveled to Paris in June. They also took a scenic river trip through the historic wine country. Bill and Jack Joyce also arranged a dinner one night in Paris during their trip. Jack Daly has been a traveling man. Over the last year, he has traveled to India, Thailand, Singapore and Malaysia with our classmate, Peter Higgins. He also scheduled in another trip this past spring to Australia, New Zealand, Tahiti, Bora Bora and HI. George Hennessy and his wife, Dorothy, are again proud grandparents for the third time. Daughter Beth '86 and her husband are proud new parents of William Hennessy Magan, born April 7, 2002. Robert P. Little is retired almost three years, after thirty-eight years in public school education—six years as a teacher and thirty-two years as principal. His daughter, Alison '91, is a BC graduate and is an attorney in Boston. Joseph P. Vaccaro retired from Suffolk University, Sawyer School of Management, in June 2001, after more than thirty years of service as professor of marketing. The Suffolk board of trustees recently voted Joe to professor emeritus status. He and his wife, Pat, have ten grandchildren. Congratulations, Joe! The class extends its sincere sympathy to the family of William L. Brady, Sr., who passed away on April 27, 2002, in Hingham. Let us all pause and take a moment to pray for all our deceased classmates who have gone before us, some early in life and others much

before their time. Class dues for the 2002-03 academic year are \$25.00. Please remit your dues to Bill Tobin, 181 Central St., Holliston, MA 01746. Your dues will be continuing revenue source in funding future class functions leading up to our fiftieth reunion. Best wishes to all for much good health and happiness as we prepare to enter the fall season and all the wonders of autumn.

'57
NEWTON

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From May 31 to June 2, the class of 1957 celebrated their forty-fifth reunion, and from all reports, it was a huge success and enjoyed by all who attended. Friday night a small group including **Connie Weldon LeMaitre**, **Judy Scannell Donovan**, **Connie Hanley Smith**, **Kate McCann Benson**, **Liz Doyle Eykl** and me gathered for dinner and conversation—a spur-of-the-moment event planned when we discovered that Judy wouldn't be able to attend the class party on Saturday night. Those who attended the Saturday morning discussion found that it reminded them of their long-ago classes at Newton. Saturday night, our class party, as well as those of other Newton reunion classes, was a delicious buffet dinner at Alumni (Duchesne) House. Although we were the smallest class celebrating this year, we had the most alumnae in attendance. Thirteen classmates (**Janet Black Rowan**, **Patsy Blanchard**, **Nancy Bowdring**, **Carol Ann Burke Ryan**, **Cathy Connolly Beatty**, **Liz Doyle Ekyl**, **Connie Hanley Smith**, **Margie Lee McLaughlin**, **Carol McCurdy Regenauer**, **Vinnie Murray Burns**, **Diane Russell McDonough**, **Lucille Saccone Giovino** and **Connie Weldon LeMaitre**, with many husbands, who have become friends over the years by participating in Newton events) from our current number of forty-four, spent an evening reminiscing and catching up on what's been happening in our lives since graduation in front of Barat House forty-five years ago. Sunday morning, at a beautiful Mass in the Chapel of the Holy Trinity, we remembered in our prayers classmates who have died since graduation: **Mary Ann Beattie**, **Nancy Bowen Murphy**, **Patricia Hinchey** and **Ann O'Neil Huberlie**. Following Mass, brunch was served at Barat House, and we had another opportunity to learn more about the "adults" we've all become over the years and to appreciate the education we had and the friendships we made that have endured over the years.

'58

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REUNION YEAR
MAY 16 TO MAY 18

John Ahern wrote from Perrysburg, OH, that he is retired after three decades teaching at the University of Toledo. He is now enjoying his time with his grandchildren, Calvin and Violet. **Jack Murray** reports from Burlington, VT, that he remains very busy in the practice of pediatrics but plans to

slow down a bit this summer. Jack has three grandchildren at present, the latest, **Jack Edward O'Callaghan**, is his daughter Sarah's first. All four of Jack's children are married and very busy with work and family. Jack told me that recently he met with **Ed Mulcahy** at Ed's condo in Bretton Woods, NH. Ed's permanent home is in Pinehurst, NC, where he divides his time between golf and orthopedics. Both Ed and Jack are looking forward to our forty-fifth reunion. **Bill McLaughlin** continues to remain active with the W. F. McLaughlin & Co., a real estate investment and brokerage firm in Albany, NY. **Gerry Spencer** and his wife, **Eileen**, enjoyed seeing his fellow classmates this past fall at the '58 football reception. **Larry Baker** would like to hear from classmates via e-mail, especially **Joe Barron** and **John Clougherty**. Larry's e-mail address is lbaker@bellatlantic.net. **Barbara Martin Thornley** and husband Bob recently moved from Westford to Sun City, AZ, and want to contact '58 classmates who may be in the area. Bob retired as a buyer from XpedX, Wilmington. Their three children, Chuck, Bill and Grace Ellen, are now ready to begin families of their own. **Jim Ardini**, my old neighbor from Dorchester, is living in Clayton, CA. Many thanks to **Jim Quinn** for organizing the golfing segment of our '58 getaway weekend this past April on the Cape. **Dick Simons** is feeling much better after his recent illness, and **Jack Kudsma** really enjoyed the weekend, especially the golf. **Jim McCarthy** is an active civil trial attorney, concentrating on medical, product and sports-injury cases, with offices in Lewis Wharf in Boston. Jim's wife, Mary, is the program director for Lets, an education program for senior citizens at the University of Massachusetts, Boston. Jim and Mary have four children. Andrea, married with one child, is living in VA. Andrea is marketing director for an international high-tech company. Kristin is a graduate of the London School of Economics and works in London for a medical group as marketing director. She is married and has one child. Peter, a Stonehill College graduate, is a co-owner of the 21st Amendment, a popular London-type pub and restaurant next to the Statehouse. Daniel is an informational officer for a Boston bank. His hobby is drumming, and he has become active with the Down Beat 5, which was recently rated as one of the best five new rock bands in the Boston area. Many thanks to **Ed Gilmore** for his work in organizing the first annual class of 1958 luncheon for classmates living or visiting in the Naples, FL, area. This year's luncheon was held at the Forest Glen Country Club, with forty-one classmates in attendance. A great time was had by all. Thanks again, Ed, for your diligence in putting this first annual luncheon together. Yours truly was honored by the presence of **Bea** and **Tiny Busa** at the Stonebridge Country Club in Naples for the months of January, February and March. They enjoyed their vacation so much that they purchased a condo prior to their departure back to Lexington. They are now my permanent neighbors. It was nice getting together with **John** and **Mary Leigh Feloney**, who also rented in Naples for the same period of

time. **Ed Devin** is living full time at Pelican Landing in Bonita Springs, FL, and is very active in the mortgage business. Thanks, Ed, for your invitation for golf and lunch at Pelican's Nest Golf Club. I had a great day. Condolences of the class go to the family of **Anthony O'Neill**, a Groton resident and bank executive who died unexpectedly this past October in an accident in Ogunquit, ME. Survivors include his five children and two grandchildren. Sadly, I must also report the passing of **Joseph Warner '58**, Law '61, former class president and loyal class leader, on June 15. He was the retired chief justice of the Massachusetts Appeals Court. Among his survivors was his wife, Jane Hanron Warner. Please keep his entire family in your thoughts and prayers. Don't forget your class dues. Send \$25.00 to **Jack "Mucca" McDevitt**, 28 Cedar Road, Medford, MA 02155. Please keep the cards, letters and phone calls coming. I need news from the class.

'58
NEWTON

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REUNION YEAR
MAY 30 TO JUNE 1

'59

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I am back, after an absence of a quarter or two. I have been traveling on business. In fact, last year I flew more than 150,000 miles. This year will be about the same. If you see me on a plane, let me sleep. My diet, my golf game and my grandchildren have been seriously neglected ... all this in the name of commerce. We have entered into a quiet period in class communication. I think it must be the shock of turning sixty-five this year. Putting pen to paper to commemorate this event must be traumatic for us. I hope to hear from you when I write you in July. Until then ... enjoy the summer and fall.

'59
NEWTON

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'60

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'60
NEWTON

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It was great to receive responses from **Lee O'Connor Lynch**, **Grace Tamm Escudero**, **Blanche Hunnewell** and **Gail Hannaford Walsh**! Lee wrote that she and her husband, Bill, have been retired since 1996. They make their home in Vero Beach, FL, and have a townhouse in Washington Crossing,

PA. Their three children, Bill, Brian and Jeanne, are married, and they have five grandchildren. Lee's interests are in walking and playing golf. She was looking forward to seeing some of our classmates in Newport, Rhode Island, over the summer: **Brenda Laundry** and **Sue Thornton**. Grace's letter was upbeat and fun to receive. She said that she and Mario, whom she met when she was thirteen years old, have a wonderful marriage. They were blessed with five daughters and now have three grandchildren. One is "princess Grace," age two. Grace and Mario live in Chevy Chase, MD, and also enjoy a home in Scottsdale, AZ. Children, grandchildren and travel keep them busy during retirement. Both are grateful to be in good health. Grace sees **Berenice Hackett Blessing Davis** occasionally, when Berenice visits her daughter who lives in VA. Berenice and Pete recently joined Grace and Mario at their daughter's wedding held on May 11, 2002. When in AZ, Grace always gets together with **Sally Heffernan Anderson**, who she reports, is doing well. **Blanche Hunnewell** contacted me by e-mail (notice a change: dorseyym@attbi.com). She is living on the Cape in Harwichport; she is the mother of three boys and four girls and the proud grandmother of ten! Among the ten are two-year-old triplet boys! Blanche did volunteer work in Jamaica with a BC group in 2000 and 2001. She did not go this year due to political unrest there. Her middle son was in the Peace Corps and served in Gabon. In November, Blanche took the opportunity to visit a niece in France and then traveled to visit her oldest son, Randy, who lives in Brussels with his wife and two daughters. Blanche has been in touch with **Janet Neville Flanagan** who is working and living in Quincy. **Gail Hannaford Walsh** wrote that her first trip to Europe took her to Ireland. Fr. Timothy Joyce, a Benedictine monk at Glastonbury Abbey, Hingham, and a writer of three books about Celtic spirituality, led the two-week pilgrimage. Some of the highlights were a visit to Glenstal Abbey, a Benedictine monastery in Limerick, brilliant historical lectures by monks, a banquet at Dungaire Castle in Galway, strolling through JFK Park in Galway, a visit to Dingle Peninsula and a tour of the ruins of "the seven churches" on the Aran Islands. The biggest surprise for Gail was seeing palm trees in Ireland—due to the Gulf Stream. **Elaine Holland Early** hosted a delicious luncheon in April. Several of our classmates from this area enjoyed an afternoon together. **Mickey Mahon MacMillan**, **Carole Ward McNamara**, **Mary Harrington**, **Ursula Kent Lanigan**, **Jeanne Hanrihan Connolly**, **Fran Fortin Breau**, Elaine and I were able to attend. On March 21, 2002, Erin Theresa Farley was born (to my daughter and her husband, Brian Farley '85), making me a grandmother for the third time. Since Linda and Brian live in Needham, I am able to enjoy lending a hand as well as attending many of the children's events. Reunions don't come frequently, but we can keep the Newton bond close via these Class Notes. Please drop me a letter or an e-mail about yourself and reconnect with your Newton College friends. A healthy and happy autumn to all of you!

'61

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I thought that the monumental success of the New England Patriots might be an appropriate time to touch base with our class's connection with that organization—**Larry Eisenhower**. Over a very long lunch at Christo's, I came away with the sense that Larry is, in many ways, a great success and a very interesting guy because he has the ability to see beyond the obvious risks of a given situation and to be a no-limits type person in the best sense of that description. After graduation, he spent nine years with the then Boston Patriots and was chosen as an All Pro for several of those seasons. With his football career behind him, he used some connections to establish himself as a manufacturer's representative in the electronics business, which led to a long series of successes with connections in many far-flung areas of the world. His traveling includes business trips to Taiwan, fishing in the Amazon and in Costa Rica, and safaris in Africa. He skis all over North America, often with his wife, Lynn. He also enjoys boating in FL and around his home in Cohasset. Larry has three grown daughters and four grandchildren. He considers himself blessed by being at the right place at important junctures of his life, including Chaminade High School and BC, which he considers a great influence on his life. He says he sees the theme of his life as best characterized by Bob Dylan's "Forever Young" and Paul Simon's "Still Crazy After All These Years." He sees the Patriots as a remarkable story because all the things that went wrong for so many years were dramatically reversed. His only question is where is **Peter McDermott**? I received a copy of the tribute given by Sister Jeanne Poor, regional superior, American Province of the Sisters of Charity of Montreal, the Grey Nuns, in honor of **Nancy Drago**. Nancy has recently retired as assistant treasurer and as president and board chair of Providentia Prima Trust where she was responsible for the congregation's investments. Among Nancy's achievements before her association with the Grey Nuns is the distinction of being the first woman to teach accounting at the Carroll School of Management, where she received a master of business administration, and of being the first woman president of the BC MBA Alumni Association. The tribute that contained a long list of her achievements was quite impressive, especially so because the emphasis was on the degree of devotion to the ideals of the Grey Nuns. Her remarkable unselfishness resulted in a quantum improvement in the financial stability of the efforts of the order. Nancy will be spending much of her retirement with her daughter and granddaughter. If you don't let me know about the changes in your life, I can't write this column—keep the notes coming, please. Godspeed to all.

Late in March, I got word of **Bob Webster's** death. Bob was an ROTC student while at BC. His military career spanned twenty-six years with retirement as a colonel. He spent two years in Vietnam, two

more at the Pentagon with other tours in Germany, HI and several teaching assignments, including some time as professor of military motivation to the Fighting Irish football team at the request of Gerry Faust. He also earned a master of business administration from Oklahoma University and a master of education from Worcester State College. Bob and Nancy were married shortly after his graduation from BC and had four children and nine grandchildren. They bought the Whistle Stop Ice Cream shops in Falmouth and Bourne, which they ran for the last seven years and which was featured on *Chronicle* recently because of the great popularity of those shops. Bob was active in civic affairs in Falmouth, was an enthusiastic golfer and, in Nancy's words, should be remembered as a "wonderful friend." Please remember Bob in your prayers as someone who loved BC. We pray for him and all our departed classmates and their families with a deep abiding faith, hope and love.

'61

NEWTON

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A bit of sad news to start. Our deepest sympathy goes to the family of **Ann (Kicin) Joy**, who passed away on May 19, 2002, in West Hartford, CT. A Mass of Christian burial was celebrated in St. Thomas the Apostle Church, followed by a private burial. After having received her bachelor's degree from Boston College, Ann earned a master of science from Trinity College, in CT. In addition to her husband, James Joy, and mother, she is survived by her six children: Paul and James of Newton; Susan M. of University Heights, OH; David of Cleveland Heights, OH; Michael of Washington, DC; and Helen of West Hartford, CT. Winter and spring have been busy for many of us. **Kathy Hall Hunter** spent a short vacation in FL. In April, she joined **Mary Walsh**, **Patsy Keating** and **Julie Fazakerely Gilheany** at Kenwood for a retreat. Mary and Kathy were most enthusiastic about their time there. Mary said the theme was friendship—with ourselves, friends and Jesus. Sounds as though the retreat is an event to mark for next April. They visited with Sisters Husson and Sweeny, who said they would love to hear from us. Sister Husson is ninety-one! She's in charge of the sacristy and volunteers in various ministries at Kenwood. They also visited the graves of Sisters Wheeler, Quinlan and Maguire. Speaking of Sister Maguire, I quote from **Mary Alice Molloy**, "The ability to write well, thanks to Mother Maguire, and the conviction instilled by the RSCJs that I could do anything, allowed me to inch my way firmly into a field dominated by academics." **Ellen MacDonald Carbone** said she and Duane were able to relax while in SC, as the cold weather was more conducive to reading and relaxing than playing tennis. We've learned that **Gay Landrigan Clasby** received a degree in theology last year. Congratulations, Gay. Drop a line and tell us what you are doing. **Paula Keane Teeling** and family attended her youngest daughter's graduation from Georgetown in May. Paula is looking forward to trips to the "olde sod," as her daughter will be working

and living in Dublin. Lucky lady! We Rudmans had a wonderful visit with **Mary Sue Flanagan** in DC in March. We attended Mass at her parish, where she is a eucharistic minister as well as a member of the parish council. We then brunchd at our hotel, followed by visits to some of the Smithsonian museums. It's a treat going with Mary Sue (who has been a Smithsonian docent), as she knows the short cuts to buildings and where the exhibits are. After an activity-filled day, we relaxed and dined at her home. Our class has a cover girl; **Beth Good Wadden** is pictured on the cover of Kripalu Center for Yoga & Health in Lenox. She teaches yoga classes at her daughter's school. She also is a reading specialist in Enfield, CT. (She sent a picture where she is dressed as Dr. Seuss—how clever and what great fun for the kids.) But honestly, Beth, when I look at some of the yoga positions—I hurt. In April, Bob and I traveled to Nashville for our youngest grandson's baptism. At seven and a half months, Harrison weighs twenty-three pounds. Needless to say, after carrying him around some during the day, I had my nap at 4 P.M.! **Nancy Simpson Porter** has had more surgery related to her melanoma. Nancy and Ralph are enjoying their new condo. As mentioned, Mary Sue is involved with volunteering. **Kathy Hunter** volunteers in the chaplain's office at her local hospital. I still volunteer at the local night shelter with our parish team, and I am a substitute driver for Meals on Wheels. I would appreciate it if you would update me on change of e-mail addresses. Thanks to Gretchen, Ellen and Mary W. for doing so. Sissy, need your new one.

'62

Class Notes Editor
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The following was submitted by Patti Kelly '91, daughter of '62 classmate and class correspondent, Dick Hart. —Editor

It is with great sadness that I report that Richard N. "Dick" Hart, Jr., suddenly passed away on May 22. Born and raised in Wollaston, MA, he was a resident of Hingham, MA, for the past thirty-five years and also of Newfound Lake in Bristol, NH. Dick graduated from Boston College High School and then from BC with an accounting degree. Dick began his career at the former Peat Marwick International. He then worked for Dunkin' Donuts, Inc., for twenty-five years, retiring in 1990 as vice president and treasurer. After retiring, Dick committed himself to volunteer work. Dick was governor of Quincy College, overseeing financing and administrative hiring. Dick also served as treasurer of the Neighborhood Club of Quincy and as a finance committee member of Resurrection Church in Hingham. He was also a director of the American Red Cross in Quincy. In addition, Dick was a former trustee of Aquinas College in Milton and a former member of the South Shore Chamber of Commerce. Dick was a member of the Boston College Club and the Clover Club of Boston. Dick loved BC and kept in touch with many classmates, enjoying football games and other events. Dick served as the BC Class Notes agent for the class of '62 for many years. In

his free time, he enjoyed traveling with his wife of thirty-five years, Monica A. (Rielly), and spending time with his six children: Richard N. III of Coppell, TX; Patricia H. Kelly '91 of Charlestown; Michael of Glen Rock, NJ; Daniel of Boston; John of Ponte Vedra Beach, FL; and Matthew '03 of Hingham. He is also survived by three grandchildren, Richard N. IV, William and Michael, Jr. Dick will be sadly missed by his family and many friends.

If you recently submitted information for inclusion in Class Notes and the item has not yet been published, please resend your information to the above address for inclusion in the next issue. —Editor

'62
NEWTON

Mary Ann Brennan Keyes
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It is Sunday night of Reunion Weekend, and although I am a little overdue with the news, it made sense to wait until after the weekend. For all who could not make it, we really missed you, and for those who came, thank you for making the effort and making the whole weekend one of our best reunions. The reunion would never have happened for our class this year without the hard work and dedication of **Edwina Lynch McCarthy**. Edwina not only put everything together, but she has worked tirelessly on a new class directory. Hopefully, it will be printed and in the mail before long. Edwina and her husband graciously hosted the dinner party on Friday night, and everyone had a great time. Seeing so many that we had not seen in years made for a lot of noise, conversation and years of catching up. The cameras were clicking, and most of us who were in Stuart freshman year seemed to be there; that alone was a photo op. **Betsy Baldwin Skudder**, **Judy Pizzarello Bishop** and **Bobbi Schroetter Speck** arrived together and faithfully attended every event of the weekend. Betsy is enjoying retirement between Rye and FL and over the years has been one of the greatest supporters of our reunions. Bobbi is busy

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editing fiction and writing a book. She has also been accepted in the master's program of the Graduate Institute at St. John's College in Annapolis, where her three sons received their bachelor's degrees. **Judy Pizzarello Bishop** is the executive producer of the trial coverage of Court TV. Previously, when she was at CNBC she developed and launched **Chris Matthews's** show *Hardball* and served as executive producer. Also at CNBC, she was executive producer of the **Tim Russert's** weekend show and at one time the *Dick Cavett Show*. Some classmates came just for Friday night's party: **Patty Joyce Figge**, who decided at the last minute to fly up from DC with her husband, John; **Susan Mulvanity Donlan** and her husband, Michael; **Katie Fishel McCullough** and her husband, Bill;

Donna Coughlin Carroll and her husband, John; **Carolyn Dursi Porteaous** and her husband, David; **Francine Calarese** and her husband, Aurelio; **Carol Lo Chin** and her husband, Frank; **Judy Mountain Morton** and her husband, David; **Betty Eigo Golden** and her husband, Billy; **Grace Kane Kelly**; **Ellen Markey Thurmond**; and **Ann Ferrone Gallagher**. It had been years since we had seen **Jackie Gegan Mooney** and her husband, Bill. Jackie is still teaching and after years in the middle school is now with third- and fourth-graders and still adjusting. At the very end of the evening, **Maura O'Neill Overlan** arrived, after doing her thing in an eighth-grade play. She looks wonderful and as youthful as ever. We loved seeing you all, but you missed a lot of fun Saturday and Sunday. It was great to see **Susan Wall Harris** and **Alice Hurley Dickinson**, who has not been back for years. Susan, Alice, **Barbara Jones** and **Julie McGraw** all stayed with me, and Alice kept us laughing well into the night. **Barbara**, who is with **Halliburton**, was a little unnerved at breakfast when she saw in the *Boston Globe* that the crisis in the Church had been replaced with news of **Halliburton**. She's back in DC now, so everything is under control! Everyone's decided, Alice, that they would stop dying their hair if they could have your color! **Julie** has just received another grant from the Center for Museum Studies and Education and continues to work on her next book. **Carol Carson Musso** and her husband are enjoying retirement and doing a lot of travelling. **V. V. Martin** is back in the area but seems to travel a lot for her company, so we were thrilled she could make the reunion. Standing next to her at Mass this morning, I can tell you, her voice is as beautiful as ever. **Mary Hallisey McNamara** and her husband, Paul, shuttled between our reunion and Paul's fortieth at BC. Paul, who was in charge of the fortieth reunion class gift, was thrilled at the participation of our class in the Newton College Alumni Professorship in Western Culture gift. Many thanks to all who donated so generously. **Tookie Brady Carmody** came to the dinner on Saturday night. She looks wonderful, but I never got a chance to visit with her. **Peggy Brennan Hassett**, **Judy Sauer Sliney** and **Ginger Wurzer O'Neal** came to everything, and everyone loved seeing them. It had been a long time, and they were great to come from so far. **Peggy** is the owner of **Hassett Properties** and a partner of **Hassett Belfer Senior Housing**. I told her she might be hearing from some of us as we are getting into that senior category! **Penny Whelan Kirk** came to every event and was a lively participant in the Saturday discussion held by **Sister Elizabeth White**. **Toni Lilly Roddy** and her husband, Joe, were at everything, then just the girls, **Toni** and **Ginger**, were headed to **Katie McCullough's** for a little golf. **Anne Gallagher Murphy** and her husband, Joe, made it to the Friday and Saturday night dinners, and **Anne** was there for the luncheon as well. **Anne** is presently working as a dietitian. **Mary Martha Pallotta** and her husband, Jack, came to Friday night's party and Mass and brunch on Sunday. Some of the ladies and **Marty** spent the better part of Saturday shopping in Boston, while **Liz Martin Dougherty**, **Kathy Mahoney Guilmette**, **Janet Richmond Latour** and **Bonnie Tubridy Blossat** went off to the Duck Tour. After not having been to a reunion in a long time, it was great to see

Kathy and Bonnie, who came all the way from Atlanta. The prize for distance goes to **Fran DiMuccio Titterton** and her husband, Paul, who came from Palo Alto. Fran is another faithful alum who has managed to make most reunions, and it's always good to catch up on her interesting life. Everyone was so glad to meet **Mary Jane Moran MacLean's** new husband, Biff, and **Jayne Murray Peterson's** new husband, Jerry. Jayne and Jerry were returning to MN and the next day heading off to France for three weeks. Both couples are enjoying their retirement, traveling and spending time with grandchildren. My youngest is being married in another week, and in the midst of wedding preparations, I am working about twelve hours a day starting chapters for *Voice of the Faithful*. We started with a group of about forty at St. John the Evangelist in Wellesley, in response to the crisis in the Church and we now have over 13,000 supporters in twenty-two countries and forty states. Check our Web site, and if you agree with our mission statement, log on your e-mail address and you will receive weekly updates (www.votf.org). Reunions provide a great way to reconnect with those we spent a lot of time with years ago. Everyone has had their accomplishments and their bumps in the road, but all of that seems to fade away when, for a few brief days, we can escape and just enjoy being together. Happy Summer!

'63

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REUNION YEAR
MAY 30 TO JUNE 1

Dear classmates, I begin by issuing a special invitation. An invitation for one of you to become the new class correspondent for the writing of this column. I've very much enjoyed my tenure as class correspondent, but it's time to give someone else an opportunity. I'm sure there are many candidates who have the time, energy and inclination to keep our class connected, especially those of you who have now retired. It's truly a rewarding job but needs someone who can devote more time than I have. Unfortunately, my work and family take up all my bandwidth. Anyone who is interested can either contact me by e-mail or call me at work or home at the above listed numbers. I look forward to handing over the reigns to one of you. Now for some class updates ... From Widener University in Chester, PA, comes news that **Marguerite Barbieri**, was named recipient of the 2002 Widener-PMC Alumni Association Service Award. Marguerite, who is dean of Widener University's School of Nursing, was presented the award at a special dinner this past April. **Francis Blessington** recently had two books published. *Wolf Howl*, a book of poetry published by University of Missouri, Kansas City, and his first novel, *The Last Witch of Dogtown*, published by Curious Traveller Press. Both are available on Amazon.com. Putting his words to music, Wellesley resident **Bill Costley** created the bass-baritone role of Theophanes, the father of St. Nicholas of Myrna, for the premiere of the locally produced opera *A Legend of St.*

Nicholas. Bill notes that the two-CD set and VHS videocassette of the production are available by calling him at 781-431-1314 or e-mailing him at billcostley@attbi.com. Don't forget, write to me if you're interested in being class correspondent. You'll get the bonus of covering all the news for our upcoming fortieth reunion!

'63
NEWTON

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REUNION YEAR
MAY 30 TO JUNE 1

'64

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'64
NEWTON

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Well, I have two new reports to share. Two more classmates have been heard from, and I couldn't be happier. Thank you, **Marcia Murphy** and **Carol Odenbach McCarthy**, for getting in touch. It's what makes this job work. Marcia writes from NC: "For the past twenty years, I have worked as a peace professional. Since September 11, my main focus has been to help establish a group of 40,000 peace professionals using technologies that will help to dissolve the stress that fuels ethnic, national and religious tensions. I have served as head of the Ideal Girls' School, and I am currently the dean of faculty and chief academic officer of Maharishi Spiritual University of America here in NC. It is a fun and fulfilling life." Carol writes from Bonita Spring, FL, where the McCarthy's now spend seven months of the year and where they have declared residency. Her husband, Jim, retired recently, but she is still involved in the travel business, "much to Jim's chagrin," Carol writes. "We have three grandchildren who visit at least once a winter. Our boys, J.R., who is married to Kelly, and Kyle, who is single at thirty, live in suburban Rochester, so we'll see them during the summer when we return to Fairport, NY. We hope to cruise the Mediterranean in September, making up for a trip last September." Carol, we're in the same situation, planning a trip to Turkey this fall. Other news: I was thrilled to be able to attend a surprise sixtieth birthday party (I only mention the age because we're all in the same boat!) for **Alice O'Connor Josephs**, given by her daughter, Katie Flint, and her sister, Mary O'Connor Sears '62, last March at Mary's home in NH. **Eileen O'Connor McMorran** was also there, and we had a ball. The highlight was a coworker's presentation to Alice of a red hat, whose significance, at the time, eluded me. I have since, however, been enlightened as to the existence of the Red Hat Society, and I am thinking that we could perhaps use it as a theme for our fortieth reunion. If nothing else, I'll try to

remember to bring copies of the article on the RHS. On a more serious note, please remember the mother of **Ann Marie DeNisco L'Abbate** in your prayers. She was recently diagnosed with cancer, and it is a very difficult time for her and for her family. Well, I had another minireunion with two other Newton grads, Kathleen McDermott Kelsh '60 and Betty Law Hodgman '66, at a benefit for the Museum of Natural History here in NY, and they're as baffled as I at the following: How did we reach the point where the AARP magazine is in our bathroom reading basket?

'65

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C. Kevin Bokoske has written to share his real estate career with us. He's appraising all commercial property in the Memphis area for property tax purposes, teaching real estate appraisal evenings at the University of Memphis, reading to a second-grade inner-city class every week and serving as the current president of the Memphis Chapter of the Appraisal Institute. Although Kevin's career keeps him on the run, his scheduled business trip to HI for the chapter's annual meeting, scheduled for this summer, will be rewarding and somewhat restful. On his return trip, he and his wife, Nancy, plan to visit their son, Douglas (also an MAI appraiser), who lives in Portland, OR. Let us know how you enjoyed aloha country! Please keep notes and letters coming!

'65
NEWTON

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It is with great sadness that I must report the death of one of our classmates. **Jane Bacon Bosak** died from injuries she sustained in an auto accident near her home in Stamford, CT, on March 21, 2002. Jane was a self-employed consultant for the Carlile Collection of NY. She was eucharistic minister and lector at St. Leo's Church in Stamford. Jane is survived by her husband, Donald '64; her daughters, Noelle Ward and Anne Gerstner; her son, William; and her mother. Let's keep the family in our prayers. On a lighter note, the ninth annual Newton College Alumnae of Metro Washington, DC, tea was held on April 14. The event was

PREGAME REMINDERS:

- check the athletic Web site (www.bc.edu/athletics) for up-to-date start times,
- arrive early (lots open two hours prior to games),
- two hours of postgame tailgating for noon games,
- one hour of postgame tailgating for games after 6 P.M.,
- no tailgating after night games (e.g. Virginia Tech)

ENJOY THE SEASON!
GO EAGLES

hosted by Judy Violick. Thirty alumnae were in attendance, including Rosemarie Barsa Elenbaas, Joan Mutty McPartlin, Gay Friedmann, Judy Maguire and Judy Violick from the class of 1965. Judy Maguire is enjoying her retirement and riding the horse she purchased. Gay Friedmann retired in early May, after many years as a lobbyist in the natural gas industry. She will use her newfound time to travel and complete projects around her home in Falls Church, VA. Judy Violick has been retired for some time and highly recommends it. She and husband Larry recently visited their son who is studying in Australia. Joan Mutty McPartlin continues to work for McKinsey, the consulting firm. All of her five children are on their own. Rowie Barsa Elenbaas continues to work for the Defense Department. Marianne Pizzuto Haggerty, Lisa Pusterino Edmiston, Dottie Sforza Calabrese, Gay Friedmann, Judy Violick, Rowie Barsa Elenbaas and I enjoyed a minireunion weekend in Lavallette, NJ, in May. We shared pictures and stories about travel adventures, children's weddings, grandchildren and, of course, reminisced about the good old days at Newton. Gay brought a deck of cards, and we spent hours at the bridge table with some of us admitting that we had not played since the Newton days. Dottie Sforza Calabrese even used some somewhat questionable tactics that she admitted she had used in college. Anyone remember playing with Dottie and noticing that she always had the good hands? I won't give her secret away yet; maybe that will be fodder for the fortieth reunion! Now that you have finished reading news of your classmates, please take a moment to send me your news. I look forward to hearing from you.

'66

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The following was submitted by classmate Robert M. Ford. —Editor

Henry Lyons has written to bring us up to date as follows. Still practicing law, his concentration is in civil litigation, which, to say the least, keeps him on his toes. He loves the challenge it presents and feels that the experiences in the School of Management gave him a good foundation for his future—law school and a successful career. He and his wife, Janet (a social worker with the State Department, specializing in adoption), have three daughters, Jennifer, who has two children, Kate, and Dana. They enjoy traveling, having spent a week in the Bahamas in March and with a trip to Sicily in the planning stages for the fall. Henry and his family are currently living in Fairfield, CT. Let's hear news from more classmates!

'66
NEWTON

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My old e-mail address was inadvertently printed in the last issue. If you tried to e-mail me class notes (I'm always hoping!),

they did not arrive. Please try again to the above address! Joan Candee Collins writes: "For the past ten years, I have been working as a health educator, focusing on women's health issues, particularly osteoporosis. I have recently taken a new job at a large county health department, where I am working on a youth resiliency grant called Winning Choices—a real challenge!" Joan's admirable work brought her the 2000 Health Educator of the Year Award from the New Jersey Professional Society for Public Health Education. Joan lives with her partner, Wally Rentsch, in Wyckoff, NJ. She has three children, who all live in CA: Laura is a physician; Kathleen is a teacher; and Brian, a recent Notre Dame graduate, is just settling in the San Francisco area. Betsy Hemenway Redgate has worked for the past six years as a pastoral associate at St. James Church in Stratford, CT. Her area of ministry is Christian spirituality and includes adult sacramental preparation, spiritual direction and presenting programs on various forms of prayer. She has also organized pilgrimages to Israel, Italy and Greece, which she characterizes as "a very exciting part of my job." Sheila McIntyre Barry's triplet grandchildren (a.k.a. "the boys") are eighteen months old and live about five minutes away from Sheila and Jim, creating lots of opportunity for grandparental support and fun! When I heard from Sheila in April, she was training for her third Avon Breast Cancer Three-Day Walk—a sixty-mile walk to raise funds for the battle against this disease. She completed one walk in DC and another in Seattle last summer; this most recent one took place in Chicago in June. She writes: "It's getting harder for this old body to move, but it's a great cause and I'm so happy to be able to keep on walking. I'd love to know if any other classmates are doing a walk, since they are held all over the country." Sheila and Kathy Brosnan Dixon both reported that they spent a great weekend in NYC in February with fellow classmates Judy Mullen Connorton, Susi Marion Cooney, Sharon Cuffe Fleming and Judy McCluskey Flood. They rented a suite in a midtown hotel and had a great time shopping, eating, going to the theater and staying up until all hours in their pajamas. Kathy writes that they also spent a sobering hour standing in line waiting for their turn on the platform to view ground zero. Margie O'Brien Vail writes that she and Charlie welcomed their first grandchild into the world on September 11. "Eleni was a bright light of love, life and hope on a dark day and continues to give us all such joy."

'67

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As we write these notes, the party (our thirty-fifth reunion) has just ended with brunch this morning. You will be reading this in September. We need to thank a lot of people for making the thirty-fifth a wonderful and memorable time. To those who served on the planning committee: Charles Benedict, Marty Paul, Leo McHugh, Len Doherty, Bill Risio, Jack Keating, Mary-Anne Benedict, John Keenan and Faith Hughes. Those who worked on the development committee did

an outstanding job! Raising a total in excess of \$3,183,000 dollars with a 42 percent rate of participation—both of these are records. We gave the largest gift of any anniversary class (in 2002) and had the greatest degree of participation. Our development co-chairs, Nick Sannella and Dick Powers III, provided the strong leadership that made it possible. Their committee members are: Tony Abell, John Berry, Mike Ford, Peter Gately, Gerry Gaughan, Dennis Griffin, Joan Browne Iacono, Vin Iacono, John Keenan, Bob McGuinn and John Ward, who deserve all the credit for a job done exceedingly well. Thanks to all classmates for giving so generously and for living the motto "Ever to Excel." Gasson 100 was the perfect setting for our party, with the reception in the rotunda, a delightful band and four food stations (variety) so that we could "mingle." It was good to catch up on the news (good and bad) of classmates. There was a sizable contingent from CA and HI; TX, MN, ID, FL, MD, DC, NY, NJ, CT, RI, MA, NH, ME and VT were all represented, and I'm sure we probably missed a few in between. To list everyone would exceed our word limit for this column. We will list as many as space allows. Your correspondents served as eucharistic minister and lector at the alumni memorial Mass in St. Mary's garden. It was an honor for C.B. to light a candle at the altar for all those classmates who are deceased and who have gone from us in these thirty-five years. Jack Lambert and his wife, Cheri, attended and were gracious enough to bring a very large collection of memorabilia, much to the delight of everyone. Sure brought back some fond memories. Thanks, Jack! Other classmates brought memorabilia as well. It must be attic-cleaning time. Gail Janson Smith and Marilyn Morency Brunelle, from TX and CA, respectively, enlightened us that they were the first two female members of the BC band. Former band president, Jack McCarthy, was there with his bride, Eileen. It was good to see Jack back and healthy again. It was good to see George Vizvary in from CA, as well as Paula Edmonds Hollifield, Bob St. Germain, George St. George, Bill Ford, Dick O'Hare (Larry says hello also), Carol Fiorentino Maloney, Dick Bergagna, Frank Sousa, Ron Jerutis, Joe O'Leary, Paul White, Jerry Madek, Walt Mahoney, D. Michael Ryan, John Ward, Mike Ford, Al and Cindy Rae Butters, Bill Canty, Moira Sullivan Kelly, Tom Marchitelli, Tom Reilly, Marie Delaney Barry and Bitsy Kelly Smith.

'67
NEWTON

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As I fly home on June 2, I am relishing memories of two days in Boston for our thirty-fifth reunion: getting back in touch with Faith Brouillard Hughes, Renee Ermatinger DesRosiers, Terry Lane Ferrarone, Kathleen Hegenbart, Barbara Madden Johnson, Margaret Dinneen Berry, Marie Metzler Johnson, Paula Lyons, Jane Glynn Martel, Maureen Dailey McFalls, Janet Lotz O'Connor, Michele Mastrolia Talbot, Mary Ellen Healy O'Dea, Sandra Miller Pasquale, Anne Caswell Prior, Marianne Cuiffo Stineman, Maria

A dynamic action shot of a Boston College football player in a red jersey with the number 2, wearing a gold helmet with a red stripe. He is surrounded by other players in white and red uniforms. The background is dark and out of focus.

BOSTON COLLEGE

2002 FOOTBALL TICKETS NOW ON SALE

Aug. 31		CONNECTICUT
Sept. 7		STANFORD
Sept. 21	at	Miami*
(Parents' Weekend) Sept. 28		CENTRAL MICHIGAN
Oct. 10		VIRGINIA TECH*
Oct. 19		NAVY
Oct. 26	at	Pittsburgh*
Nov. 2	at	Notre Dame
Nov. 9	at	West Virginia*
Nov. 16		SYRACUSE*
Nov. 23	at	Temple*
Nov. 30		RUTGERS*

* Denotes BIG EAST game

PLEASE COMPLETE ORDER FORM ON REVERSE

2002 Ticket Application

Name:

Address:

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Day Phone:

E-Mail:

Season Tickets – 7 Games

\$210.00 Each – Lower End Zone

\$182.00 Each – Upper End Zone

\$196.00 Faculty/Staff – Lower End Zone – Limit 4 per person

\$168.00 Faculty/Staff – Upper End Zone – Limit 4 per person

Qty

Total

Season tickets will be assigned based on the date the order form is received after all renewals from previous year are assigned. Fulfillment of season tickets will be based on availability and will be mailed two weeks prior to the start of the season.

Season Ticket Game Day Parking

Check one: ☐ Needham Industrial Park ☐ MBTA Pass

Individual Game Tickets

Qty

Upper End Zone

Qty

Lower End Zone

Total

Connecticut, August 31

\$26.00

\$30.00

Stanford, September 7

\$26.00

\$30.00

Virginia Tech, October 10 (Thursday Night)

\$26.00

\$30.00

Navy, October 19

\$26.00

\$30.00

Syracuse, November 16

\$26.00

\$30.00

Rutgers, November 30

\$26.00

\$30.00

There are no guarantees on individual ticket orders until all season ticket sales are final. Individual tickets will be mailed two weeks prior to each game. Please note that upper or lower deck seats may not be available for each game. Your order will be filled based on availability.

Group Packages Call 617-552-GoBC or log onto www.bceagles.com for prices.

Qty

Total

Connecticut, August 31 (upper end zone)

Rutgers, November 30 (upper end zone)

Total Amount Due

Total Dollar Amount

Processing/Handling Charge

\$6.00

Total Due

Make checks payable to: BCAA – Mail to: Boston College Ticket Office, Conte Forum, Chestnut Hill, MA 02467

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Exp:

Signature:

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Fax: (617) 552-2894
E-mail: planned.giving@bc.edu

[at/giving/default.html](http://bc.edu/giving/default.html)

REPLY FORM

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following amount: \$ _____

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2002 Ticket

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Name:

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Season Tickets – 7 Games

\$210.00 Each – Lower End Zone

\$182.00 Each – Upper End Zone

\$196.00 Faculty/Staff – Lower End Zone – Limit 4 per person

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Season tickets will be assigned based on the date the order form is received. Fulfillment of season tickets will be based on availability and will be mailed.

Season Ticket Game Day Parking

Check one: ☐ Needham Industrial Park ☐ MBTA Parking

Individual Game Tickets

Qty

Up

Connecticut, August 31

Stanford, September 7

Virginia Tech, October 10 (Thursday Night)

Navy, October 19

Syracuse, November 16

Rutgers, November 30

There are no guarantees on individual ticket orders until all season tickets are purchased prior to each game. Please note that upper or lower deck seats may not be available based on availability.

Group Packages Call 617-552-GoBC or log onto www.bceagles.com for prices

Connecticut, August 31 (upper end zone)

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Total Amount Due

Process

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BOSTON COLLEGE CONFIDENTIAL REPLY FORM

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MAIL TO: Boston College, Office of Planned Giving, More Hall 220, Chestnut Hill, MA 02467
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Vitagliano, Barbara Gada Wells, Jaquie Werner Scarbrough, Sandy McGrath Huke, Martha Cumings Wirkutis, Denise Hern Wood, Margaret Glynn, Gayle Forbes and Nancy Bray Bottomley. Fourteen of us attending Saturday's book discussion relived parts of our student days...some had read all the book, most at least a part, while others hadn't cracked the cover, but Sister White brought us good insights into the characters and events of *The Blind Assassin*. We remain in awe of her skill to dissect literary works! The subsequent luncheon in Barat provided some social time. However, the dinner at Paula Lyons's brought most of us together, along with a few husbands, for several hours discussing what we've been doing, what we'd like to do, what we know about other classmates and what the world is coming to. (No, we did not solve these problems.) The weekend concluded with several at the alumnae memorial Mass and brunch Sunday morning. For some this was their seventh reunion; for others it was a first, or the first in a long time. Martha Cumings Wirkutis put us on her travel itinerary for the year. She and her husband, Tom, retired from 40-hour work weeks in 1999, sold their CA home and set out in their 38-foot RV, crisscrossing the continent twice so far. Currently in northern PA with family, they hope to spend the summer in ME and in the fall return to FL, where they bought a winter home. Her travel stories were wonderful as were the pictures, including one where they had slid off the shoulder of a dirt road detouring through MN. Nancy Bray Bottomley also scheduled her return visit from the family home in Yorkshire, England, to her current residence in Americus, GA, where she is a long-term volunteer with Habitat for Humanity, via Boston. While her husband visited the city sights, Nancy filled us in on the advantages of raising children, especially during the teen years, in England, but giving them American college educations. They find their lives as volunteers rewarding as well as interesting, given some people they have met. Nancy maintains regular contact with **Josie Higgins Rideg** thanks to e-mail. Josie had hoped to come from Brazil, but the demands of her job as coordinator of the IB program and mid-June graduation activities at her school in Sao Paulo kept her in South America. She is heading for England, though, once school is out to visit her son in graduate school there. (We missed her!) Our time with Michele Mastrolia Talbot was foreshortened by her need to attend the activities surrounding her daughter's graduation from Andover Academy. She has a busy family schedule with two teenagers still. Thanks for even the quick visit though. My column has a limit so I can't include much more now. Thanks to all who shared their e-mail addresses with me so we can keep better in touch. I would love to hear from even more of you, though ... news of family and classmates is always welcome, as are requests for prayers for any of your special intentions. Enjoy the fall months ahead. More news of your class will come.

'68

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REUNION YEAR
MAY 30 TO JUNE 1

Hi, classmates! All good tidings arriving in the e-mail mailbag this time around. **Joe Hindle** writes that his older daughter, Sheila, graduated from BC this past spring. She was a psychology major in the College of Arts and Sciences and received her degree with honors. Joe reports that although his eagle has flown, the bills remain and that he feels much too young for this to be happening! We hear you, Joe! Many of us share the same feeling. **Tom Pacynski** is retiring from the principalship of John Glenn High School in Bay City, MI after thirty-two years of service. He plans to continue in education as an administrative consultant. He and his wife, Bev, plan to do some traveling and to spend time with their two grandchildren, Alexx, five, and Abby, two. The Pacynskis are building a new condo in the same area, and have no plans to relocate in the near future. Congratulations to **Kip Doran** of CO on his recent election as treasurer of the Boston College Alumni Association. He is also president of the BC Club of Colorado. Keep sending the good news to me via e-mail. Happy Days!

'68
NEWTON

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REUNION YEAR
MAY 30 TO JUNE 1

After having left Cuba in the '60s, **Maria Alvarez Kline** emigrated to the United States to complete her studies and was offered enrollment with lodging in Mount St. Mary's Convent in Nashua, NH, where she did remarkably well in her studies. Alone in this new life, she developed her passion for learning and reading, and this dedication resulted in her becoming fluent in English. Upon graduation, she entered Newton College of the Sacred Heart, and shares her feelings for the school with us: "Newton College of the Sacred Heart was a supportive environment with an excellent faculty. There was a passion evident in these intellectual women who were dedicated to learning and teaching." After graduation, Maria taught English as a second language in the Boston public schools and actively became involved with grant writing for funds for bilingual education programs. She eventually became principal at the Rafael Hernandez School in Dorchester, and continues teaching English as a second language in Lynn, as a volunteer. She has won community service awards for her efforts. She feels privileged to have attended Newton College and has told us that "it was a very satisfying and positive force in her life."

'69

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Chuck Kiemballa is director of sales and marketing with American Roland, an importer of foods from all over the world, working out of Manhattan. Chuck and wife Jeannette are proud grandparents of Ray Ryerson. Two of Chuck's and Jeannette's daughters graduated from BC, Carolyn in 1998 and Tricia in 2001. The Kiemballas are living in northern NJ. I received an e-mail from **Jim Leonard** in Schenzen, China. Jim is a director in a new start-up company called East West Basics, based in Needham but with operations in Hong Kong and China. Jim, wife Janet, and sons Jay and Kevin reside in Needham. Jay just completed his freshman year at BC and Janet works at BC at the Campus School, where she is a nurse. **Bob Burke** was recently appointed by the George Washington University Medical Center, School of Public Health and Health Services, as director, Wertieb Educational Institute for Long-Term Care Management. Bob's daughter, Brianne, has completed her freshman year in A&S at BC. She is an Ignacio volunteer and will work in Annotto Bay, Jamaica, West Indies, this summer. **Barry Greene** is practicing law with the firm Portnoy & Greene PC in Needham. Wife Joan is an auctioneer. Barry's son, Evan, is practicing law with Barry after passing the MA and NH bar exams. Evan went to McGill University and then Suffolk Law School. Barry's daughter, Pam, graduated from Syracuse's Newhouse School of Communications in 2000. She is a reporter with the *Post Standard* in Syracuse, where she works the crime desk. **Arleen (Murphy) Stegge** is working as director of adult education at the Church of Saint Mary, the largest parish in Tulsa, OK. She runs the RCIA program, Small Church Communities, scripture study and is an advocate for the diocesan tribunal. Arleen's son, Christopher, is a captain in the Marine Corps. Her daughter, Maureen, works for an international technology company that develops security systems for police departments throughout the world. **Danny Boudreau** is now an OK supreme court justice. His son, Duffy, and now his daughter, Lizzie, have lived in Spain after having graduated from high school. Dan and his wife, Faith, divide their time between Tulsa and Oklahoma City. **John Lohmann** has returned to the U.S. after spending close to two months this spring in Afghanistan. Thanks for the e-mail, John, sounds like quite the experience. I hope everyone is enjoying these summer months. Please take the time to write or e-mail me and let me know what is new with you.

'69
NEWTON

Class Notes Editor
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The following was submitted by **Fran Dubrowski**. —Editor
Greetings! **Janet Kopek Martel**, who lives in Pittsford, NY, writes that she continues to work for Merck & Co., Inc., where she currently is a health and science associate. In June, Janet's daughter, Kyle, graduated from high school. During July, she went to France

and now attends Elmira College in upstate NY. **Pam DeLeo Delaney** recently sent me a postcard from Italy, having spent two weeks there. **Kathy Hartnagle Halayko** writes that her school, Mount Daniel Elementary, was awarded the Exemplary Reading Award for the Commonwealth of Virginia, given by the International Reading Association. As principal, she traveled to Virginia Beach and San Francisco to receive the award. Congratulations, Kathy! Her husband, Bob, who works at the Pentagon, was on the phone with her on September 11 as the plane hit. He was evacuated and safe. **Pattie Pratt Moriarty** and her husband, George '69, are now official empty nesters! They live directly on the Boston Marathon route in Wellesley. Pattie has been teaching for twenty-eight years and now currently teaches elementary school at Belmont Day School. Their oldest child, Tara, graduated from Wellesley College and Georgetown Law. She is married to Matthias Schiller. After having lived in London for four years, they now live in Reston, VA, where they are proud parents of Pattie and George's first grandchild, Maddalena. Their second daughter, Meg, graduated from Kenyon College, moved to San Francisco and now works for Lycos.com. Christopher, their third child, also attended Kenyon, played football there, and now lives in Boston. In April 2001, twenty-two family members traveled to Rome to celebrate the election of Pattie's sister, Clare, as superior general of the Society of the Sacred Heart. She is the first American ever to be elected. As I write this column, my daughter, Meghan, graduates from Walsh Jesuit High School in Akron, OH. Peter and I are so proud of her accomplishments. In the fall, she will follow in her father's footsteps and attend Holy Cross, where she will play golf for them. Let's hear more news from classmates!

'70

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'70
NEWTON

Fran Dubrowski
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Thanks to several classmates who took time from their busy lives to share their recent news. **Anne Matthews Weitz** lives in Omaha, NE, and works as development director for Project Harmony, a community-based child protection agency. The project investigates child abuse cases, videotaping interviews in a child-friendly setting so children do not have to appear before police and emergency room investigators. In her spare time, she enjoys "digging in the dirt" and "hanging out with friends." Her son, Andrew, twenty-six, lives in NYC and works for an e-business, and her daughter, Kate, plans to work as a research assistant for the Washington, DC, Institute for Near East Policy. She welcomes calls from alumnae in either city as she expects to be visiting both locations often. **Ruth Anne Walter** lives in Gloucester and works as outreach and events coordinator for the Massachusetts Bay National Estuary Program (a division of

the State Office of Environmental Affairs). Active in local environmental organizations, she has fund-raised for the Cape Ann Vernal Pond Association and done field research for a video designed to educate the public on the importance of vernal ponds. Until recently, she was president of the Cape Ann Rowing Club, organizing rowing and kayaking races in the MA area. Her epiphany came when she bought a Harley motorcycle and decided she was at heart more "land-based," so she shifted her energy to riding with the Iron Mermaids, a woman's coastal motorcycle group. Her son Sky, twenty-two, moved to NM and early this year became the father of a girl, Aurora Joy, whom Ruth delights in visiting. On a "practice what you preach note," I tried to think of some news of my own to report. Two things come to mind: I just finished writing a report for the National Academy of Public Administration on the success of state agencies in designing environmental justice programs for low-income and minority neighborhoods, a report in which I take some pride. More importantly, as I write, I am preparing for what is known in my family as the "big shift" (i.e., the time of year when my college student moves home for the summer and my high school student moves out to summer arts camp, thereby ensuring that there is always at least one teenager around to elevate the noise levels in my house). Surviving the latter experience—as any parent knows—may be the bigger accomplishment of the two. Having shared my own "news," I feel entirely comfortable urging you to update us on yours. Please write, call or e-mail. If you e-mail me, though, please write "Newton Newsnotes" in the subject line so your message does not get lost. Many thanks!

'71

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News from CA: The talented **Jim Rocco Centorino** has released his fourth album, *Portraits of America*. A portion of the sales has been directed to families taken from us on September 11. The album is playing on radio stations internationally and was selected as in-flight programming for United Airlines. His next album is titled *Three Dreams* and features musicians from the Boston area as well as L.A. Jim and Susan have been home-schooling ten-year-old Jimmy and find the one-on-one experience definitely worthwhile. Jim continues to teach AP physics at El Camino Real High School in Woodland Hills, where he also is the sponsor of the renaissance club and chess team. Jim remains a diehard BC fan and ardently roots for the Celtics, Red Sox and Patriots. Continuing a strong family heritage, **Meredith F. McBride**, daughter of **Charles F. McBride** of Westport, CT, has completed her freshman year at BC. We have a few more years to wait for her brother Charles. **Eugene Rosa** has returned to Everett, to care for his parents. Following BC, Eugene received a master of science in geology from the University of Kentucky. He applied his knowledge in the oil and gas fields of WY, CO and LA. He is pleased to report that among his advisors are BC

alumni, **John McCann '79**, **Fred Capone '89** and **Michelle Capone '90**. **David M. MacDonald** is thriving in his international law practice, **McCauley McDonald** of Dallas, TX. His energy is also directed to his talented daughter, **Pilar**, seventeen, an accomplished soccer star, who, along with her younger brother, **Angus**, fourteen, is catching the eye of the Ivies. **Renee** and **Jim Lozier** took some time away from MI to attend the BC graduation of son **Andrew '02**. E-mail brought the revelation that BC legend **Thomas J. Burke** and **Thomas W. Burke** are in NC at this time. The two Toms were also classmates at BC High. **Tom W.** has had a long career in insurance and reports that, like **Tom J.**'s "Ripkenesque" numbers reported in the last column, he does have some notable stats: 136 pints of blood donated to the Red Cross. That is seventeen gallons! Also, from third grade through BCH, BC and thirty years on the job, he has not had a sick day. Recently published by 1st Books and available at www.1stbooks.com is the novel, *The Bridge Club*. A collaboration by **Michael Kelley**, of Newport, RI, and his daughter, **Krista '97**. **Krista** is graduating with her master's degree from Northeastern and has accepted a position teaching high school English in Denver, CO. The book follows a small group of seniors during their final year of high school and a pair of unexpected events that test their friendship.

'71
NEWTON

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Bonnie Gunlocke Graham, our Newton director on the Boston College alumni board, sends her thanks for helping to get her elected. She says it has been a wonderful experience. **Bonnie** wrote: "I have been particularly impressed with the continuing admiration and respect there is for Newton College. We are all 'one' on the board, and it's a good feeling. Please contact me with any concerns or issues you have regarding Newton College. That's why I'm on the board. I represent all of you and would love to hear from you." She has had the added bonus of being able to spend meeting weekends with her daughter, **Sara**, who just completed her junior year. Daughter **Hilary** graduated in 1999; her oldest, **Brett**, graduated from Fordham in 1996; and **Jessica** from Fairfield in 1998.

'72

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I know you are expecting to read about the class reunion, but that will have to wait for another issue, the due date for my column being what it is. If we met at the reunion, please be patient. In the meantime, I have just two news items. I did not realize until recently that there was a class of '72 connection to the tragedies of September 11, but **Patricia Cahill Hoban's** brother, **John B. Cahill '66**, was a passenger on United Flight 175. My thanks to **Patricia's** husband, **Bob**, for that information. On a considerably happier

note, Louise Audette is a winner of the Toyota Time Grant for math teachers. A teacher at Somers (CT) High School, she received the award in Las Vegas last April as one of thirty-five teachers cited for excellence and innovation in math teaching. Congratulations!

'72
NEWTON

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Oh, what a spring filled with news! First, our ninth annual Newton College alumnae tea in Washington, DC, was well attended and naturally a joy for all. Everyone thanks Judy Violick '65 for offering her hospitality to us. Joining us from Boston was Susan Power Gallagher '69, the newly elected secretary of the Alumni Association. **Margie Molitor Dooley**, **Lisa Kirby Greissing** and I represented our class. We extend a very special thanks to our beloved religious in Kenwood who joined the tea by sending us special cards to remember our intentions in all their prayers and personal notes from Sisters **Gabrielle Husson**, **Frances Cunningham** and **Faine McMullen**. Of course the greatest thanks goes to our coordinator **Adrienne Tarr Free '67**. We are now planning for our tenth tea for spring 2002. Do you want to volunteer to be on our planning committee? Do you want to visit Washington, DC, in the spring, your classmates and the tea? Then contact **Adrienne** and watch the Boston College Alumni Association Web page for more information. Understandably, a job change and a broken ankle suffered in the rain forest prevented **Joan Segerson** from attending the tea this year. Joan wants everyone to know that she is in great health. After many months of planning, **Mary Catherine Deibel** will be opening Upstairs on the Square, the new name for the much-missed Upstairs at the Pudding, in the fall at 91 Winthrop Square in Cambridge. The new restaurant will occupy almost the entire building, formerly the home of the Market Theatre. A visit to Upstairs on the Square will be a must for anyone wanting to enjoy the highest gastronomic standards, whether at lunch or dinner or for a private party. Please visit **Mary Catherine's** Web site at www.upstairsatthepudding.com for more information about the restaurant as well as her plans for a class reunion there this November. Yes, the next column will have reunion news, courtesy of **Gayle Maloney**. As a preview, **Gayle** reports that **Maureen Harrington** left Denver for Los Angeles, where she is working for *People* magazine. **Ann Marie Wall** and **Jim Hinck** are antiquarian garden book dealers who live in Paris and have visited **Gayle** in NYC. Sadly, **Gayle** shared an e-mail from **Joey Vanni Anderson** concerning the death of **Julie-Ann Sikora Mallonee** on May 10. **Julie-Ann** had been fighting cancer for almost a year. Her mother, her son, **Jonathan**; and her daughter, **Jenna**, survive her. Although **Julie-Ann** and **Joey** did not know each other well at Newton, as usually happens with our classmates as well as with many Newton graduates, their daughters were baptized in the same church, were in grammar school and most of high school together, and, yes, became fast friends. Let's take a moment to pray for our departed classmates—

Julie-Ann, Jane Hamilton DeWitt and Elena DeLasa. Take care and please send news.

'73
NEWTON

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REUNION YEAR
MAY 30 TO JUNE 1

Classmate **Noreen Donovan** (LSOE) passed away on December 26, 2001. Please keep **Noreen** and her family in your thoughts and prayers. Classmate **Patricia Crawford Lebel** e-mailed that she is about to complete the docent training program at the Los Angeles County Museum of Art (the largest art museum west of the Mississippi). It has been a year-long intensive training in art history and art education for **Pat**, and she starts touring school kids this fall. Many museums give their docents prewritten scripts to use, but **Pat** is required to write her own script that entails a lot of research and writing about the artist, technique, history in the world at the time the picture was painted, etc. **Pat** writes: "It has been great using the other side of my brain. I'm also teaching this spring quarter at the UCLA School of Nursing in the Nurse Practitioner Program (did that last year too)." If you would like to e-mail **Pat**, you may write her at: plebel@earthlink.com. Classmate **Chris Crane** e-mailed the following from San Diego: "Here is my update for the class of '73. I sold my business in February 2000, after having taken it public in May 1999. Since then, I have been doing some venture-capital investing as well as pro bono work for a number of charities. My wife of nineteen years, my sixteen-year-old son and I live in San Diego. I was particularly saddened to hear of the passing of **Gary Lasko**. He and I shared one of the mods as sophomores. He was a fine man. His death caused me to reflect on why I am still alive and why such a fine person as **Gary** died in the World Trade Center attack. It certainly brings home to me that I should thank God for every day and live life to its fullest for God and for my family and friends." **Chris's** e-mail address is chris.crane@cranecap.com, and his phone number in San Diego is 619-233-9955, extension 4. Is this news to you? According to an April 11, 2002, article by **Stephen Gawlik '96** in Boston College's *Chronicle* newspaper, Conte Forum's Kelley Rink had been criticized up until three years ago because visiting teams claimed that the alignment of benches at one side of the rink gave the team defending the near goal an unfair edge. It seems that their substitutes could reach the action a few seconds earlier than those from the other team. At the end of the 1998-99 season, BC decided to do something about the problem, and the rink's benches, gates, penalty boxes and scorer's box were all relocated according to NCAA guidelines! Classmates, please e-mail your class correspondent as soon as you receive your magazine to ensure that your news will be included in the next issue.

'73
NEWTON

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REUNION YEAR
MAY 30 TO JUNE 1

'74
NEWTON

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Congratulations to **Sister Mariann Mahon**, who was recently appointed director of campus ministry at Georgian Court College in Lakewood, NJ. **Sister Mariann**, who holds a bachelor of arts from Georgian Court and a master of education from Boston College, has served as case worker, program coordinator and emergency services provider for Catholic Charities in Bridgewater, NJ; vice president of the Sisters of Mercy of the Americas in NJ; theology department chair for Phillipsburg Catholic High School in Phillipsburg, NJ; and principal of Saint Mary's High School in Watchung, NJ. Georgian Court College is a Catholic comprehensive college with a strong liberal arts core. Our best wishes to **Sister Mariann** as she begins her new appointment.

'74
NEWTON

Beth Docktor Nolan
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'75
NEWTON

Hellas M. Assad
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The YWCA in NYC has inducted **Denise Morrison** into the ranks of its Academy of Women Achievers, a distinguished group of more than 2,000 of the country's most prominent women recognized for their outstanding professional accomplishments. **Denise** is executive vice president of Kraft Foods of North America and general manager of the company's snacks division. Prior to joining Kraft, she was senior vice president of the Nabisco Foods Co. sales organization and worked in marketing and sales leadership positions with Nestle, Pepsi and Proctor and Gamble. **Christopher H. Collins** has joined the firm of Holland & Knight LLP as partner, resident in their Washington, DC, office. He will continue to practice in the areas of zoning and land-use law, municipal affairs, historic preservation and foreign missions. E-mail for him is ccollins@hklaw.com. Heartfelt congratulations go to **Douglas Nucatola** and his wife, **Jane Martin**. They traveled to China last year and adopted their lovely daughter,

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Antonia Martin Nucatola. Antonia has brought great joy and delight into their lives, and they are thoroughly enjoying their new parenting experience. Best wishes to **James J. Moran, Jr.**, in his new position as vice president and general counsel of Quincy Mutual Fire Insurance Co. For alumni residing in Plymouth County, please cast a vote for **Tim White**, who is running for Plymouth County district attorney. Until next time, best regards and enjoy these days of summer!

'75
NEWTON

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My thanks to the following classmates for sending e-mails: **Aileen Hundley Prout** (aileen@twmi.rr.com) continues to do research at the University of Michigan on a brain imaging and obsessive-compulsive disorder study on adults and children. Her daughter will be a junior at Michigan State in Fall 2002 as an early childhood education major. Son, Chris (seventeen), plays high school football and is looking into colleges. Aileen's husband, Tom, is with IBM. **Janet Braunstein Moody** (jbmoodyo07@yahoo.ca) stays in touch with her former roommate **Barbara Drake Glass** and was recently reminiscing about arriving at Duchesne East in their little room, 337-A, more than thirty years ago. I myself remember moving into Keyes and meeting my new next-door neighbor from Ypsilanti, MI (care to take a guess who that was?), but I am hard-pressed to remember my room number. Is your memory as strong as Janet's? If so, perhaps other classmates would care to share a little memory of their first day at Newton in 1971 for our next few columns. **Mary Ann Young Horne** (maryannhorne@danielgale.com) writes that all is well in Manhasset, NY. She and husband Fred will be taking their oldest son to the College of Charleston in fall 2002. Their second son is sixteen years old and attends Manhasset High, so they will still be able to enjoy basketball and baseball at the high school level for a couple of more years. Fortunately, Fred survived the tragic events of September 11—he worked just across from One World Trade Center. His business has been temporarily relocated to Jersey City. Mary Ann continues on a wild pace in her real estate career, balancing her positions in sales and in management. On a somber note, I was deeply saddened to learn of the death of Anne Catalane, mother of **Barbara Catalane Farrell** and Cynthia Catalane '77, who passed away unexpectedly on April 20, 2002. I have many warm memories of Mrs. Catalane's wonderful, spirited personality and, in particular, her striking elegance. Also, **Lisa Antonelli Dellaporta's** dear mother passed away in early April 2002. Please remember both of these families in your prayers. Last but by no means least: I read on the official BC Web site (www.bc.edu) that our classmate **Mary Pasciucco McCue** won her bid for a seat on the BC Alumni Association board as one of the two Newton College directors. We look forward to hearing from you, Mary, as to how our NCSH '75 classmates can help to actualize your platform during your two-year tenure. Congrats, Mary! As usual, time flies when writing this column. I'm composing this on Memorial Day, knowing you are going to be reading this around Labor Day. So,

dear reader, I hope your summer was filled with fun and sun and that my classmates will soon write to tell us how they and their families spent those lazy, hazy, crazy days.

'76

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Ol' pal **Peter Darveau** and wife Mary '80 welcomed Nicole Michelle Darveau on November 9, 2001. Nicole, who joins big sister Danielle, weighed in at 6 lbs., 12 oz., with an initial height of 19 inches. Peter advises that once again he is knee-deep in diapers. Congratulations! Class President **Rick Carlson**, has announced that the post-September 11 appeal for donations to benefit the families of classmates murdered that date has raised more than \$12,000. He reminds all that there is still time to contribute. Contact him at BC1976@aol.com. Also, class dues of \$25.00 are requested, payable to BC Class of '76, P.O. Box 64, Sharon, MA 02067. A memento CD-ROM containing photographs of our twenty-fifth reunion was sent to all attendees. A limited number may be available for \$10.00. Also, acting upon suggestions made at the last reunion, our class is sponsoring a class-wide, seven-day Caribbean cruise from December 29, 2002, to January 5, 2003. The *Voyage of the Seas*, a luxury liner of Royal Caribbean, will play host to attending classmates. Special prices and several special events are offered, with prices ranging from \$1,099 to \$1,599 per person, depending on stateroom accommodations. Third and fourth passengers cost less. The cruise coincides with school vacation, and children are welcome. Contact Rick if interested in joining the fun. On yet another grievous note, classmate **Anthony Piantieri** lost his wife, Eugenia, on September 11. Eugenia worked for Marsh & McLennan in One World Trade Center. Our thoughts and prayers are with him and with the families of previously announced innocent victims of that day's carnage. The class of '76 scholarship fund, dedicated to the memory of fallen classmates, last spring awarded its first scholarship, in the amount of \$9,000, to a qualified student at Holy Cross (only kidding). Thanks to all who contributed over the past five years! Please consider making a donation so that the fund can continue to grow in the coming years. There is so much more on our collective plates these days, but sadness can give rise to optimism and confidence. Please try to find a few minutes to share news with classmates, as we all forge on. E-mails are now accepted. If any classmates have sons or daughters serving in the military, please advise, as their stories are of great interest. Wishing all a healthy and happier summer, ten-four, and God bless!

'77

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The following was submitted by classmate **Roland Regan**. —Editor

Dear classmates: It's been seven years since my last class notes correspondence with you. I am very thrilled and honored to be asked to render an overview of our twenty-fifth class reunion weekend, May 17 to 19, 2002. It all

began on Friday evening, with many of our classmates having the option to either attend a Boston Harbor cruise or a Boston Pops concert. **Tom Sullivan** was instrumental in pulling the boat cruise together. Tom's Herculean effort was very much appreciated by the more than one hundred boat-cruising classmates and their spouses that evening. Some of the boat cruise attendees were: Tom and his wife, Kathy, Maryellen and **Jeff Winters**, Sandy and **Jack Hughes**, **Peter Kerr**, **Joe Ramos** and his wife, Russell and **Mary Sibley**, Dan and **Betty (Klein) Gillen**, **Frank Fontana**, **Jennifer Lynch** and husband **Mike O'Leary**, **Joanne** and **Leo Vercollone**, and **Linda Hannett**. After the boat cruise, many of the attendees meandered up to BC to Vanderslice Hall, where many of our classmates tripped the light fantastic into the wee hours of the morning. Also that same evening was the annual Boston Pops performance for the BC reunion weekend. Ann Fitzgerald and I attended this event with **Pete Cronan** and his wife, Debbie. The Pops event was highlighted by Jack Connors '64 being the guest conductor for that evening's closing number. After the Pops, a post-Pops function was held in the Carney Dining Hall in McElroy, where jazz and after-dinner refreshments were aplenty. In the morning, the day began with a new reunion segment entitled the Sports Huddle hosted by Pete Cronan. It was a panel discussion format involving six members from various BC athletic areas. Pete introduced each panel member whereby each member would discuss their area of BC sport expertise, its past and future. **Vaughan Williams**, assistant athletic director, operations and facilities, was the first speaker, followed by Assistant Men's Basketball Coach **Pat Duquette**; the panel concluded with former BC Hall of Fame football players **Joe Nash '80** and **Jim Rourke '79** joining in. This segment of the reunion activities was well received by the varied reunion audience attendees. This was followed by a lecture at Fulton Hall by Professor Wolf on the changing religious face of the United States, as reflected in the current BC student population. At noon, a Loyalty luncheon was held for all the reunion class committee members at Carney Dining Hall in McElroy. During the luncheon, President **William Leahy, SJ**, presented a summary of the fiscal state of the college and the current status of the fund-raising campaign. This presentation was followed by a presentation of each reunion class gift for 2002. I am very proud and delighted to say that the class of 1977 gave the single largest twenty-fifth reunion class gift in the history of the University: \$2.69 million dollars. This record gift was due in no small part to the monumental efforts of **Leo Vercollone**. Leo, the chairman of the twenty-fifth reunion committee, symbolized the hard work and dedication that made this number possible. Having been a member of this committee, I can state with all due candor, that without Leo's inspirational leadership this number would not have been achievable. I extend to all my classmates that gave in this reunion year the deepest appreciation for helping our class achieve this new giving threshold. In addition, Leo introduced and announced the creation of the **William G. Minardi Memorial Scholarship Fund**. Bill, you'll remember, was a classmate of ours who was killed in the September 11 tragedy at the World Trade Center. His wife, **Stephanie**, and many of his immediate family members were

in attendance for Leo's announcement at the luncheon. For this effort and the efforts of Tom Sullivan and Jennifer Lynch on the entertainment committee, each received a Waterford glass engraved BC bowl. Later that same day, the class of '77 held a reunion party in the old Rathskellar in Lyons. The festivities commenced around 6:30 P.M. and lasted until midnight. Besides Leo, Tom and Jennifer, and their spouses, there were: Debbie and Peter Cronan, Brian and Maureen Cox, Donna and Jim Fox, Curt and Susan Gilmore, Donna and Tom Lynch, Dan and Betty Gillen, Frank Fontana, Debi and Scott Abel, Larry Begley, Bob Clark and some three hundred other classmates, spouses and friends in attendance. As with Friday night, the party continued in Vanderslice from midnight until well past 4:00 A.M., which is the time I departed. On Sunday morning, breakfast and Mass were available for all those classmates who stayed the evening at Vanderslice or at nearby area hotels. At 5:30 P.M. that evening, a black-tie President's Circle dinner at Carney Dining Hall was attended by Leo and his wife, Joanne, and myself and Ann Fitzgerald, thus capping off a very busy, but fun-filled twenty-fifth reunion weekend. To conclude my remarks herein, I have recently published a book entitled *From Boston to Berlin*. It is a compelling story of two immigrant working-class sons who captured the essence of their World War II experience in both words and photos. The proceeds from this book will be placed into a scholarship fund for economically challenged students accepted to BC from Lynn and Revere. The book is available at the BC Bookstore, Border Books, via Amazon.com and via www.bostontoberlin.org. I especially want to thank Dan and Betty (Klein) Gillen and Leo and Joanne Vercollone for their respective purchases of my book from the BC Bookstore over the reunion weekend. Please contact the Alumni Association or me with any information about you, your family or other 1977 classmates that you would like to share with us in the next *Boston College Magazine*.

The following was submitted by classmate Nick Kydes. —Editor

The twenty-fifth reunion! To put it succinctly, it was a *blast*! The boat cruise took off Friday night from the World Trade Center, with BC classmate, Paul Stafford at the controls of the DJ booth! The music rocked, and the waves rolled. ... The Saturday night event at Lyons Hall (yes, the old Rathskellar) was everything we expected and more, only the Tuborgs were missing. And best of all, each night back at the dorms our music and dancing went on until well into the night (did I say morning). And who was that sexy, mystery lady in the plaid skirt and scarf? You know, the one with the accounting honors book. People came from near and far. Some of the farthest that we know of were Betty Schaffhauser, who flew in from Fairbanks, AK, and Debra Mericantante Anzalone, who arrived from Italy. We ate, drank and rocked and rolled until the Rat closed (we were asked nicely to leave) and headed back to Vanderslice, where we continued our celebration (dancing nonstop to the DJ music) until 3:30 A.M. Sunday. The last time we partied so hard was when we beat the Longhorns 13-12 at Alumni Stadium! It felt like the good old BC days; the only thing missing were finals! Leo Vercollone outdid himself as fund-raiser extraordinaire. Our class set a

record for twenty-fifth reunion class gifts to BC. Linda Hannett had initiated the William Minardi Memorial Scholarship Fund to honor our classmate lost on September 11. The fund is still open for contributions. As Leo and Linda said, though, we were a team, and our classmates deserve all the credit for giving so generously. We wrapped up the Reunion Weekend with a Mass to honor our deceased classmates, celebrated by Brian Murdock. Let's remember in our prayers all of our wonderful memories of those classmates: Mary G. Carlin, Michael J. Cennerazzo, Patricia Kustka Cheever, John A. Cononico, Ann Marie Lynch Cronin, Robert Wolf Cushing, William H. Delmonaco, Joseph A. Griffin, L. Lane Grover, Kathleen A. Hanabury, Arthur Francis Hardy, David G. Hine, David C. Jones, Steven B. Locker, Michael G. Maiocco, Kathleen Byrne McCarthy, Mary Lisa McCrory, Brendan James McGourty, Joseph F. Miele, Raymond E. Miles, William G. Minardi, Malcolm A. Najarian, Vincent Pace, Richard F. Roome, Cheryl Burton Ryan, Salvatore Salamone, Thomas F. Schimelpfenig, Michael J. Sullivan, Mark J. Wagner and Brian F. Wilkins. A big thank you to the key event organizers: Kate Elter Daniello, Frank Fontana, Shawn Larsen, Jennifer Lynch, and Tom Sullivan. Our new class treasurer is Peter Kerr. You can send him class dues, so as to defray the cost of our class mailings, c/o Jacobs, Velella and Kerr, 388 Hillside Ave., Needham, MA 02494.

'78

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REUNION YEAR
MAY 16 TO MAY 18

An autumn hello with a somber and reflective note as we mark the one year anniversary of September 11, 2001. At the 2002 BC Commencement, our own R. Nicholas Burns, presently the United States ambassador to the NATO, addressed the graduates and stated eloquently that "for those who may have thought that the worst human history was behind us, September 11 reminded us anew of the presence of evil in today's world." And on the subject of September 11, Joyce Gallagher Sullivan asked if any members of our class were lost on that day. Does anybody know? R. Nicholas Burns also said in his address that "a BC education is a call to service," and answering that call is Elizabeth Merrill, daughter of '78 alums Marybeth (Carr) and Bob Merrill. Congratulations to the Merrill family! Kudos is also in order for Nicole F. Manderville, former treasurer and vice president of Georgetown University, who was appointed senior vice president of finance and treasurer of the Freedom Forum and its two affiliates, the First Amendment Center and Newseum. The Freedom Forum is based in Arlington, VA, and is a nonpartisan foundation dedicated "to free press, free speech and free spirit for all people." Speaking of freedom, Pam Smith reports that in March of 2001, she left Verizon's legal department in Boston and took a year off to play with her daughter, Sara, who is now in kindergarten. She also played with her husband, Steve Thomas Law '83. Reality eventually beckoned, she says, and she returned to work this past spring at Northeastern University's Office of University Counsel. A very hard reality hit George

Cornell and wife Lila recently when their three-year-old daughter, Alexandra, was hospitalized at Columbia Presbyterian Hospital in NYC, with a life-threatening tumorous cancer. "Thanks be to God that she is making a recovery," reports George, who wishes to offer special thanks to the BC family for its prayers, love and support, especially Maureen Tichenor, Rich O'Meara, Barbara Grady, Rick McDonald and Cathy Sullivan. George, we will all continue to keep your daughter in our prayer. Susan Mullen writes that she is working and living in Charlestown, having recently begun a career in real estate with Century 21 Elite, "serving Charlestown and the waterfront." She also says she looks forward to seeing everyone at the reunion next year! And a male classmate, who shall remain anonymous, also e-mailed me that he looks forward to the reunion and perhaps speaking with me regarding sobriety. He tells me that another member of our class is currently serving twelve years in a federal prison on drug- and alcohol-related charges. Talk about somber. On a decidedly nonsomber note, I recently caught an episode of the cable channel FX's *Son of the Beach*, starring our own Tim Stack. Check it out. Anyway, that twenty-fifth reunion will be here before we know it, so get ready. Try and get involved (e-mail Jack Foley at bceagle78@hotmail.com). My own Modmates Susan Orlando Liu, Joyce Gallagher Sullivan, Lori Gronert Hudson and Cindy Meckus Nakhleh will be joining me in Jackson Hole, WY, this October for a reunion before the reunion. In the meantime, please drop me a line! I'm all ears. And go Eagles football!

'79

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Mitchell W. Abrahams was finally motivated to write after a trip he took to Boston with his wife, Karen; son, Jeffrey (eleven); and daughter, Alexa (eight). They caught the end of the BC-Miami game and were treated to a wonderful postgame tailgate party on Shea Field, compliments of Brad Curley. Also attending was Martin Fenton. While walking through the Dustbowl, he was struck with the main impetus for writing: What has become of all the people I used to toss the Frisbee with in the Dustbowl? Mitchell is a partner with the law firm of Cole, Schotz, Meisel, Forman & Leonard PA, in Hackensack, NJ. He specializes in handling commercial real estate matters. He still keeps in touch with Jack Reiser and his wife, Linda. While in DC last year, he saw Phil Barbieri. He's hoping that this note will inspire others to write—so do I! In keeping with tradition, I received my annual Christmas card and letter from Deborah Cox and family in Rochester, NY. Her managerial job at Heidelberg has become more challenging since September 11, but as Deborah says, these are small things, putting it into perspective. She and her husband, Steve, took dancing lessons last year; daughter Kristin is a senior at Nazareth Academy, and son Steven is a third-grader. Deborah also became an assistant Cub Scout den leader. Cathy Stavrakas recently became a nationally certified psychologist after years of teaching special education. She works full time as a psychologist in the Lawrence public schools. After school, she sponsors hip-hop and break-dancing classes for kids. She also loves jazz and swing dancing on her own

time. Cathy lives in Londonderry, NH, and spends part of every summer on the shores of Lake Ossipee in the White Mountains. She's hoping that this will help others to write and fill up our column again. Congratulations to our own Peter Harkey, who was on the latest *Survivor* series. I'm sure he has some interesting stories to tell. **Joseph H. Ganguzza** sent a note to say that he is currently a partner with the law firm of Hyman, Kaplan, Ganguzza, Spector & Mars, in Miami, FL. He was appointed to the City of Miami's zoning board and serves as chairman of the Florida Bar Grievance Committee. I know that you are receiving this as the summer is winding down, but I'm writing this column before it has even started. Hope you enjoyed it! As for me, I finally got a computer, so those of you that want to e-mail me can do so at PassportLaura@aol.com. Take care.

'80

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Hi! I hope this issue finds all of you well. Thanks to everyone who e-mailed me with material for these notes. **Anne Marie Fallon** writes from Marion, where she lives with her husband. She works for Acushnet Co., which she proudly explains, is the largest manufacturer of golf equipment. She works in the corporate IT department as the manager of enterprise technology services. She is proud to announce the birth of her first child, Molly Anne, in December of 2001. She is their miracle child and she and her husband are enjoying every minute. She hopes to find time to attend a football game this fall and run into old friends. **Paul Deninger** was inspired to write because he just celebrated his twentieth anniversary. He and his wife, **Lori Colella Deninger**, partied with John '79 and Candy O'Connell. He and his wife have lived in Wayland for five years, having moved from Stamford, CT. They have two great kids, Kimberly and Matthew. Lori works part time for a money management firm in Wellesley, while doing lots of volunteer work with the Wayland public schools. Paul is still chairman and CEO of Broadview, a technology-focused investment-banking and private-equity firm. He has been with the firm more than fifteen years and also serves on the boards of a number of technology and media companies. He is also involved with Wired Woods, a computer camp he founded that targets at-risk middle school kids. Feel free to check out the Web site at www.wiredwoods.org. **Monica Thibodeau** reports that she, **Kathy McGuire**, **Ross Page**, **Amy Lentini**, **Eileen Ryan** and **Paul Gallasch** had a great time at the wedding of **Claire Mullen** in Denver in June 2001. She also sadly passes on to us the news of the passing of classmate **Paul Gallasch**. He was involved in a motorcycle accident in Denver this past May. She wants the class to remember him as a wonderful man, with a great sense of humor and so many accomplishments, his most recent being his outstanding photography. He excelled at anything he attempted. Many will miss him. Congratulations to **Jill McGillen**, who married John True (hard to resist a joke about true love) on May 18 of this year. Both are marrying for the first time. She writes that it took half a lifetime to find each other but it was worth the wait. Jill owns Next Turn, a corporate training and coaching firm, and John

owns a contracting business. They live in the Bay Area of CA, and Boston relatives, including first cousin, **Rich McLaughlin**, attended their wedding. Rich owns Navigator Mortgage, located in Boston—take note all those new BC homeowners. Congratulations also to **Denise Yerardi** of Peterborough, NH, who was appointed family resource coordinator at Crotched Mountain, a provider of programs and services to assist children and adults with disabilities to achieve optimal growth and independence. Have a great fall. Please find the inspiration to e-mail me with information. Also, try and support the men's basketball team this winter. Conte Forum is a great venue and kids really enjoy the experience.

'81

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Lisa Voltolini McDonald enjoyed recalling great BC memories during a reunion weekend this past winter at the home of **Susan Powers O'Leary** in Fairfield, CT. **Laura Duffey Tyrrell** and her three children (Jimmy, eleven; Alexandra, eight; and Kerry, six) joined Sue and her three children (Ryan, nine; Caleigh, seven; and Britney, five). Lisa was able to bring two of her four children (Jennifer, thirteen, and Christopher, eleven), while her other two (Courtney, nine, and Caroline, twenty months) stayed home in Andover with the flu and with their dad. The gang even ventured out to dinner with **Mary Ellen Kiggins Giles**, who lives near Sue. Sounds like fun, but exhausting! **Hector Murphy** and his wife live in Garden City on Long Island with their five children. Hector would like to hear what **George McGoldrick**, **Rick Riccardi**, **Kenny Smith** and **Alan Roth** are up to. Maybe you guys could check in with me at some point soon! After ten years in Ashland and nine years in Dayton, OH, former Mod 27-Aer **Mike Brennan** and his wife of fifteen years, Maria (a University of Texas graduate), and their two children, Tara, fourteen, and Conor, eleven, moved further west to Golden, CO (the Front Range), two years ago. Their children are very active in sports. Conor participates in hockey (state champions), wrestling, soccer, swimming and baseball, while Tara swims and plays volleyball and tennis. After fifteen years with NCR, Mike is helping a couple of BC friends with their start-up corporation. Mike had been global vice president of NCR's networking division. He's now helping brothers **Kent '80** and **Don Kasica** grow their consulting and systems integration firm called BoldTech Systems in Denver, CO. Mike reports that they've had a lot of fun over the years and that last year they made it to number forty-seven on the Inc 500 list of the fastest growing private companies. BoldTech has opened offices in WA state, NJ, Dallas and Columbus, OH, in addition to its home office in Denver, and employs 175 people. When Maria isn't chauffeuring the kids to all their activities, she manages to market Bold Tech's business and is one test away from earning her CFA certificate. Mike still keeps up with roommates **Steve LeBlanc**, **Lou Papadellis**, **Rich Whalen**, **Mike Connachia** and **Steve Dyer** (along with honorary 27-Aers **Kevin Thomas** and **Jack McCullough**). All are doing great, both personally and professionally. They all still try to

get together at BC soccer's Tom McElroy Annual Memorial Golf Tournament, held annually in August on the North Shore of Boston. In January, Cranston, RI, resident **Dominic Ragosta** was elected chairman of the board of directors of the Rhode Island Convention Center Authority. Dominic is CEO of Mitkem Technologies, a privately owned electronics distributorship based in Wakefield, RI. He is the former chairman and CEO of the Rhode Island Resource Recovery Corp. He began his business career at Ernst and Young and later went on to build the largest call center operation in RI. In 1998, he divested all of his holdings in the call center business and founded E-publications, Inc., a franchise of public Internet access terminals. Dominic also serves on the boards of directors of the Rhode Island Special Olympics and the Berkshire Place Nursing Center and is a member of the Roger Williams University President's Advisory Council. I hope all of you had a great summer and that you'll find a few minutes to e-mail me this fall!

'82

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Thanks to **Grace Cotter Regan** and her staff, we had a spectacular twentieth reunion on the floor of Conte Forum. You all looked so young ... why haven't you gotten old like me? The evening began with a stroll through the dorm, where my roomie **Charlie Busa** somehow got himself put in a room with **Sandy Holmes O'Connor**, **Ann Rabel Dwyer**, **Susanne Englert** and **Jean Marie Gaffney Kaval**. Sandy promised she'd write after the reunion, which she did, to tell me that she, her husband, Joe, and their four-year-old triplets (!) have moved to Palm Beach, FL. Ann lives in Norwell with her husband and two children. She's manager of merchandise planning and procurement for Chadwick's. Susanne is in Boston, working for Mellon Private Wealth Management, and Jean Marie lives near Syracuse, NY, with her husband and two boys. She teaches elementary computer to grades K-5. Sandy also let us know that **Beverly Breda** and her husband, **Jack O'Keefe '81**, are in Hamilton with their three children. Beverly is a senior software engineer at Raytheon. **Josephine Giardiello Morris** has taken time off from her job at Fidelity Investments to spend time with her new baby daughter. JoJo and Garth live in Quincy. While the ladies (and Charlie) relaxed prior to the reunion dinner, a huge bash was going on across the hall in **Henry Aquafresca's** room, where the Duchesne crew of **Mark Bronzo**, **Dom Dimascia** and **Pete Theoharidis** were hanging out. I saw **Diane McCarron Bronzo**, **Nikki Tsairis** and about thirty others in the room. Congratulations, I never thought you'd all make it to the dinner, but you did! And when we arrived, we were greeted by a huge poster of **Cindi Bigelow** at the front door! I know it embarrassed you at the time, Cindi, but you look even better now than you did in that twenty-year-old photo! I had great conversations with so many of you that night, including my former Res neighbors **Chuck McCullagh**, **John Mahoney** and **Donna (Martirano) Mahoney**. **Diane Johnson Green** shared the news with me about a mentoring program for women that BC sponsors, called BC Connections. It matches alumnae with

women in their junior year. E-mail Diane for more info at diane@rocm.com. **Ray Sipperly**, **Pat Corcoran**, **Tom Chen**, **Bob Gleason** and **Mike Blanchard** all represented the class of '82 in the final BC alumni lacrosse game. The BC lacrosse program is now history, so it was good for the guys to get out there one last time. I still remember sitting in the stands—surrounding a keg, of course—watching **Dave Sengstaken** and the guys play. Speaking of memories, **Betsy Simpson Boyer** recalled our senior week booze cruise in a card she sent, telling me she met a woman on a similar type of cruise who is now a sophomore at BC (who was born the year we graduated)! As if any of us needed to hear that! **Thane Terrill** recalled the days of living at St. Gabe's. He has since traveled the world, before settling in NYC with his wife and two children. Thane works with computers and is an instructor at Teachers College, Columbia University. Friends can e-mail him at terril@cobalt.tc.columbia.edu. **Susan Erikson** couldn't make it back for reunion. She and her husband live in Denver with their two children. **Steve Brady**, **Jeannie Fitz**, **Kerry Tilden**, **Ellen Campbell**, **Donna Waters**, **Sherry Olin**, **Peggy Rice**, **Jeanne Casey**, **Morzi Degnan**, **Julie Rao Martin**, **Vinnie Benefico**, **Tony Kinsley** and **Beth Cavanna Kinsley**—it was great seeing you and so many others again. **Kathy Kasper**, **Frani Cipriano Newton**, **Joe Blood**, **Brenda Rastallis Tobin** and so many others did a great job organizing the event. The whole evening was summed up best by **John Hall**, who said, "I came to reunion and fell in love with BC all over again." Amen.

'83

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REUNION YEAR
MAY 30 TO JUNE 1

Andrea Waggenheim Clifford would love to connect with some of the nurses from BC. Andrea is nursing supervisor of a collaborative called Project Spoke and takes care of handicapped girls in Mansfield. Andrea loves spending her summer vacation with seven-year-old son Zachary in their new home in East Walpole. She keeps in touch with **Grace Jones Steinberg**, who lives in Sharon and does per diem in the NICU at Newton-Wellesley Hospital. **Luisa Frey Gaynor** gave birth to her second child, Ethan, in September 2001. Ethan joins his eight-year-old sister, Alexandra, who is a great "junior mom." Luisa is still an active freelance writer specializing in family cruises and traveling with children. If you're interested in planning a cruise with your children, you can post a message on the family message board of www.cruisemates.com and Luisa will respond with expert advice! **Andrew Turnbull** enjoyed a nine-day golf pilgrimage to Scotland with his brother, his father and his cousin. In Andrew's words, "Playing the Old Course is almost a religious experience." Andrew's next trip is a cruise to the Caribbean with the entire family. **Bill Cassidy** accepted a new position as vice president of Philips Medical Systems. Annmarie and their children, Charlie (twelve), Billy (eight) and Madeline (six), relocated from Scottsdale to Seattle this summer. Bill would love to hear

from BC friends at wjcassidy@yahoo.com. **Bill and Melissa (Hughes) Penkethman** live in Plymouth with their three children, Evan (sixteen), Dylan (fourteen) and Madeleine (five). After practicing law in NJ and western MA, Bill set up his own shop in downtown Plymouth six years ago. Melissa works as a paralegal in Bill's office, and they are celebrating their eighteenth wedding anniversary this summer. Bill and Melissa would love to hear from old friends and can be reached at misa928@yahoo.com. **Michael DeMaria** is a senior equity portfolio manager at Ayco Asset Management and lives in Saratoga County in upstate NY with his wife and two sons, Michael (five and a half) and Matthew, born in June. Michael does alumni admissions counseling with several area high schools, and he invites any former classmates who are heading his way for Saratoga track season to look him up. His e-mail is mike.demaria@ssmb.com. The Georgia BC contingency is alive and well in Atlanta. **Bob Misdom** continues to run Staffing Technologies and is starting to see business bounce back! He is both a client and also a provider to Secureworks, an internet security company now run by **Mike Cote**. Mike was appointed the CEO position in February of this year, and the company is thriving under his direction. Mike lives in Atlanta with his wife **Kathy (McHugh) Cote**, and they have four kids, Chris (seventeen), Colleen (fifteen), Kevin (thirteen) and Conner (seven). In fact, Chris will be applying to BC this fall for the class of '07, so the legacy could continue. Thanks for all the class notes this time around—don't stop now!

'84

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Hope everyone is enjoying summer! Here is the news I have received from classmates. Last fall, David Salter '72 married Nancy Taffel in Louisville, KY. Bob Misdom '83 was best man, and **Greg Mancini** was in the wedding party. At the wedding, David serenaded Nancy with "Some Kind of Wonderful" by Grand Funk, and Nancy charmed all wedding attendees with her grace. Dave and Nancy live in and will reside in Atlanta, GA, where Nancy is a national account executive for corporate environments and Dave is the global account manager for Compuware Corp. Greg and his wife, Suzanne, have three children and live in RI. Greg recently left his law practice to become executive director of the 21st Century Labor Management Partnership (a newly formed coalition between seventeen local construction unions and their contractors). In August, **Donna Siems Loftus** and family moved to the Dallas/Fort Worth area due to Donna's job being relocated from Middleton to the Dallas area. Donna is the director of marketing, planning and strategy for Verizon Information Services. Donna writes that she and husband, Brian, are adjusting to milder winters and much hotter summers. Air conditioning and a pool help with surviving the 100-plus-degree summer days. Donna and Brian have two children: Caitlin, who is eight years old and in the second grade, and Megan, who is four years old and in prekindergarten. **Kathleen Connolly** writes that she is a partner in the Boston law firm of Kopelman and Paige, where she specializes in municipal law and

land-use litigation. Kathleen lives in Hopkinton with her husband, Jim Ciriello, and their daughter, Julia Connolly Ciriello. Please send me your updates so we can share them with classmates. You can write, call or e-mail me at bcaa@bc.edu.

'85

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Hello again and thanks for your notes and e-mails. **Joe Ailinger, Jr.**, recently joined Mellon New England in Boston as assistant vice president of media relations. Joe lives in Norwood with his wife, Amy; daughter, Laura; and infant son, Stephen. He sends a special hello to his old buddies from Keyes South. **Kathleen Kerrigan** is a member of the Federal Policy Practice and a partner with Baker & Hostetler LLP in Washington, DC. Kathleen earned her law degree from the University of Notre Dame in 1990. **Peter Tester** is a partner in the Saint Paul office of Lindquist & Vennum, where he works in the environmental, land-use and energy group and the insurance law group. **Gary Fleming** married Tina DiCenso on October 13, 2001, at St. Leonard's Church in the North End. Kevin Feeley '84 attended and served as one of the groomsmen. Gary is employed at Oracle Corp. The couple resides in the North End. On Friday evening, August 3, 2001, on the top floor of the Department of State in Washington, DC, our classmate **Pierre-Richard Prosper** was sworn in as United States ambassador-at-large for war crimes issues. Pierre was selected for the position by the Bush administration and confirmed by Congress. He was sworn in by his boss, Secretary of State Colin Powell, who also addressed the gathering with a brief speech. The class of 1985 was well represented at the event. In addition to **Matt Foley**, others from our class supporting Pierre with their attendance, included **Jeff Phillips**, **John Russell**, **Larry and Tracey (Campbell) Schwartz**, **Pete Conner**, **Victor Ruiz**, **Bob Vanasse** and **Mike Phelan**. Carrie McNamara '88 and other local BC alumni were also in attendance. For those of you not familiar with Pierre's career since leaving BC, he graduated from Pepperdine University Law School and became a deputy district attorney with the Los Angeles County DA's office during the Rodney King and O. J. Simpson trial period. He next became a U.S. attorney with the Department of Justice but was loaned to the Department of State and assigned to the United Nations International Criminal Tribunal for Rwanda as a special prosecutor for the atrocities that took place. There, he became the first prosecutor in history to gain a guilty verdict on the charge of genocide, against Jean Paul Akayesu (see *Boston College Magazine's* summer 1999 issue). Upon his return to the U.S., Pierre served the Clinton administration's newly appointed ambassador for war crimes issues, until he succeeded his predecessor in the same position last year. The event was followed by both a reception at the Department of State and a party later that evening in Georgetown. **Matt Foley** was married on October 6, 2001, in Atlanta, GA, to Suzanne Hoechstetter (a Texas A and M Aggie!). Matt and Suzanne and their dog, Buster, reside in the Brookhaven section of greater Atlanta, where they are owners of the Surfside Group, Inc., a sales, marketing and

business-development consulting firm that specializes in creating growth strategies for small- and medium-sized companies. **Mark Baptiste** and his wife, Cindy, are living in Boca Raton, FL, and had their first child, daughter Giovanna, in September. **John McKinney** and his wife, Dominique, are living in Altadena, CA, with their son, Vincent Paul. **Joe Cuzzupoli** and his wife, Amy, live in Weston and are the proud parents of beautiful twin daughters, Camille and Elizabeth, born in the summer of 1999. *Boston College Magazine* has invited alumni to send in their remembrances of classmates who were killed in the attacks of September 11. All friends of **Stacey Sennas McGowan** are welcome to share their recollections. Remembrances may be sent to bcm@bc.edu. Please take a moment and send me an e-mail message with some news. I have not been receiving many notes or messages lately, so I would love to hear from you! Best wishes for a wonderful fall!

'86

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Hello and greetings from the great state of RI! Where are all of you? Why do I only have two people writing to me? I was pleased to hear from! **Bill Worthen** and his wife, Katie, who are the proud new parents of twins born in February! Madeleine and Colin were greeted by their three older siblings, Caitlin, Christian and Molly, seven, five and three! Bill left Bank Boston/Fleet after many years to go with Rockland Trust and has been there over a year now. They live in Abington, where Bill is very active in the Knights of Columbus. Bill tries to keep up his bag-piping skills and would love to hear from old band members and other BC friends at bkcworthen@aol.com! Congratulations and best of everything with your family! **Don Simoneau** is the CFO at Altair Avionics in Norwood, and he and his wife, Lisa, have three children. *Boston College Magazine* is inviting alumni to send in remembrances of classmates who were killed in the attacks of September 11. As the year anniversary approaches, it may be a nice time to share your recollections of our classmate **Brad Vadas** or other alumni at the www.bc.edu/bcm Web site, which will be given to the Boston College archive and become a part of a permanent record. Please e-mail thoughts to bcm@bc.edu. OK, class of '86, we need info so that my column is not too short. You know what happens when you get *old*—the column gets shorter and shorter! Keep those cards and letters coming! You don't need a new job or a new baby to write to me! Thanks!

'87

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Hello! I hope that you all had a relaxing summer and are enjoying the start of fall. I write this having just returned from our fantastic reunion weekend. It was so much fun, and it was great that so many classmates returned to campus for the weekend. Everyone looked wonderful, much younger than having been out of school fifteen years would imply! There were lots of laughs, hugs and pictures of everyone's families passed around. There were also lots of "Remember when's?" and promises to

me that you'd e-mail me with updates, so don't forget! I want to send out a big thank you on behalf of the class to our reunion committee members who worked so hard for well over a year to make sure this weekend was successful. So to **Molly Martin Alvarado**, **Paul Calitri**, **Maureen Morse O'Brien** and **Kim Wyson**, we say thank you for a great weekend. Also big thanks to Lauren Pandolfi '99 and Teresa Sullivan at the Alumni Association for their efforts in making our reunion so successful. The festivities kicked off with a reception at the BC Club on Friday night, which was attended by approximately forty classmates. On Saturday, lots of people were on campus, both for informal tours to see how much (or little) things have changed, as well as to attend the President's luncheon on the Dustbowl. It was a beautiful afternoon, and it was great to see so many people. The bookstore was also very crowded that afternoon, as everyone picked up a few t-shirts and other apparel. About fifty classmates stayed on campus for

"I CAME TO REUNION
AND FELL IN LOVE WITH
BC ALL OVER AGAIN."

—JOHN HALL '82

the weekend, and I was lucky to share a suite in 90 St. Thomas More Road with Molly Martin Alvarado, Shawn and Dave Widell, Mike and Karen McKenzie Gorman and Mark and Karen Mendalka Hoerrner. Among us, we have ten children, so it was lots of fun to get updates and share photos. It was also fun to be in a dorm that didn't exist when we were at BC! Our event Saturday night was in Lyons Hall, site of the old Rat. It was beautifully decorated, and everyone was in a festive mood. Father Leahy had stopped by our event early in the evening, and he was very welcoming—it was nice to meet him. We had run into Father Monan earlier in the day, and he was gracious as always and looked wonderful. Everyone had a great time catching up with each other, and by the end of the evening, the dance floor was packed! There were 450 classmates and spouses in attendance, and here are a few of the people I was able to chat with or wave to during the evening (if I left anyone out, I'm sorry!): Lisa Barker, Stephen Birmingham, Mary Lee Bolan, Andrea Bianci Breen, Bill Breen, Paul Calitri, Bob Callanan, Dennis Curtin, Katy Stephens Dobens, Christine and Shawn Dombrowski, Monique Deragon Donovan, Susan Shey Dvorch, Tim Flaherty, Agnes Gillin Gayhardt, Karen Maskara Granatino, Tim and Dawn Curtis Hanley, Jim Hassel, Anne Hoskins, Brian Kershaw, Karl and Jamie Conte Kreshpane, Mary Lane, Joe Linnehan, Virginia Buckingham Lowy, Deb Masone, Katie Molumphy McNamara, Barry Mitchell, Colleen Carty Moran, Maureen O'Brien Morse, John Mulligan, Wally Mullin, Julie Stamos Murphy, Karen Barrett Murphy, Nina de la Sierra Murphy, Sue Ellen Giacomelli Murrey, Tom Porell, Stephen J. Rapp, Enza Ricerca, Rob Sabella, Susan McAlavey Sarlund, Marykelly Canning Smith, Nancy Woodhouse Sommer, Timothy J. and Kathleen Smith Stansky, Martha Cohen Stone, Kathy Harkins Weissenberger, Eileen Kilkelly Westfahl, Kim Wyson and Joan Keane Zimmerman. On Sunday, our class had a special Mass celebrated by Father Fred in Vanderslice Hall, after which we went to the

farewell alumni brunch and packed up to head home. Everyone was sorry to see the weekend end and looks forward to our next reunion in five years. I also received a few e-mails prior to reunion that I'd like to share. After I saw her at reunion, Nancy Woodhouse Sommer e-mailed that she, husband Fred and son Rick (four) are living in Freehold, NJ. Nancy recently joined the legal department at Citigroup in NYC as an employment attorney. She'd love to hear from anyone in the area. She also e-mailed the news that **Meghan Mahoney Scancarella** and her husband, Doug, welcomed daughter Cara on April 24. She joins big brother Joe. Thanks, Nancy! **Molly Delaney Druffner** wrote that she and husband Mark welcomed their fifth child, Mary Therese, on October 24. She is at home with Jacob (nine), Julian (seven), Cecilia (four), Charlie (two) and Mary Therese (six months). She's also teaching acting classes and writing plays. Mark works as a family physician. They live on a hobby farm in Hudson, WI, with horses, chickens, turkeys and ducks. They spent Easter with C. J. and Ken Ripp, who live with their two boys, Nolan and Aidan, in Duluth, MN, where Ken is a family physician and C.J. does diabetes health education. She'd love to hear from old friends at mdruff@presenter.com. **Maria Grammas Coclin** e-mailed that she and husband George have a son, Constantine, who is one. She works at Fidelity Investments in international finance, and they recently built a home in Cranston, RI. **Wendy Pennington-Marquard** sends greetings from Phoenix. She and husband Jeremy announce the birth of their first child, Sophia Alise, who was born in March. That's all for now. Again, to all of those who promised at the reunion to e-mail me something, now is your chance! Have a great fall!

'88

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REUNION YEAR
MAY 30 TO JUNE 1

'89

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After ten years' experience in the brokerage business, **Michael Ming** recently accepted a position with Quick & Reilly as a vice president and investment center manager in White Plains, NY. His responsibilities include covering the Westchester, NY, territory for Fleet Boston Financial, the parent company. Michael lives in Pelham Manor with his wife, Mara, and their two-and-a-half-year-old son, Justin. He can be reached at michael.ming@quick-reilly.com. On March 22, **Tom Simon** finally settled down and married Kate Plucker (Wellesley '00) in Mystic, CT. Other BC grads in attendance included **Stephen Tomaselli**, Gina Malacharia Tomaselli '90 and John McCormack '90. Cathi Cote Reinfelder and husband, Jeff, joyfully announce the birth of their first child, Paige Elizabeth, on June 1, 2001. Cathi and Jeff are living in Freeport, ME. Cathi worked in publishing for seven years before returning to BC for her master of social work in 2000. She is currently a freelance copy editor, enjoying working at home and being a mom. **Becky Raucci Woodcock** and

her former roommates and honorary roommates have gotten together every year since graduation, either for weddings, reunions or "girls' nights out." Los Angeles, MT, the Bahamas, Boston, NYC, the Cape and VT are only a few of the locations. This year, they (husbands and children included!) are all meeting at the Cape to celebrate the newest additions. Among all the roommates, there are already sixteen children. Becky was kind enough to send in the following updates: **Kelly Cockwell Jung**, husband Paul, and their three boys, Topher, eight; Cameron, five; and Tommy, three, recently relocated to the Boston area and have settled in Boxford on the North Shore. Kelly has been with Gartner in event sales for ten years and has recently decided to take a part-time position there to spend more time at home with the boys. Leo '88 and Debra DiFiore Sheridan '88 have relocated to Leesburg, VA, from RI. Debbie earned a juris doctor from Suffolk University Law School in 1993. She now stays at home with Sarah, six, and Jason, four, and looks forward to hearing from any BC grads in the northern VA area. **Deborah Knapman** and husband Frank Camera welcomed their first born, Nathaniel, in December. Debbie received her master of social work from Hunter College School of Social Work in 1995 and is a clinician working with girls. They are living in Foxboro. Eric '87 and **Heather Leonard Wise** have relocated to Greenwich, CT, after years of NYC living. Heather keeps herself busy as the mom to Brendan, two and a half, and Olivia, one, as well as being a vice president for Sapient Corp. She earned her master's degree in international management at Thunderbird. **Jennifer Poli Cooney** and husband Rich (Georgetown '89) now live in Stamford, CT, after living in NYC. Jennifer is channel account manager for Xerox Corp. She has a daughter, Caitlin, two and a half. **Carolyn Suisman Shaughnessy** and husband Sean moved back to Needham after two years in Georgetown. Carolyn is now a stay-at-home mom to Thomas, two and a half, and Emily Kate, eighteen months. After earning a master of education at Boston University, she worked for ten years in higher education with undergraduate and graduate students with learning disabilities. Less than a mile down the road, **Gina Grimes Bliss** and husband Michael keep busy with three-and-a-half-year-old son Michael and one-and-a-half-year-old daughter Amelia. She started this career after being in educational sales for nine years. And, finally, Becky Raucci Woodcock and husband Woody have settled in Atlanta after stints in Los Angeles and West Palm Beach. After working for Genetics Institute, a Cambridge biotechnology company, Becky has retired to be at home with Annabelle, three, and Max, one. She would love to hear from anyone living in the "land of sweet tea and grits." That is all for now, please keep the updates coming!

'90

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One word sums up the majority of the news I received this quarter: *babies!* **Chris (Conry)** and **Kevin Flynn**, along with their sons Brendan (four) and Aidan (two), hosted an informal get-together at their home in Cumberland, RI, which I was privileged to attend. Three of us former Xavier second girls were as big as

houses (and not from the freshman fifteen this time!). Here's what we have to show for it: **Missy (Campbell) Reid** and husband Scott have a new daughter, Heather Jane, born March 12, 2002. Heather weighed 7 lbs., 2 oz. and was just over 19 inches long! She lives with big brother Alexander (two) and mom and dad in Bradford. My husband, Scott, and I welcomed son number three into the world on April 17, 2002. His name is Brett August Nelson, and he weighed in at 9 lbs., 4 oz. and was 21 inches long. Brett joins Connor, who will be five in December, and Jared, who is three. **Diane (Cordano) Conlon** and her husband, Mike, have a new son, Robert William, born May, 18, 2002. Bobby's big sister, Emily, is two. The Conlons live in Massapequa Park on Long Island, where Diane is a physical therapist. Mike works on the floor of the stock exchange in Manhattan. **Susie (Mullarkey) Iovanne** was also at the Flynn's with her two boys, Michael (five) and Matthew (two). **Joanne (Pergamo) Shortell** and her husband, John, joined us as well. They were married in September of 2000 and live in Burlington. Joanne works as a nurse for a cosmetic surgeon in Chestnut Hill. I hosted a little reunion of my own in March. **John Flanagan** made it all the way from the Emerald Isle, where he is doing quite well with his Web-site design business, though he may be returning to the States in the not-so-distant future. **Rita Rodin** left the city to join our quaint little suburban festivities. She is an attorney with Skadden Arps in Manhattan. **Brian Hammer** and wife Tracy came up from NJ, where Brian is a researcher at Princeton University and Tracy teaches elementary school. They have two sons: Ben, who is four, and Charlie, who is one. **Ken Forton** made the trek from Montpelier, VT, where he was finishing up his post-law school clerkship. The "Babe" will hopefully be returning to the Boston area with his wife, Jessica, in the fall of 2002. **Chris Campus** was married to Rich Cina in September 1998 and gave birth to their daughter, Chloe Elisabeth, on March 7, 2001. Chris and Rich live in North Andover, where Chris is a speech-language pathologist in the North Andover public schools. **Natalya Zilberman** wed **Jeff Carney** in February and is currently working as an ob-gyn nurse practitioner at Massachusetts General Hospital. In attendance at the wedding were: **Tim and Liza Gleason** and **Kevin and Maria MacKinnon**. **Leslie LaRoche Bishop** and Rick Bishop '92 welcomed beautiful daughter Elizabeth into the world on July 25, 2000. **Diane Mello-Goldner** and **Michael Goldner** welcomed their second child, Owen Nicholas, on April 9, 2002. He weighed 8 lbs., 6 oz. and was 21 inches long. Owen keeps his parents and big sister, Kirsten (three), busy at home in Natick. **David Norton** and his wife, Kristin, have two children, Sophie, three, and Owen, who was born in March 2002. David is the vice president of loyalty marketing in corporate at Harrah's Entertainment in Las Vegas. With pride and joy, **David and Karen (Noble) Chieco** announce the birth of their first child, David James "DJ," on March 3, 2002. DJ weighed 7 lbs., 1 oz. The Chiecos currently live in Stamford, CT, a short commute to David's job as a CPA at FactSet Research Systems, Inc., in Greenwich and Karen's job as an attorney at the law firm Danaher, Tedford, Lagnese & Neal PC in Westport. Please send me your news—I look forward to hearing from you!

'91

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I hope everyone had a fabulous summer and is looking forward to the fall ahead. Keep the notes coming. Our article is a bit brief this time, but probably due to my change in e-mail address. Please be sure to send in those updates. Our updates this time around have to do with babies! Little Eagles are abounding for the class of '91! Congratulations to **Karen (Olson) Osborn** and her husband, Chris '90, who had a baby girl, Charlie Noel Osborn, on December 22, 2001. After living in San Francisco since they graduated, Chris and Karen are in the process of moving to NY. Chris works for Scotia Capital, and he'll be based in their Manhattan office. They will be living in Larchmont, NY, and would love to hear from anyone who lives in that area. Their e-mail address is cokobo@msn.com. Congratulations also go out to **Judy Chong** and **Bill Rappleye**, who had a baby girl, named Karma, on December 29, 2001. They are living in Providence, RI. **Lena (Kim) Christinger** and her husband, Hans, welcomed a baby boy, named Jack, on February 8, 2002. They just bought a house in Acton. **Kelly (Biby) Morales** and husband, Victor, also welcomed a new baby in December 2001. Her name is Kiara. The Morales family lives in Los Angeles. Congratulations to **Sheila (Ring) Rinaldi** and husband Tony on the birth of their third child, Emily Kathleen, who was born on May 22. She joins her older brothers, Anthony, who is five, and Alexander (my godson), who is two, at their home in North Attleboro. **Liz (Willard) Flaherty** and husband, Dave, welcomed a baby boy, Ethan Willard, on July 30, 2001. Ethan joins his big brother, Liam, who is five. **Stephan Wronski** and wife Inga Usalis '90 celebrated the arrival of twin daughters on November 17, 2001. Their names are Kristina and Gretchen. That gives the Wronski family a total of three young ones—their son, Nicholas, turned four in September. Stephan is still working in the corporate training arena at R. J. Wronski Associates, Inc., and Inga, after ten years at Deloitte & Touche, is now CFO at CC Growth, a hedge-fund firm in Boston. Congratulations also go out to **Kerrie (Shaheen) Liggio** and husband, Andrew on the birth of their daughter Katherine Michael Liggio. Kate was born on February 2, 2002, in Princeton, NJ. The Liggio family lives in Cranbury, NJ. I look forward to hearing from everyone soon!

'92

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Kim (Whicher) Mara recently had her first child, a big baby boy, named Will. She and her husband, Colin, reside in Acton and often get together with fellow BC friends Stefanie (Benson) Sim, Heather McQuade, Gretchen Melia and Mo Nugent. Kim is delighted with the opportunity to get reacquainted with Lisbeth (Pifko) Burns and Ellen Cook and their respective newborns Morgan, Brendan, and James. **Katie (Gillespie) LaManna** and her husband, Mark, had a baby girl, Jacqueline Anne, on June 5, 2001. Katie continues to

work as an attorney at Shipman & Goodwin LLP in Hartford, CT, where she represents creditors in commercial litigation and corporate bankruptcies. Juggling work and motherhood is an adventure, but Katie wouldn't change a thing! Katie keeps in touch with my old BC roommates Erica (Waldron) Wynocker, Jennifer Parent, Laura Selfors Madden, Alexandra "Pindy" (Childs) McKee and Elizabeth (Spillane) Gujral, and each of them has too much going on for me to report here. Jason and Deirdre (Whelan) Woytek, celebrated the birth of their daughter, Erin Margaret, born January 23, 2002. Karen (Browne) Duby and Tim celebrated the birth of their son, Benjamin Timothy, on December 30, 2001. John O'Connor married Amy Hubbard on November 10, 2001. It was a beautiful wedding in Brookline. Sean Faherty, Tom Henault and Joe McMenimen were all groomsmen. Fellow classmates that attended the ceremony were James Bond, Stephen Comer, Heather (Woodard) Foster, Maureen (Lucas) Gorman, Ann (Pero) Hailer, Lori (DesRoches) Henault, Sean McDonough and Whitney Wells. A great minireunion! Amy and John live in a condo in South Boston. John is a systems engineer for Connected Corp. in Framingham, and Amy is an account manager with State Street Global Advisors in Boston. Please note my new e-mail address and send future updates to that address. Hope to hear from you all soon!

'93

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REUNION YEAR
MAY 30 TO JUNE 1

It is with great pleasure that I assume the role of class scribe after two great predecessors, Gina (Suppelsa) Story and Alison (Pothier) Woods. Thanks to both of you for years of great service and spirit! To fellow BC classmates, please feel free to send me an e-mail anytime with interesting news or just drop a note to say hello! I look forward to hearing from many of you, especially since plans for our tenth reunion have begun! In true BC spirit, we'd like to begin the festivities a little early, kicking it off with Homecoming Weekend, November 15 to 17, 2002. Save the dates and get your BC-Syracuse tickets ready! Around February 28, 2003, we'll be having a "93 days 'til our tenth reunion" night at a bar in Boston. Lastly, May 30 to June 1, 2003, will be our ten-year reunion, so please save the date! When you do finally see your fellow alumni, congratulate them on the following professional and personal advances: Dana Ann Swarts has finished her doctoral degree in educational administration and supervision at Seton Hall University. Dana finished just in time to have her second child, Evan Daniel, on January 20 2002, weighing in at 8 lbs., 14 oz. His older sister, Morgan (turning three in July), just loves her new little brother. Dana and husband Marshall Brown are living in West Milford, NJ. Mary Reda received doctor of philosophy in English from the University of Massachusetts, Amherst. In September, she'll start a position as an assistant professor of English at the City University of New York at Staten Island. Colleen Freeman graduated from Suffolk University Law School in May 2001. Before

graduation, she was chosen for a judicial clerkship in the Massachusetts state courts and then passed the bar on her first try! In April, Colleen began work as an associate at Sugarman, Rogers, Barshak & Cohen in Boston. She also continues to play soccer with the Eastern Massachusetts Women's Soccer League as a striker in one of their division II teams. Their home field is Grove St. Park in Belmont, and they play Sundays in the spring and fall and Monday and Wednesday nights in the summer—if anyone is interested in joining. Alyson Bagley is a first-year law student at Suffolk Law School and resides in Newton. Mike Rigano works for Peoplesoft and lives in San Ramon, CA. Phong Dinh was elected junior partner at the Boston law firm Nutter McClellan & Fish LLP in January 2002. Dinh's practice concentrates in tax and estate planning, trust and estate administration, and guardianship. He is an adjunct faculty member at Suffolk University Law School, teaching estate planning, and he is enrolled in the Graduate Tax Program at Boston University School of Law, where he will receive an master's degree in taxation. Jon Varholak is a founding partner at the recently created Richards Barry Joyce & Partners, commercial real estate advisory firm. Jon specializes in tenant and landlord advisory work and over the last seven years has been involved in the lease and sale of more than four million square feet in suburban Boston. Jon is always looking to hear from fellow alumni and can be reached at jvarholak@rbjrealestate.com. Jon and his fiancée Joanna currently reside in Boston. Congratulations to Bill Meehan for graduating from Harvard Medical School and for placing at his first choice residency, Children's Hospital in Boston! Bill ended medical school with an outstanding speech at his graduation in June. Move over Chris O'Donnell, as another classmate has found her niche in entertainment! See Amy Poehler on *Saturday Night Live* as one of the main cast members! Congrats, Amy—always knew you'd do well! Also, be on the lookout for Ted Murphy and his sixth book in the Belltown Mystery Series called *The Secrets of the Twisted Cross*, which came out in mid-May. Ted just signed a movie deal with Encounter Studios to make the Belltown Mystery Series into a feature film! To get a better idea of what this news is all about, check out his Web site at www.belltownmysteries.com. More congratulations go out to the newly wed and the blessed parents: Liz and Mark "Pez" Peczuh and their four-year-old daughter, Isa, moved to CT last summer, after Pez accepted a position as an assistant chemistry professor at the University of Connecticut. They had their second baby girl, Ana Rose, on November 23. Her baptism was celebrated with lots of BC friends, including Jerome Dano, Rich Ferson, Christopher Clay, Krista McManus, and Julie and Chuck Callery. Michael Dizon (a.k.a. Dizzy) has pursued a medical career and is the last of three brothers to become a doctor and the third generation in his family to pursue surgery. He hopes to consider a subspecialty within surgery. Dizzy's inspiration stems from both his father and his grandfather, and Eric Hubley, mentor and assistant BC wrestling coach. Mike would like to send a special thanks to Dr. Hubley for leading by example not only through sportsmanship but also through professionalism and dedication in the career of medicine.

'94

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The following was submitted by classmates Alyce T. Hatem-Sader and Nancy Drane. —Editor
Congratulations and best wishes to Tracey (Johns) Delp and her husband, Dennis, on the birth of their son, Ethan James, born on May 17, 2002. Ethan weighed 9 lbs., 1.8 oz. and was twenty-one inches long. Tracey is a felony narcotics prosecutor in Baltimore City, and Dennis is a lieutenant in the Baltimore County Police Department. The Delp family resides in Bel Air, MD. Some news from Mods 2-A and 2-B, whose '94 alums have recently convened for several baby showers! Deb (Nugent) Lussier graduated from Boston College Law School and is an associate at Ropes & Gray in Boston in their corporate department. Deb and husband Jamie welcomed Isabelle Kay Lussier in May. Shireen (Pesez) Rhoades and husband Dave welcomed Thomas Malcolm Rhoades to their family in April. Before the arrival of Thomas, Sheri was a third- and fourth-grade teacher in Boxford. After a stint teaching junior high in Chicago, Nancy Drane graduated from Loyola University School of Law with a specialization in child and family law. Nancy is currently living in Hartford, CT, and is a law clerk for Dominic Squatrito of the U.S. District Court, District of Connecticut. Erin (Miller) Spaulding also lives in the Hartford area, with husband Michael and daughter Kate, now two. Erin works in pediatrics as a certified child life specialist at Yale-New Haven Children's Hospital. Lori MacDonald lives in Vienna, VA, with her husband, Phil Chu. After traveling the world and serving as an English teacher in Thailand, Lori settled back in the States as a senior project manager at Capital One. The group's urban connection is Elizabeth O'Hearn, who is an event planner in NYC and a resident of Hoboken, NJ. Josie Losada, a new homeowner, is a Spanish teacher at Greenwich (CT) High School. Beth Coyle is currently a fifth-grade teacher in Salem, and she serves as the tailgate coordinator of the entire crowd!

'95

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Attention: I have a new address (and a couple new initials!) as of June 2002. Greetings again, class of 1995 ... it's been nice hearing from so many of you, but what about those who've lost touch? Let me know where you are and what you're doing. You may be reunited with an old friend or hear about someone living down the street. Since the Celtics and the Red Sox have done so well (by the date of submission, anyhow), I foresee an exciting year of the more important Boston sports ... let's get out to those games! My only update is that I've started a residency in surgery at the University of Connecticut, and I'm now living in hard-hittin' New Britain, CT (home of the Rock Cats!). Please note the address change for correspondence. Bethany (DeTar) Gillen and her husband, Jim, welcomed their first child, James Joseph, on October 18, 2001. Congratulations! I was contacted a while back by Matt Chapuran, who wanted to share some of his recent good news! He has been named the

managing director of the Nora Theatre Company of Cambridge and in April 2002, joined the cast of Improv Asylum located in the company's North End theater. Those classmates who know Matt from My Mother's Fleabag should know that he's elated about these projects. Any classmates who would like to contact him may do so at matthchapuran@yahoo.com. Tara Murphy wrote a great catch-up letter. She's still in Beantown, working in development of affordable housing. She attended Tufts graduate school for a degree in policy and planning. Tara sends a memory about Pete Mulligan, a classmate who was lost in the tragedies of September 11. Tara remembers meeting him not at BC, but years earlier, when vacationing in Breezy Point. Pete's family's home was next door to hers; it was years later while at BC that they'd made the connection. John Daniello sends his regards to the class of 1995. Since graduating, John has been working with Goldman Sachs's credit risk management group. In March 2002, he relocated to London from Tokyo as an executive director! Congratulations, and keep moving up, John! Alexandra (Zilberman) Curtis and husband Paul '96 welcomed another future eagle to their family. David Leonard was born March 16 and weighed in at 7 lbs., 7oz. Congratulations to the family! Gregory Donovan married Suzanne Kelley '93 on April 6, 2002, at St. Ignatius Church, followed by a reception at Woodland Golf Club in Newton. Class of '95 attendees included Michael Mingolelli, Brittany and Brian Hardiman, Patrick Devine, Marc Cataldo and his wife, Tom Godino, Rebecca and Matthew Carroll, John Redmond, Peter Kullman, Sam Coleman, Jay Donnelly, Greg Smith, Amy and Michael Maguire, David Hartnett, Christopher Murray, Michael Lutz and Christopher Frassetto. Gregory and Suzanne reside in South Boston. Dave Finnegan is living in Newton and recently completed a master of business administration at Suffolk University, with a concentration in marketing. He's landed a new job as a corporate marketing manager with Holliday Fenoglio Fowler, a commercial real estate and investment firm. For those of you who are wondering about Marvin Chow, he's been living in the West Village of NYC. He recently raised more than \$1,000 for the AIDS Walk and has been volunteering with A Cause for Paws dog adoption service and with Habitat for Humanity in Brooklyn. Marvin is working at Nickelodeon as a marketing director and loves life with *SpongeBob SquarePants* and *Blue's Clues*. Though Marvin is loving life in Gotham, he's relatively new to the city ... anyone else around? E-mail him at marvin@nospoon.com. Since starting medical school, I've continually run into Joli Gatzen, who married Steve Goodwin, a dentist; currently she is teaching at King Phillip School in West Hartford, CT. It's always a pleasure to run into her; she's always smiling! Lastly, just before submitting this column, I received an e-mail from an old chemistry lab buddy, Bill Aippersbach, who is now a dentist, having received his degree from University of Pittsburgh in 2000. After some deliberation and concern about fighting for the efforts against plaque and gingivitis, Bill, with his bride, Erika, joined the Navy, first as a boot camp dentist in Chicago. They are now calling Patuxent River, MD, their home. Bill and Erika welcomed their first child, Liam Michael, to the family on May 18. Congratulations and good teething to the Aippersbachs. The

tragedies of September 11 left us to remember many loved ones, family and friends. The class of 1995 lost a dear friend to many, Peter Mulligan. Please remember Pete and his family in your thoughts and prayers.

'96

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On a drizzly Boston day last April, a bunch of guys who once played on BC's varsity lacrosse team returned to Chestnut Hill for an alumni game. Our class was very well represented. Many of the players traveled from out of town to relive their lacrosse glory days. They included John Ashe, Brian Cashin, Dave Clune, Andrew Fellingham, Greg Lally and Matt Prybylski. Happy news for Dave Clune; he married Robyn Rozycki in Chicago on March 9, 2002. Upon graduation from Fordham Law School in May, Dave will be working as an assistant district attorney in Manhattan. Robyn graduated from Columbia Business School in May and will be working for IBM in marketing. Guests at their wedding included Alexis Geier, Steve Bourtin, Jim Ferris, Greg Howells, Scott Lisbon, Pat Quinn, Paul Selin, Alexi Siglin, Brooke Pearson and Chrissie Sovik '97. One of the most fun weddings I've been to was last November, when Matt Keswick married Loren Devereaux, a Regis College grad, at St. Ignatius. They met a few years ago when both worked for former governor, Paul Cellucci. Jimmy Faletta, Marc LeDuc, Brian Woods and I were among the groomsmen, and Crissy Callaghan was a reader. Many BC folks were up for the Thanksgiving weekend wedding. The couple honeymooned in HI, then moved into a home in Norton. Matt has a government-relations consulting business, and Loren works for a healthcare company in Providence, RI. Kristina (Healey) Ierardi graduated from the Lynch Graduate School of Education in 1996 with an master of education in higher education administration. She recently became the coordinator of Career Planning and Placement at Cape Cod Community College. April Skou writes that she spent last year learning how to fly helicopters as part of the Army's flight program in Fort Rucker, AL. Now, she's moving on to piloting planes. "I'll be heading off to KS for six weeks for a course and then out to AZ for six weeks and then back to Korea for another year," she wrote back in March. "Hopefully, I'll go to Europe after that. I will be flying recon missions, which are similar to the Navy aircraft that went down in China." (Except, hopefully, the crash-landing part.) April adds that she wants to run the Great Wall Marathon in China while stationed in Korea and also that she would like to visit Australia. Michael Pizarro married his "college sweetheart" Marian Tanglaw on August 26, 2000. Marian works at Deloitte & Touche Tohmatsu as a senior auditor. Michael opened MJM International Corp., which distributes HVAC/R equipment on Guam and in the Philippines. Angel (Ongcapin) Barrios attended Michael and Marian's wedding. Angel married Karl Barrios recently. They met at Columbia graduate school and now reside in CA. Michael also filled me in on some other class of '96ers: Brian Wong resides in NY. He works for NBC. Bernard Lee just came back from Hong Kong. He works as a computer

consultant in San Francisco. And Dave Leong is in Boston going to graduate school. Baby news: Molly (Thilman) Smith and her husband, Sam, welcomed Hayden James Smith on February 13, 2002. He weighed 7 lbs., 14 oz. and was 21 inches long. The family lives in TX. Sam's younger sister, Daphne Smith (a.k.a. Molly's roommate at BC), plays the role of proud aunt very well. Friend Loretta Shing, who is a buyer for Baby Gap and, therefore, something of an expert on these matters, reports that Hayden has "million-dollar cheeks." Ed and Jackie Barnaby welcomed Olivia Therese Barnaby into the world on February 27, 2002, at 3:25 P.M. She weighed 7 lbs., 14 oz. and was 20 inches long. The Barnaby three live in Westport, CT, where they are building a home. Paul Curtis and his wife, Alexandra (Zilberman) '95, had a baby boy March 16, named David Leonard. He weighed 7 lbs., 7 oz. and was 19 inches long. Paul says mother and son are doing well.

'97

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Thanks to all of you who returned to campus for our fifth-year reunion; the turnout was tremendous. And I think I can safely say that it was just like old times. I'm looking forward to seeing you all again in another five years. And now for the notes. Congratulations to Amy Moore and Sol Sund, who were married in a beautiful ceremony in San Francisco on May 18, 2002. BC alumni who celebrated with them include John Minardo, the officiant; Ted Franchetti, the best man; Sabrina Bracco, a bridesmaid; Mike (a groomsman) and Jessica (Tamburrino) Morris; Brian and Liz (Taranto) Millett; Allison Moosally; Mary-Jo Quatrone; Sacha Birkmaier; Margo Rivera; John Amore; Sarah Taylor; Shana Carroll; Linda (Song) and Andrew Wendel; Sam Raia; Suzanne Egan; Cameron Ward; and Jim Beltis and Stephanie Aranyos '00. The couple enjoyed a fabulous honeymoon in Bali before heading straight to our fifth reunion. Allison Moosally graduated with a doctor of medicine degree from Medical College of Pennsylvania, Hannehman, this past May, and she is now in a dermatology residence program at the Cleveland Clinic. Athena Xifaras graduated with a doctor of medicine degree from the University of Massachusetts Medical School. Cameron Ward married Melyn Roberson on April 6, 2002, in Roswell, GA. BC alumni who attended include Sol and Amy Moore Sund, John Minardo, Ted Franchetti, Suzanne Egan, Liz and Brian Millett, Jessica and Mike Morris. Susan Fitzgerald married Claudinei de Lima, of Jauru, Mato Grosso, Brazil, whom she met in Boston the October after graduation. They were married in a beautiful little church near her hometown of Haddon Heights, NJ, on September 23, 2000, and honeymooned in HI. Lisa Ianelli was Susan's maid of honor. In attendance from BC were Alexandre Chan '99, Paul Denoly '99, Leslie Tsai '99 and Hannah Glover '98. Susan is assistant facilities manager at Testa, Horwitz & Tibbeaut, and she and Nei live in Boston. Kelly Cook was married in May 2002 to Matthew Gordon, a Needham native. They currently reside in Atlanta. He is a consultant for Price Waterhouse Coopers, and she is a financial analyst for Delta Air Lines. In attendance at

their wedding were the following BC grads: Erica Johnson, Tom Villiotte '99, Eric and Michelle (Lee) Ratican, Andreina (Crimmins) North, Joanne Liu '98, Dave Safaii '98, Erin (Prendergast) Tetreault, Ashleigh Aitken, Melissa Sullivan and Danielle Durant. In the bridal party were Maryellen Thomson, Gail Reinalda and Julie Buszuwski. Lauren Cleaveland was married to John Fahey on July 14, 2002, in NJ, and they currently reside in Waltham. Lauren's college roommate Maggie Carty introduced them. Lauren graduated in May 2002 from Boston University with a master of special education. Meredith Byrne begins the master of business administration program at Duke University's Fuqua School of Business this fall. Justina Cintron graduated from Albany Law School in May 2000 and was admitted to practice law in NY in January 2001. While a student at Albany Law School, she met her husband-to-be, David Perino, who now works as assistant counsel to the NYS Legislative Bill Drafting Commission. After working briefly for the Ayco Co. as a staff attorney and financial planner, Justina returned to Albany Law School to work as a staff attorney for the law school's Government Law Center. She and David were married on January 19, 2002, in Albany, NY, and spent two wonderful weeks honeymooning in Maui. Alumni in attendance included: Anthony Archbald and Christine Toma. Please note my new address.

'98

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REUNION YEAR
MAY 30 TO JUNE 1

Hello, class of 1998! I hope you all had a fabulous summer. Our five-year reunion is next May! Stay tuned for more details from our reunion planning committee, and mark your calendars! Here are your updates: Autumn Davis and Christopher Moran were married on August 2, 2002. The ceremony was held at the Carmel Mission in Carmel, CA, and the reception was at the Holman Ranch in the Carmel Valley. Kristin Connelly was married to Tim O'Shea (Trinity '95) in August 2002 in Philadelphia. Carolyn Klemballa is residing in NJ with her sister, Tricia '01, teaching middle school in Kinnelon, NJ. She finished her master's degree in education at Seton Hall University in May of 2000, with a concentration in technology. Carolyn is currently a doctoral student for a program in higher education and hopes to be teaching at the collegiate level in the future. She also works as an adjunct in Seton Hall's undergraduate education department. Carolyn was at all of the Yankee playoff and World Series games last fall also! Her roommates from Mod 13-A, Tricia Pompilio, Jennifer Hart, Cecily Quackenbush, Izabela Suchecki and Elizabeth Tobey, still get together frequently. Steve Kaden is an orthopedic sales consultant for Sulzer Orthopedics on Long Island. Allen Seto and Chris Vance are roommates in NYC. Allen works for Merrill Lynch and Chris works for Goldman Sachs in NY. The three of them spent last summer in the Hamptons. Last August they threw a '98 reunion party and the following were in attendance: Janice Keith, Dave Dlott and Eric DiVincenzo. Megan Cowan '99 drove down from the Boston area. Dave is currently at Northeastern Law, and Eric passed the bar

exam in 2001. Brian Barnett flew up from FL, where he is attending Florida State graduate school for master of business administration and juris doctor degrees. Dan Roth flew in from Chicago and is doing well. Roger Connolly attended and is currently employed by Lillian Vernon. Also in attendance were Susie Paglieri and Darryl Kowal, who were married on April 5. Joe Isaia moved back to NY from CA in the fall of 2001 and is living once again in Westchester County. Brad Stoesser, Adam Berry '99 and Steve drove down to Nashville for the BC bowl game in December, where they ran into old roommate Kate Prior, who is doing great. Henry "Jodi" Dolch is currently at medical school in Philadelphia and comes up to NY to visit when he can. Joe, Roger, Thomas Zottner, Steve, Darryl, Freddy Martinez, Ricky Maas and Jeff Hill went to the Bahamas in March for Darryl's bachelor party. Jessica Downey graduated from Tulane Law School in May of 2001 and is currently living in Dallas, TX, clerking for Paul D. Stickney at the U.S. District Court, Northern District of Texas. Tommy Rea is working with Bryan Cave LLP, a law firm in St. Louis, MO, and was married on April 27 in St. Louis to Kristin Westfall (Indiana '98). Tommy had the pleasure of spending his bachelor party in New Orleans with Jamie Heffernan, Chris Caras, Joey Aleardi and Sean Andersen '97. Jamie Heffernan was in the wedding and Chris Caras, Mike Mahoney, Sean Andersen, Tia Grzymkowski, Kristin Pugh, Stephanie Vincent and Jen Briggs '99 attended. Mike Garrido has been in L.A. for about a year working in debt and private-equity finance with the George Elkins Co. Before that he worked for KPMG consulting in Melbourne and Sydney, Australia, for three years. He got the chance to work on a consulting engagement for IBM for the 2000 Olympics. In the summer of 1998, three recent BC graduates traveled to Central America, where they lived as international Jesuit volunteers. Luca Venza (who lived in Nicaragua) and Linda (Dipaola) Velasquez and Stephanie Galeota (who both lived in Belize) reunited in Washington, DC, this past Easter over Tex-Mex. Katrina A. Steiling was awarded a doctor of medicine degree from Boston University School of Medicine. Katrina earned her undergraduate degree in biochemistry and psychology. After completing a residency at Boston Medical Center in internal medicine, Katrina hopes to continue to provide health care to underserved urban communities. Jill Winters signed a two-book deal with Penguin Putnam, Inc. Her first novel, *Plum Girl*, was scheduled for a summer 2002 release. Jill has been working on her second book. JonMarc Buffa joined the law firm of Arter & Hadden LLP as associate in their Los Angeles office last November.

'99

Class Notes Editor
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The following was submitted by classmate Lauren Pandolfe. —Editor

A benefit was held in April of this year for the Kevin Williams Foundation at Great Scott in Allston. The benefit was put on by Kevin's friends in Boston, including fellow classmates Steve Rossetti and Dan Donnellan. Other classmates in attendance included: Scott Weigman, Jay Boyer, Tom Villiotte, Steve Sechko, Matt Larson, Matt Whitbread, Kara

Madaus, Pat McMahon, Jay Ruel, Eric Turner, Mark DiGregorio, Ryan Driscoll, Amy Minella, Mariel Estrada and many others. Over \$3000 was raised for the fund. The Williams family set up the Kevin Williams Memorial Fund to help underprivileged children on Long Island play baseball, the game Kevin loved. If you would like to donate, send contributions to the Kevin Williams Memorial Fund, P.O. Box 110, Shoreham, NY 11786. It is now known that our classmate Welles Crowther took part in the rescue efforts on the morning of September 11, choosing to risk his own life to save others rather than evacuate the building himself. Welles, a volunteer firefighter since age sixteen, was found among other rescue personnel. He was also identified by survivors as the man who escorted them to safety from the upper floors of the tower. The *Journal News* reports on the hero with the red bandana at www.thejournalnews.com/news-room/061002/1oredbandana.html.

'00

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Hello, class of 2000! Congratulations to Lauren Hostage and Pete Rankel, who were married on December 29, 2001, in Arlington, VA. Fellow classmates Marissa Marzilli and Mike McCarthy were in the wedding party. Lauren and Pete are currently living in the Washington, DC, area. Lauren is a full-time resident director at Catholic University, and Pete is a mathematics graduate student at the University of Maryland. Rafael Castillo recently completed his first year of medical school at the University of Santo Tomas Faculty of Medicine and Surgery in Manila, Philippines. Michael Tynan is working as an associate account executive at Frank Crystal & Co., Inc., an insurance brokerage in lower Manhattan. Also in NY are Andrew Nation, who is a graduate student in organic chemistry at Columbia University, and Christine Dziadul, who is a senior associate at Moody's Investor Service in their commercial mortgage backed securities division. The three are enjoying NYC and spend time together when they can. Thanks for all the great updates. Keep in touch and keep the exciting news coming.

'01

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Hello again, class of 2001! Congratulations to all of the December '01 graduates that walked in the May graduation ceremony. Our class was well represented. Remember to send me your news for Class Notes—graduations, weddings, promotions, babies—your classmates want to know. Enjoy the rest of the summer!

'02

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The following was submitted by classmate Suzanne Harte. —Editor

I hope that everyone is having a great summer and that those of you who have started work

already are enjoying yourselves. It would be great if you could send updates on what is going on in your life. If you are traveling, working or hanging out with any of our classmates, please let us know and it will appear in Class Notes. I hope you're all adjusting well to being out in the "real world," and we look forward to hearing from you soon.

CARROLL SCHOOL

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Jonathan Cressy MBA '02 and wife Helen welcomed their first child, Alden Thomas, in June 2002. Francesco Calabro Menghini MBA '01 returned to Italy in July 2001 and is working in his family business, a Mercedes-Benz distribution company. Joseph Downing MSF '00 recently coauthored a book entitled *Information Markets: What Business Can Learn From Financial Innovation*. Christopher Kubala MBA '99 joined Merrill Lynch in Charlotte, NC, as a financial advisor in July 2001. Theodore Trevens MBA '99 is the owner and nonprofit consultant of Dynamic Solution Associates, of Somerville. Luis Borgen MSF '98 was recently promoted to vice president and assistant treasurer at Staples in Framingham. Douglas Rothstein MBA '98 recently joined Polachi & Co., of Sherborn, as principal. Graeme Jarvis MBA '97 recently joined GeoVantage, Inc., of Swampscott, as their vice president of business operations. Peter Witt MBA '93 and his wife, Susan, welcomed the birth of Annika Isabelle, their first child, in December. Peter continues to work as a manager for German management-consulting firm J. R. Bechtle in Boston. Dale Marie Merrill MBA '92 has opened her own law office in Cambridge. Chris McDonald MBA '91 was recently promoted to regional sales manager at UPS Capital Corp., of Wayland, a subsidiary of United Parcel Service. Tarun Puri MBA '90 and wife Simi gave birth to their second child, Athena, in February 2002. Their first child, Rushil, is a happy three-year-old big brother. Tarun lives in Singapore and is vice president and manager at Mizvho Corporate Bank, Ltd. Robert Flaherty MBA '65 was appointed as vice president of private banking and investments for HSBC, of Boston. We want to hear from you! Share your latest news with us via e-mail at gsom.alumni@bc.edu or call us at 617-552-4479.

CAS

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This is my first writing of Class Notes since the change in name of the evening college to the James A. Woods College of Advancing Studies on May 10. It was a memorable day in the history of Boston College, where there was standing room only at the Robsham Theater, as people joined to celebrate the dedication of the James A. Woods College of Advancing Studies. The reflections were given by Rezene Berhane MS '01 and Catherine Hayes '83. Craig Sullivan '64, chairman and CEO of the Clorox Co. provided the audience with remarks interjected with humorous stories about his teenage escapades while at Cromwell and how Father Woods handled the situation. The generosity of Kate and Bob Devlin made this day possible. I

feel blessed in that I have known Father Woods for almost thirty-three years, and nobody deserves anything more than he does; I consider him to be a wonderful human being, a good Christian and a dedicated priest. Jill McGillen '80 has started a business called Next Turn, providing coaching and training in career development. Good luck, Jill! Kathy Cantwell McCarthy's '75 son, Tom, graduated from BC in 2001, and her daughter, Sheila, just completed her junior year at BC. Tina O'Rourke '93, after many years with Price Waterhouse Coopers, recently accepted a position with Summit Partners, a venture-capital firm in Boston. Congratulations and good luck in your new position, Tina. I met Anne Foley '53 and her husband, John; Sister Joanne Westwater '55; Julie Hurley McCarthy '53; Mary Dacey McLaughlin '53; Christine Buckley '53; Eileen Dowcett '55; John Doucett '51; Ed Croke '49; and Mary Croke '49 at an alumni reunion dinner held at Walsh Hall on June 1. The class of '53 was well represented, as was the in-town alumni. All in attendance agreed that the Mass was beautiful and the homily given by Father Blackwood '62 was refreshing. A special thank you to Judy Lyons '98, current president of the Woods College of Advancing Studies alumni, for all her hard work and preparation in planning the dinner. Congratulations to Joseph M. "Jody" Lydon, Jr. '98 and his wife, Rose, on the birth of their twin sons, Joseph Matthew and Daniel Dana (named after their grandfathers), born on March 27, 2002. They were baptized at the Holy Name Church on June 16, at 2:00 P.M. The proud grandparents are Joe and Peggy Lydon, of Hyde Park, and Dan and Sally Donovan, of Weston. Jody and Rose have recently returned to the Boston area from NY and are now living in West Roxbury. CAS graduates: If you have any news, please write to me.

GA&S

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David P. Lang GA&S '93 has notified us that his book, titled *Why Matter Matters: Philosophical and Scriptural Reflections on the Sacraments*, has been accepted for publication by Our Sunday Visitor and is scheduled to be released in September. He invites everyone to purchase a copy. Our congratulations and best wishes to David for continued success!

GSON

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Carol Glod MS '83, PhD '95 recently received an Independent Investigator Award from the National Alliance for Research on Schizophrenia and Depression for her research on the effectiveness of antidepressants in adolescents. Elizabeth Ptaszynski Howard MS '79 was recently awarded a grant from the U.S. Department of Health and Human Services for the development of new courses in the geriatrics specialty at Northeastern University, where she is an associate professor. Margaret Smith Hamilton MS '73, professor at Northeastern University School of Nursing, has been selected as a Hartford Institute Geriatric Nursing Research Fellow for 2002. Barbara Russell Kelley MS '66 has been chosen as a Fulbright scholar, during which she will teach pediatric nursing and qualitative

research in India. She is an associate professor at Northeastern University School of Nursing. Joanne O'Sullivan MS '97 was awarded the Clinical Innovations Award by the BC chapter of Sigma Theta Tau for her work in a walk-in clinic for street youth. Congratulations to Margaret Kearney MS '87, who has been selected as a fellow in the American Academy of Nursing. Maggie is an associate professor at the SON. Karen Aroian MS '79 is the Katharine Faville Professor at the College of Nursing at Wayne State University. Dolores Graceffa GA&S '81 reports that she has been appointed to the Perinatal Nurse Content Expert Panel, responsible for developing the examinations for nurse certification programs given in the United States and internationally, by the American Nurses Credentialing Center in Washington, DC. She is also a faculty member at Lawrence Memorial/Regis College Collaborative ASN Program. She lives in Sudbury with her husband, Bob '74, and children, Justin and Christina, who is a member of the class of 2004.

GSSW

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Kelly Turley MSW '02 was the inaugural recipient of the Franciscan Spirit Medal at Siena College. The award recognizes a young Siena College alumnus/a who has demonstrated unusual self-sacrifice and efforts in dealing with problems of underprivileged and disadvantaged persons. She will complete her master's degree in pastoral ministry this fall.

LYNCH SCHOOL

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The School of Education is celebrating its fiftieth anniversary this year and will host special events October 24. Visit www.bc.edu/lynchschoalumni for more information. Mary Sunderland Mahony CAES '89 (special education) has recently published her third book, *Stand Tall, Harry* (Redding Press, 2002). The book, aimed at readers age nine to twelve, is about an African American boy who is bused from the city to the suburbs for schooling. He becomes interested in chess and learns he has scoliosis (lateral curvature of the spine). Mary, mother of three and a Belmont resident, is an elementary resource teacher. Her first book, *What Can I Give You?* chronicles her daughter's experience with congenital scoliosis, and her other book, *There's an 'S' on My Back*, also aimed at preadolescent readers, is about a fifth-grader diagnosed with scoliosis. Nicole (Malec) Kenyon MEd '99 (elementary education) has recently joined the staff at GSSW as director of marketing and communications. Nicole had been a technology consultant and multimedia developer at BC previously and teaches media technology courses. Mother of three, Nicole is married to Nathaniel Kenyon, director of communications at BC Law School. Carol Caporiccio Quintiliani MEd '99 (educational psychology) is executive assistant to the executive director of the BC Alumni Association. She resides in Watertown.

LAW

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ALUMNI ASSOCIATION CLUB NOTES

Dear Boston College/Newton College Alumnus/a:

As the summer comes to a close, the excitement is building for another academic year at the Alumni Association. Looking back on the past few months, we have enjoyed attending great club events in New York City, Portland, Maine, and Albany, New York. Special thanks go out to club presidents Michael Wirin '89, Ken Pierce '79, Nancy Bielawa '85 and their respective teams, for their efforts in successfully connecting Boston College alumni, parents and friends in their areas on behalf of Boston College.

I'd like to thank our new team of volunteers in Fairfield County, Connecticut, for their hard work in launching our newest club in July. Sean Burke '94, Dave Frankel '93, Dave Telep '96 and Carolyn Zambelli '96, have worked hard to organize their steering committee, and we expect great things from them in the coming months. Below is a list of current alumni clubs and their leaders in cities, regions and countries around the world. If you would like to learn more about clubs, contact me at jack.moynihan@bc.edu or at 617-552-4752.

I am also excited with the arrival of our new associate director for communications, Kirsten K. Hammann '94. We will work together to provide you with state-of-the-art volunteer resources designed to maximize your roles as ambassadors for Boston College. Among the numerous resources currently being developed is a National Club Leader Handbook, which will be available both in hard copy and online.

I'd also like to take this opportunity to discuss our new partnership with the Athletic Association: FanFest 2002. We are very excited to be able to offer this interactive experience to all of our alumni who attend home football games this year. FanFest 2002 will take place before each and every home game, inside the Flynn Recreational Complex. Beginning two hours prior to kick-off, fans will be able to enjoy food and refreshments, interactive games, live radio broadcasts, visits from our mascot and cheerleaders, and much more. Private receptions will also be offered for clubs and classes. For further details, please feel free to contact me.

As Grace mentioned, we are also looking forward to tailgating on the road, with receptions planned prior to our games against the Miami Hurricanes, Pittsburgh Panthers and the Fighting Irish of Notre Dame. Individual travel packages are available for all of our away games. Please refer to www.bc.edu/alumni or www.quinwell.com for further details. I look forward to continued travel in the coming months and discussing our future plans.

Thank you to all club and class volunteers for your hard work and dedication in the past year. With your invaluable assistance, the year ahead will hold even more possibility for growth and opportunities for connecting Boston College alumni throughout the world.

I enjoy hearing from alumni with questions, comments or concerns. Please don't hesitate to contact me regarding the club in your area or your interest in seeing one develop!

Go Eagles!

Jack Moynihan
Senior Associate Director



PHOENIX, AZ
LOS ANGELES, CA
ORANGE COUNTY, CA
SAN DIEGO, CA
NORTHERN CALIFORNIA
FAIRFIELD COUNTY, CT

HARTFORD, CT
DENVER, CO
WASHINGTON, DC
MIAMI, FL
NAPLES, FL
ORLANDO, FL
PALM BEACH, FL

SARASOTA, FL
TAMPA BAY, FL
CHICAGO, IL
INDIANAPOLIS, IN
BALTIMORE, MD
PORTLAND, ME
CAPE COD, MA

Martin S. Ridge '67
Harry R. Hirshorn '89
Kenton Brooks '91
Peter J. Salmon '88
Julie C. Finora '93
Linda Song Wendel '97
Sean Burke '94
Dave Frankel '93
Dave Telep '93
Carolyn Zambelli '96
Marco Pace '93
Christopher M. Doran '68
Carrie McNamara '88
Misty Wheeler '86
Christopher K. Heaslip '86
Robert P. Vilece '89
Michael DiForio '98
Richard Ewing '98
William F. Hackett '66
Cam Van Noord '76
Charles Rego '92
Stephen E. Ferrucci '87, Law '90
George Russell '75
Kenneth D. Pierce '79
John T. Driscoll '49

WESTERN MASSACHUSETTS
WORCESTER, MA
MINNEAPOLIS, MN

ST. LOUIS, MO
MANCHESTER, NH
NORTHERN NEW JERSEY
NORTHEASTERN NEW YORK
NEW YORK, NY
ROCHESTER, NY
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GREAT BRITAIN

GREECE

Robert T. Crowley, Jr. '70
Francis J. McGarry '61
Mary Moulton '96
Roshan Rajkumar '95
Robert J. Fanning '86
David Horan Law '77
Lawrence A. P. Joel '87
Nancy G. Spadaro Bielawa '85
R. Michael Wirin '89
Richard J. Evans '83
John J. Petosa '87
Denis P. Dunn '88
Charles F. Lanzieri '74
John G. Sherlock '87
Brian '92 and Suzanne Walters '92
Lisa J. King '81
Christine M. Horstman '92
Julie Biggane '98
Kristen M. Johnson '98
Andrew G. Docktor '86
Jim McDonnell '88
Bryan McLaughlin '95
Dave Krupinski '88

IN MEMORIAM

1928 Henry J. Ballem Charles T. Durgin	04/02 03/02	1943 Edward W. Greenlaw	01/02	Raymond J. Melican Edward Roche Powers	03/02 05/02	John P. Cuniff Anne K. Ryan	05/02 04/01
1930 Thomas G. Perkins	03/01	1944 Eugene G. Laforet Joseph P. O'Donnell	06/02 06/02	1954 Joseph C. Breen, III Irene Cyr, SCIM James H. Kelley John C. McAvinn Jerome A. Monaghan John J. Wieners	04/02 01/02 04/02 03/02 10/01 03/02	1967 Penny J. Fall	12/01
1931 Edwin F. Trueman	10/01	1945 Thomas J. Colbert, Jr.	03/02	1955 Garrett H. Dalton, Jr. Conway F. Phillips William M. Sherry	02/02 04/02 04/00	1968 Arthur W. Caggiano, Jr.	05/02
1932 J. Stanley Curran John R. Sennott	10/01 03/02	1946 Paul V. Chipman	03/02	1956 Dexter C. Gilligan Mary Fay (Stiles) Verville	04/02 02/02	1970 Carol Anne (Roberts) Donovan Margaret M. Handrahan	04/02 05/02
1934 James S. Kavanah William J. Noonan George J. Williams	05/02 04/02 05/02	1947 Rose Ring Carroll	03/02	1957 Bernard F. O'Neil, Jr. Harriet Reilly Spellman	02/02 04/02	1971 Eugene J. Ferris, Jr. Linnea S. Probst	04/02 05/00
1935 James F. McDonough	06/02	1948 James A. Boudreau Lawrence H. O'Brien Cornelius J. Scanlon	03/02 02/02 02/02	1958 John J. Dacey Robert G. Lefebvre Edward G. Sullivan Joseph P. Warner	04/02 01/02 06/02 06/02	1973 Herbert C. Benjamin Judee Mader Roberts	03/01 05/02
1936 Leo J. Horgan Francis X. Mahoney Claudia M. Murphy	01/02 01/02 03/02	1949 Robert E. Bidwell William F. Connolly Edward J. Curran James M. Fitzgerald Joseph J. Lane Gertrude Quinn	02/02 05/02 04/02 09/01 05/02 04/02	1959 Donald J. Allard Nancy A. Holman Carmine M. Massimilla Paul G. Touhey	05/02 04/02 06/01 03/02	1976 Alice A. (Connelly) Gibney Peter Garrett McEttrick	04/02 04/02
1937 Peter G. Veracka	04/02	1950 Frederick J. Buckley F. Richard Drennan Robert A. MacInnes Joseph H. McCaffrey Edmund C. Wessling	02/02 04/02 01/02 03/02 04/02	1960 Peter D. Hickey, SJ David G. Whitman	02/02 07/01	1977 Constance H. Bernstein	03/02
1938 John P. Gately George W. Maibach	09/00 04/02	1951 Mary Cajetan Finneran, CSJ	03/02	1961 Edward A. Harrison, Jr. Lauretta L. Sweeney	07/01 06/02	1978 Marvin E. Frankel	03/02
1939 James L. Cadigan, Sr. George J. Devlin Simeon E. Legendre, Jr.	05/02 03/02 05/02	1952 William H. Burkhead Arthur F. Cassidy J. Vasmar Dalton Nancy I. (Haggerty) Dempsey	06/01 04/02 05/02 04/02	1962 Richard N. Hart, Jr. Anthony M. Lorusso	05/02 03/02	1979 Patricia E. (Ceglarski) Cassidy James G. Ghirardi III	10/01 05/02
1940 William F. Brinkert Thomas P. Martin, Jr. Bernard J. Oates William J. Powers Russell RJ Sheerin Raymond J. Thomas	05/02 08/00 06/02 09/01 09/01 03/02	1953 Louis J. Celozzi Robert E. Driscoll Thomas J. Gibbons, SJ	02/02 03/02 02/02	1963 Thomas F. McMorrow	04/02	1981 Jill S. (Hornig) Buttrick Richard I. Kaner Sharon J. Yokaitis	03/02 04/01 06/02
1941 Thomas R. Donelin Patrick J. Doyle William J. Fitzgerald Leo C. Magri Rosemary Daly O'Neill Joseph P. Zabilski	05/02 10/00 02/02 05/02 11/01 04/02	1954 Charles J. Grady, CSS Michael J. McCarthy Charles M. Sheehan	03/02 03/02 02/02	1964 Louis J. Coletti Ralph H. Wedholm	04/02 04/02	1982 John Pierce Volk	08/01
1942 William J. Freni Robert A. Harris Helen McNally Joseph J. Pazniokas Francis B. Sullivan	01/01 06/01 01/02 12/01 02/02			1965 Jane Bacon Bosak Gerard J. O'Neil	03/02 10/00	1985 Rodney B. Chin	04/02
				1966 David A. Bachrach	03/02	1990 Eileen M. Burke	04/02
						1999 Karen E. Swymer Shanahan	04/02

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During the month of November, the BC Alumni Association will post your remembrances in St. Mary's Church. Please share with us the names of the people you would like remembered, by returning this slip to the address below. You may also send your remembrances by e-mail to classnotes@bc.edu with the subject line "Remembrances."

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says, "what I call the 'we have never done it that way before' syndrome."

Other religious groups without much historical drag—including the Foursquare Gospel Church founded by radio's Aimee Semple McPherson—came online soon after the pagans. But few of them made good use of the Net's novel technology. Christian fundamentalists in particular began to appear online in the early 1990s, "but with less pizzazz," Brasher says. "They wanted to let the world know 'the truth,' and as they believe that truth is powerful, invested less time in making it palatable." Some evangelicals were technically ambitious, placing volumes of Bible concordances online, but most of the sites looked more like print advertisements, showing address and contact information with short descriptions of the church's mission. When mainline religions staked their claims on the Net during the mid-1990s, their sites had a similar, simplistic feel.

BUT EVEN IN THE mid-1990s, most of the religious sites springing up were, like their predecessors, unofficial, with a populist focus on back-and-forth communication. And in religions with strong institutional structures, it was lay men and women who jumped online with the most gusto. Among Catholics there was Bud McFarlane, Jr., the self-declared "Guy Who Grew Up in New Jersey." McFarlane is the author of several books aimed at lapsed Catholics—*Pierced by a Sword* (1995) being perhaps the most popular. In 1991, he launched the Mary Foundation to promote love of Jesus' mother, and in 1996 he produced a Web site called CatholiCity (www.catholicity.com).

McFarlane figured that the Net could extend his off-line efforts to engage estranged Catholics and bring them back into the fold. He created CatholiCity after a year of research into Net technology, servers, routers, and Web design. He wanted to push the medium to its limits.

McFarlane built chat rooms, newsletter services, and other interactive components early in the site's life. He even added a webcam in 1997 so visitors could see him at work in his office. Today, his efforts appear to be reaping rewards: about 3 million visitors log onto his site each year. Millions of Catholics, most of whom find the site through simple Web searches, visit regularly to read its content, order free taped sermons, or hang out in the moderated chat rooms.

"It was very hard in the beginning years," McFarlane says. "People just getting online didn't un-

derstand what a Web site was, what hyperlinks did, or even how to respond to an e-mail by cutting and pasting the original message in a reply. But we stuck with it and have no regrets. The Net is the best place to 'be there' for people who are searching for spiritual truth."

For those trying to understand where they belong in the world of religion, the Net has been a place to explore in relative privacy, to find community in anonymity. Miles Daniels, a gay man who's now a project associate with the Pastoral Summit and Congregation Study at the University of North Carolina, Wilmington, says he was about to give up on God when he found religion online. "I discovered spirituality on the Web at a time in life when I felt spiritually lost, helpless, and marginalized from my mainstream denomination—the Assemblies of God," he says. "I started by going to search engines and typing keywords like 'homosexuality and the Bible.' [I was] afraid to sit eye to eye with any minister. The World Wide Web offered both theological insight and stories of others like myself."

Because he could access the Net from home, he could search privately. "I was able to take a spiritual journey which would have never been possible otherwise," he says. "If the Internet had not existed during that period of my life, I am confident my 'coming out of the closet' would have meant my separation from God."

DANIELS'S ENTHUSIASM for Net religion is hardly unique. During the late 1990s and into 2000, dozens of stories appeared in the national press about how the Net was transforming the missionary efforts and even the practice of religions. A handful of scholars and journalists who made on-line religion their specialty exulted over the new, electronic forms of religious experience. Some, like Margaret Wertheim, host of PBS's *Faith and Reason*, argued that the Net could help reinvigorate people's spiritual lives by creating a 21st-century collective soul—an unseen, non-physical space for God. "Cyberspace is helping to bring about an awareness that we are not just physical bodies," she wrote in the journal *Mots Pluriels*. "If this new space can help us to again take seriously the quintessential immaterial aspects of being human then it will be doing us all an immeasurable service."

Other observers focused on the Net's capacity to empower people outside the religious hierarchies. Stephen D. O'Leary and Brenda Brasher—in their 1996 essay, "The Unknown God of the Inter-

SOULS ONLINE

One man's roadmap of religious Web sites

www.IslamiCity.com: One of the most comprehensive religious sites on the Web, IslamiCity offers everything from recorded recitations of the Qur'an (in Arabic, English, Urdu, and Bangla) to instruction (in English) in the basics of the faith. There are games for Muslim youth, chat rooms for adults, and live television feeds from the Qatar-based satellite news station Al-Jazeera. A virtual bazaar sells books, artwork, perfume, and more.

www.gp4teens.com: The on-line teen version of the inspirational Christian magazine *Guideposts* (founded by Dr. Norman Vincent Peale), this site offers dating advice, stories of individual courage, and a bulletin board called "Pray for Me," where kids can solicit and exchanging prayers for personal causes.

http://uberspace.textfiles.com/occult/: Created by Jason Scott, a self-described "computer geek and art guy" in the Boston area, this site is a compendium of the Net's first religious pilgrimages—bulletin board posts from the 1980s on all manner of religious and spiritual topics. Most of the posts speak to paganism, but there is also a list of files "about that nice Jesus Boy."

www.do-not-zzz.com: This elaborate Flash tutorial, produced by the Zen Kodai-ji Temple in Kyoto, Japan, provides basic instruction in how to meditate and how to view the world with a new sense of peace. The same Web master has produced another striking and playful meditation space at www.do-not-zzz.com/zero

www.Aish.com: Aish HaTorah is an international organization dedicated to "re-igniting Jewish pride . . . and building bridges between Jews of all persuasions." Its Web site offers equal measures of history, archaeology, spirituality, and personal advice. Visitors can type a message to be placed in the Western Wall, take a virtual tour of Jerusalem's ancient tunnels, get guidance on their love lives, and submit ethical questions to "Ask the rabbi."

www.lds.org: Mormons were active early in posting religious messages on the Net, and the official Web site of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints is elegant and well-designed. It offers a

wealth of multimedia streams, especially sermons. The Tabernacle Choir is conspicuously absent, but the site is worth checking out for the "Pioneer Story" that recounts, in their own written words, the 18th-century Mormons' exodus from Nauvoo, Illinois, to the valley of the Great Salt Lake.

www.himalayanacademy.com: This site is for anyone looking to take Hindu 101. It offers an explanation of the Nine Beliefs and Four Facts of Hinduism, and provides links to an advanced Master Course. Visitors may sign up to receive a brief e-mail verse daily from Hindu scripture (example: "To utter harsh words when sweet ones would serve / Is like eating unripe fruit when ripe ones are at hand").

www.sikhnet.com: Giving access to radio shows and MP3 music files from Sikh artists, Sikhnet makes the most of the Net's multimedia capabilities. The site has a strong emphasis on youth. Coloring books are available for young children, while teenagers can enter moderated chat rooms to discuss topics like "cigarettes" and the "difference between Judaism and Sikhism." Brilliantly colored clip art, screensavers, and decorative electronic wallpaper for computer screens can be downloaded for free.

www.catholicinternetbroadcastingtv.com: A kind of Catholic TV (and radio) *Guide*, with extensive links to live programming at stations from Omaha to Tampa to Vatican City. Here, visitors can listen to a recorded broadcast of Bishop Fulton Sheen's popular *Life is Worth Living* program from nearly half a century ago. Sheen's sly jokes and charm still hold up.

www.beliefnet.com: Created by Steve Waldman, former national editor at *U.S. News & World Report*, this site just won the 2002 Webby award for best spirituality Web site. It's a kind of interfaith mall, offering one-stop browsing through multimedia meditation guides, prayer circles, and readings, whatever the religion—Bahai, Eastern Orthodox, Jainist, Unitarian Universalist. Don't have a religion? Take the belief-o-matic quiz to find the ideal match.

Damien Cave

The list continues at BCM's Web site: www.bc.edu/bcm

net”—were possibly the first but certainly not the last to suggest that “technologized religion” would be better than old-time religion because it would give voice to those who had tended to be silenced by religious establishments and authorities, including women and gays.

Nevertheless, for every ardent fan like Daniels or Brasher, there seemed to be a critic who needed to be convinced.

“Sober mainstream religious folk have disagreed with what postmodernists celebrate as a liberation in cyberspace—the idea that you can go where you want, when you want,” says Charles Ess, a professor of religion at Drury University who has written extensively on the issue. “From their perspective, being an embodied person and in an embodied community, the physical, is important.”

Traditionalists also have viewed the medium’s non-hierarchical quality with suspicion. “The Net undercuts authority in a way that you couldn’t do with television or radio,” says Marty of the University of Chicago. “With television, what Billy Graham said was it—the finished product. But with the digital revolution, there is no finished product. If I don’t like the story being told, I can insert myself into it.”

POKE AROUND THE NET for a while and you’ll see what Marty and Ess are talking about. Today, more than ever, the Web is full of alternatives to sitting in a pew and singing hymns. A Google search for “God” finds more than 31 million Web sites. A “spirituality” query retrieves more than 2 million. The variety of religious offerings would be enough to make Nietzsche declare that God isn’t dead after all but split into millions of megabytes. There are sites that let you listen to Christian pop music (www.acaza.com) or view a 3-D, computer-generated rendering of the Shroud of Turin (www.geocities.com/player2000gi/turin.htm). Sermons can be downloaded or streamed at the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints’ official site (www.lds.org) and at the virtual home of San Francisco’s Episcopal Grace Cathedral (www.grace-cathedral.org). Even the Catholic Church’s previously stodgy official site (www.vatican.va) currently offers multimedia streams of Pope John Paul II’s sermons.

Non-western religions are also well represented. Anyone interested in Islam can visit www.IslamiCity.com for information on becoming a Muslim or for virtual tours of historic Islamic sites in Spain,

Morocco, and China. Hindu students can visit the Himalayan Academy (www.himalayanacademy.com) for lessons on the nine tenets of the faith, including reincarnation. There’s even a site—www.skepticsannotatedbible.com—for nonbelievers who want to be able to cite the Bible’s contradictions.

And yet, there is little evidence to suggest that the Internet is poaching believers from real-world congregations. The Pew study, the largest of its kind, has found that only 4 percent of the Net’s users have taken part in on-line worship. Only 12 percent said they would like to attend an on-line service in the future.

“We had gone into this with the idea in the back of our minds that the Net would draw people out of their traditional churches because it’s more convenient,” says Elena Larsen, one of the study’s chief researchers. “But we found no evidence of that trend. What we found is that people living active religious lives online are very active in their off-line religions. At the moment, the Net is playing more of a complementary role.”

Some scholars suggest that the Internet will never pose much of an alternative. “The great limitation of the Internet is that it is only a virtual community, not a real one,” says Thomas Hibbs, a professor of philosophy at Boston College. Ultimately, Hibbs says, the virtual can’t compete with the real.

Moreover, some observers argue, the Internet activity manifested in the proliferation of religious sites in the 1990s is likely soon to wane—it was an anomaly of the time, just as the dot-com frenzy among investors was. “There was this postmodern enthusiasm in the 1990s that said this was the greatest thing since fire, and that it would replace traditional worship and community,” says Ess, of Drury University. “But I think that fire has cooled a bit. It’s much more common today to believe that this technology can do a lot to simply supplement traditional worship.”

Ess argues that only one fear remains: the fear of other faiths. The Net’s low barriers to entry mean that a cult site (like that of the suicidal Heaven’s Gate in the 1990s), a Buddhist site, and a site designed and approved by the Vatican are all, in a sense, equal. Sometimes, they’re even unequal. The Buddhist meditation sites I visited contain far more innovative and appealing designs than any that preach the Gospel.

Damien Cave is a senior writer for the on-line magazine Salon.com.



THE POET WHO WOULD BE KING

BY PAUL MARIANI

"People who read me seem to be divided into four groups," Robert Frost summed himself up in 1958, when he was already in his mid-eighties and concluding an extraordinary career as the most popular poet this nation has yet produced. "25 percent like me for the right reasons; 25 percent like me for the wrong reasons; 25 percent hate me for the wrong reasons; 25 percent hate me for the right reasons. It's the last 25 percent that worries me."

I came of age at a time when Frost's reputation seemed already to belong to the past. One could relegate the old man to a status at once literary and historic: a regional New England poet writing of a farming world long since in decline. It was a world that seemed to have little to do with the mean streets of New York City and the sprawling, freshly minted suburbs of Long Island, places where I grew up in the 1940s and 1950s. When my family moved from a New York tenement to Levittown 50 years ago, I watched the last of the old potato farms, along with their houses and barns, go under month after month to omnivorous bulldozers, to be rapidly replaced by thousands of Cape Cods and ranch houses.

By the time I graduated from high school in 1958, Frost had long been apotheosized into the best-known American poet in our high school curriculum. Everyone had by then at least heard of him. I can still recall the blue-backed textbook from my sophomore English class in which I read Frost's "Birches" with interest, especially the poem's de-

**FEW MODERN POETS HAVE
BEEN MORE RIGOROUSLY
AMBITIOUS THAN FROST.
FEWER STILL EARNED THE
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scription of trees bent by the long weight of snow, their tops trailing the ground like girls washing their hair. Even my father, who had grown up in New York's Little Italy, could quote a few lines of Frost.

When I went on to college, Frost had to contend in my imagination with the modernists, whom until then I had not read in any systematic way. Frost now jostled with Yeats, Stevens,

Pound, Eliot, Marianne Moore, Williams, and Hart Crane, as well as with the younger poets who had come into their own since the war: Dylan Thomas, Auden, and the Beats.

Much of Frost's understanding of the human condition and his view of the vast, indifferent universe did not register with me. I, like many others, mistook his shuttlecock humor and slippery irony for solid ground. I figured that if the woman in the clothing store and my garrulous local postmaster could think of Frost as the best poet they'd ever read, how good could he really be? Besides, I could understand Frost. Good poetry, Empson, Tate, Eliot, and Pound had drilled into me, was difficult. Good poetry meant far-reaching metaphor and classical allusions that required two-inch footnotes, the more the better. Good meant Greek tags, Sanskrit, Provençal, Li Po, Propertius, Flaubert. Good was the free verse revolution, begun by Whitman and continued by Williams and Ginsberg until by sheer volume it had far outpaced formal verse in America by a ratio of 10 to one. By the mid-1960s everyone, it seemed, had come over to the

side of free verse. Only a handful of Americans seemed to write in rhymed forms anymore, a scattering of tall pines that had not yet succumbed to the tsunami.

I wrote my dissertation on the self-effacing Jesuit Gerard Manley Hopkins, who underwent a kenotic emptying of the self. Frost—skeptical, self-questioning, self-lacerating—belonged to a different universe. He thought hell was a half empty auditorium.

In 1968 I began teaching at the University of Massachusetts in Amherst. I was in Frost's landscape of maple and birch and tobacco barns, the New England that had provided a familiar place for so much of our classic American literature, from Anne Bradstreet, Emerson, Hawthorne, Melville, and Dickinson to Lowell, Wilbur, Plath, and Sexton. Frost had once procured a very sweet deal with Amherst College, just down the road from UMass, where he taught the odd class but mostly propounded to packed houses.

At UMass, I taught the American modernists, and be-

I thought of Frost as a pre-Cubist. He had not shattered the surface. For the most part he did not call attention to his liftings and borrowings from the classical and Romantic traditions. He shaped well-made poems that seemed to explain themselves without the need of academic instructors, like me.

Williams at that time was like found gold, his measure not yet taken except by a handful of poets like Ginsberg, Lowell, Berryman, and Creeley. He was part of a literary line that included Pound, Gertrude Stein, Marianne Moore, Hart Crane, and Louis Zukofsky. He was part of an artistic line that included Cézanne, Juan Gris, Braque, and Picasso. These lineages certainly did not include Frost, who had summarily dismissed Williams as the writer of only "pips of poems," such as "The Red Wheelbarrow."

But Williams and Frost have more in common than I then realized: an intense interest in the nature of the poetic line and in the way the spoken voice rides across the line, setting up a musical counterpoint. In Williams's case this is

I, LIKE MANY OTHERS, MISTOOK HIS SHUTTLECOCK HUMOR AND SLIPPERY IRONY FOR SOLID GROUND. I FIGURED THAT IF THE WOMAN IN THE CLOTHING STORE AND MY GARRULOUS LOCAL POSTMASTER COULD THINK OF FROST AS THE BEST POET THEY'D EVER READ, HOW GOOD COULD HE REALLY BE? BESIDES, I COULD UNDERSTAND FROST.

came absorbed in the work of a poet about whom I then knew almost nothing: Dr. William Carlos Williams of Rutherford, New Jersey. Neither Frost nor Dickinson, the two Amherst presences, spoke to me in the way Williams and his epic, *Paterson*, did. Paterson, that New Jersey mill town fifteen miles west of the George Washington Bridge, had been a second home to me growing up. My relatives still lived there. My Swedish grandmother had worked there, my Polish grandfather had served as postmaster of Singac after returning, gassed, from the trenches in France, and my mother had been born in Clifton, which bleeds into Paterson. I had swum in the golden upper reaches of the Passaic under a canopy of maples. "The filthiest swill-hole in all Christendom," Williams had christened Paterson, yet he spent his lifetime dreaming and writing about the place.

Thirty years ago, Williams and the American idiom and the variable foot seemed to me at odds with what Frost was after. Frost (and his Gardiner, Maine, neighbor Edwin Arlington Robinson) were the last proponents of formal verse, the successors of Wordsworth and Shelley, Browning and Tennyson.

achieved by his phrasing—his New Jersey speech—with the shadow of the pentameter behind it. In Frost's case it is achieved by a strong medial caesura that provides a signature tone, a kind of overriding idiomatic phrasing that we hear over and above the words themselves. This common music is a subtle thing, like language itself, often invisible or only semitransparent. Both poets possessed it, and each managed to make the American idiom his own.

The poems of both are filled with men and women. In Frost, the people are farmers and country folk (though in his letters he reveals his wide reading and travels and his ability to catch the nuances not only of New Hampshire and Vermont but also of New York, California, and Virginia). In Williams, the people are the residents of northern New Jersey: of East Rutherford, Passaic, Garfield, and Paterson. Many of them are his patients. But in Williams you also hear the voices of Greenwich Village, Sutton Place, and Harlem. And there are, in addition, the immigrant accents of the Italian-Americans living south of him and the Norwegian-American accents of his wife's relatives.

There is a certain breathlessness, an exclamatory mode in Williams when he sees something with a kind of Zen clarity. Williams really did catch the quotidian in this way, as if all creation were a constant surprise, unfolding before us in ways that were small Emersonian miracles. In Frost, there is a kind of down-home, subtly New England, dry and ironic voice, a half playful, half defensive mode that often hides an underlying insecurity and even fear, of which I think Frost himself was aware. You hear this self-parodic voice in Frost's less successful talky poems and masques, sometimes in his letters, and often in his jokes before a packed auditorium, a way of simultaneously entertaining and keeping at bay a mob of strangers.

Not surprisingly, most of the poets who have written about Frost have been in the formal tradition, not in the free verse camp. Ezra Pound is one of the exceptions. In London in 1913, at the very beginning of the poetic revolution, Frost came to Pound with hat in hand. Pound, Frost's junior by 11 years, had influence with the British literary establishment, and Frost, who did not, was hoping for a decent notice from a fellow American. Pound managed to come up with a formulation that both appeased and enraged Frost: "Another American, found, as usual, on this side of the water, by an English publisher. . . . It's the old story." Frost's first book, *A Boy's Will*, was, Pound noted, raw and filled with infelicities, yet it smacked of the New Hampshire woods. Where Pound most liked Frost seemed to be where Frost sounded most like him.

About Frost's second, groundbreaking volume, *North of Boston*, perhaps his finest book, Pound wrote that Frost could be likened to Jane Austen, in the sense that both portray backwater worlds. He compared this provincial focus to that of the cosmopolitan Stendhal: "Professors to the contrary notwithstanding, no one expects Jane Austen to be as interesting as Stendhal. A book about a dull, stupid, hemmed-in sort of life, by a person who has lived it, will never be as interesting as the work of some author who has comprehended many men's manners and seen many grades and conditions of existence. But Mr. Frost's people are distinctly real. Their speech is real; he has known them. I don't want much to meet them, but I know that they exist, and what is more, that they exist as he has portrayed them." This was exactly the kind of comment that made Frost distrust Pound for the rest of his life (although Frost would be instrumental 50 years later in getting Pound released from St. Elizabeth's Hospital for the Criminally Insane). It was also the kind of comment that would have infuriated Williams, guilty of the same so-called provincialism.

Pound singled out for special praise in *North of Boston* "The Death of the Hired Man" (calling it "perhaps the best" poem in the book), and parts of "The Housekeeper," "Mending Wall," and "The Black Cottage." He said nothing at all about "Home Burial," which is for many Frost's signature poem.

Surely "Home Burial" owes a great deal to the loss of the Frosts' own child, their firstborn, a boy who died of cholera just short of his fourth birthday in 1900, when Frost and his

wife were in their mid-twenties. Frost managed, a dozen years after the event, to tell the story with the detachment of a Greek tragedian.

In the poem a husband and wife are speaking at bitter cross-purposes about the death of their infant son. First we see the husband, whose act of digging his son's grave has, in his wife's eyes, rendered him an unfeeling monster who can't seem to say or do the right thing, a theme that haunted Frost. How precisely he captures the husband's combination of wounded pride, self-pity, suppressed rage, and bullying logic, a logic that quickly goes wide of the mark, degenerating into something like a barrage of axiomatic Yankee saws:

My words are nearly always an offense.
I don't know how to speak of anything
So as to please you. But I might be taught,
I should suppose. I can't say I see how.
A man must partly give up being a man
With womenfolk. We could have some arrangement
By which I'd bind myself to keep hands off
Anything special you're a-mind to name.
Though I don't like such things 'twixt those that love.
Two that don't love can't live together without them.
But two that do can't live together with them.

The wife responds not with words but by moving the latch of the front door, as if preparing to spring free of a trap. The husband feels she is overwrought and that she has succeeded in wedging the child's death between them like a knife. He tries again with words, and again he fails, but at least now he has released in her a tirade of words instead of the silence that has grown up around the fact of the child's death. "If you had any feelings," she comes back at him, and now we see what she has been harboring against her husband all this time: the image of his making the dirt around the child's grave leap through the air while the child lay in his little coffin.

If you had any feelings, you that dug
With your own hand—how could you?—his little grave;
I saw you from that very window there,
Making the gravel leap and leap in the air,
Leap up, like that, like that, and land so lightly
And roll back down the mound beside the hole.
I thought, Who is that man? I didn't know you.
And I crept down the stairs and up the stairs
To look again, and still your spade kept lifting.
Out in the kitchen, and I don't know why,
But I went near to see with my own eyes.
You could sit there with the stains on your shoes
Of the fresh earth from your own baby's grave
And talk about your everyday concerns.
You had stood the spade up against the wall
Outside there in the entry, for I saw it.

The husband stands condemned by his own wife, the shovel that dug the grave the awful instrument by which he has committed the unforgivable sin, a transgression he had not known until this very moment he had committed. With what economy and precision Frost gives us the two voices, each with their own complex way of understanding, each with the full force of emotional truth on their side and this terrible loss between them, the loss of the one who should have been the guarantor of love between them. No wonder poets like Randal Jarrell, Seamus Heaney, and Joseph Brodsky have come back to this poem, finding in it the stuff of which indelible dramatic poetry is made.

Frost is with us to stay, regardless of the poetic weather. Heaney, who has farming in his blood, prefers the younger Frost, who knew farming and got the particulars of its world into so many of his poems. In "Mowing," for instance, we hear the sound of the scythe in the deep silence, the iambic swish of the blade back and forth, grounding the poet's words:

There was never a sound beside the wood but one,
And that was my long scythe whispering to the ground.
What was it it whispered? I knew not well myself;
Perhaps it was something about the heat of the sun,
Something, perhaps, about the lack of sound . . .

After all, poetry means work, means "earnest love," means facts, the particulars of existence, the thing seen, a thing made of this and this and this. It means a plan unfolding line by line, row after row, containing the surprises poetry brings in its very making: the "feeble-pointed spikes of flowers / (Pale orchises)," and that narrow fellow in the grass, "a bright green snake." The long scythe in Frost's double economy makes hay for the farmer as it does for the poet.

DEREK WALCOTT sees an altogether different Frost, half Cincinnatus, half Seneca. For Walcott, having been brought up on the periphery of two empires—Britain and America—Frost is the white-haired octogenarian Roman senator reciting his poetry at John F. Kennedy's inauguration. Kennedy, Walcott writes, was "the young emperor" at that "sublime Augustan moment" when the power of the United States shimmered on a million TV screens in the January sun as both republic and empire, a world power passing itself off as "a homespun vision of pioneer values." Walcott, the West Indian outsider, provides us with this darker image of America, invoking its slave past, its dispossession and colonization of Native Americans, in the lines Frost spoke that January day 40 years ago:

The land was ours before we were the land's.
She was our land more than a hundred years
Before we were her people—

Frost's "we" and "our" are not as inclusive as Whitman's but, says Walcott, are "something as tight and regional as . . . a Currier and Ives print, strictly New England in black and white."

There is also Frost the scrapper, Frost the cantankerous, jealous for his prerogatives, reminding Archibald MacLeish and John Berryman and Williams and others that there could be only one heavyweight in the ring at a time, in poetry as in boxing, a sport Frost loved. Consider Berryman's meeting with Frost at Bread Loaf in the summer of 1962, when Frost let it be known that Berryman—like Williams before him—had a reputation as a womanizer, making Berryman's poetry suspect. The younger Berryman, who was even then assembling his knockout *Dream Songs*, paid the proper obeisance, letting Frost know he was still top dog. After that, the two men got along well enough.

A year later, Berryman would write three "Dream Songs" for Frost after the elder poet's death in January 1963, and he read them at Frost's memorial service at Amherst College. Berryman wrote that now the old man belonged to the ages, not simply as an American poet but as a world classic, who knew the Roman poets as well as Pound and Eliot did, but who wore that learning far more lightly:

Now he has become, abrupt, an industry,
Professional-Friends-of-Robert-Frost all over
gap wide their mouths
while the quirky medium of so many truths
is quiet. Let's be quiet. Let us listen:
—What for, Mr. Bones?
—while he begins to have it out with Horace.

In his quiet, blank-verse sonnet, "Robert Frost," Robert Lowell recalled a visit to Frost at his home in Cambridge in the late 1950s, prior to one of Lowell's manic episodes. "Frost at midnight," the poem begins, Lowell slyly linking Frost with Coleridge's poem of that name. The two poets are alone, "the audience gone / to vapor," the whole edifice of the public Frost for the moment "laid on the shelf in mothballs." Lowell confesses to Frost that "he feels too full of himself," and Frost warns him what such afflatus and fame as he himself had enjoyed finally came down to: his inability to help his daughter and to stop his son from killing himself. Lowell, not yet understanding, repeats: "Sometimes I'm so happy I can't stand myself." Frost, resignedly, echoing Wordsworth's "Surprised by Joy," says "When I am too full of joy, I think / how little good my health did anyone near me."

Joseph Langland, the poet, told me a story that gives us a picture of Frost in his sixties. It's a particularly haunting image for me because I spent a summer, while teaching at Bread Loaf, living with my family at the Homer Noble Farm. I felt Frost's presence there palpably, especially in the middle distance between the house and Frost's cabin, where so many

poets and teachers had come over the years to see him.

In the summer of 1940, John Crowe Ransom, the poet and proponent of the New Criticism, was teaching at Bread Loaf. Langland was 23 and an *Atlantic Monthly* scholar there. One day Ransom asked Frost if he could bring two young poets—Langland and David McDowell, later William Carlos Williams’s publisher—over to the Noble Farm to meet him. Frost told Ransom to bring them over after dinner. Ransom, like the southern gentleman he was, arrived in suit and tie, only to find the 66-year-old Frost outside, dressed in overalls, waiting for them with a bat and a couple of softballs.

In those days there was a barn off to one side of the house, with an old manure pile in front of it, covered with weeds. Frost told the two young men to get out in the field, then stationed Ransom closer in, in front of the manure pile. For the better part of an hour, Frost batted while the other men fielded. Most of the balls bounced out to Ransom, who had to wade into the pile several times to retrieve a ball. By

head. Then Frost brought his hand down. “Careful, young man,” he said, “or you’ll say a better poem than the one you wrote”—no doubt a wry comment on the New Criticism that Ransom had helped invent.

A final image. I imagine the young Frost, his name still unknown to the larger world, writing by lamplight in the middle of a winter night in a farmhouse in southern Vermont. His wife and his children are asleep, the chores are done, the house is silent except for the creak of wood and the sound of the wind. He has been writing a long poem, but now, suddenly, he feels the stirrings of a lyric. The lamplight flickers across the page, and mercifully, like some unbidden grace, comes first one line and then another. He begins wryly: “Whose woods these are I think I know.” For who, really, owns the woods, except for the darkness and the elements? And then he is off, with a playful couplet to warm himself against the cold: “His house is in the village, though.”

A third, unrhymed line comes, cutting across the play of

FROST TOLD THE TWO YOUNG MEN TO GET OUT IN THE FIELD, THEN STATIONED RANSOM CLOSER IN, IN FRONT OF THE MANURE PILE. FOR THE BETTER PART OF AN HOUR, FROST BATTED. RANSOM HAD TO WADE INTO THE PILE SEVERAL TIMES TO RETRIEVE A BALL. AS DUSK DESCENDED FROST SHRUGGED. TOO LATE, HE BARKED, FOR ANYONE ELSE TO BAT.

the time Frost finished batting, Ransom had taken off his suit jacket, loosened his tie, and rolled up his shirtsleeves, and he was sweating. As dusk descended Frost shrugged. Too late, he barked, for anyone else to bat. With that, he invited the men into the darkened house.

Inside, he lit a Coleman lantern (there was no electricity then) and invited his guests to sit in the kitchen. Ransom mentioned that Langland and McDowell had each brought a poem to read, if Frost would care to listen. Frost mumbled his assent. After Langland read, there was an awkward silence, punctuated only by the creak of kitchen stools. At last, Frost muttered a noncommittal acknowledgment.

Then it was McDowell’s turn. He had been a student of Ransom’s at Kenyon and had been trained in the New Critical method of writing poetry. Nervously breaking the silence that followed his reading, McDowell began explaining the way he had used enjambment, varied caesurae, a double set of metaphors, and irony in the long, complex poem. As McDowell went on, Frost’s right hand slowly rose in time with the explanation, until at last his arm was level with his

the initial rhymes: “He will not see me stopping here.” Then the initial rhyme picks up again, bracketing and end-stopping the stanza with its muffling oblivion: “To watch his woods fill up with snow.” A form—*aaba*—is repeated in each successive stanza and is resolved only in the last. There is a sense of mystery and mastery, of serious play, a resonance, a small narrative drama that moves into the high lyrical register of a line like “Of easy wind and downy flake” before it settles back into the repeated last line: “And miles to go before I sleep.” It is a devilishly simple line, one that over the intervening 75 years has raised as many questions as it has answered. These lines, with their subtle iambic *clip-clop*, have, like so many other lines of Frost, proven impossible to dislodge.

Paul Mariani is a professor of English at Boston College, a past National Book Award nominee, and a frequent contributor to BCM. This story was adapted from his new collection, God and the Imagination: On Poets, Poetry, and the Ineffable, © 2002, University of Georgia Press, available at a discount from the BC Bookstore through the BCM Web site: www.bc.edu/bcm



LAUGHING MATTERS

ON HIS DEATHBED, THE GREAT SHAKESPEAREAN ACTOR EDMUND KEAN WAS ASKED IF IT WAS DIFFICULT TO MEET THE END. "DYING IS EASY," HE ANSWERED. "COMEDY IS HARD." A HANDFUL OF BC GRADUATES ARE DOING IT ANYWAY.

BY CAMILLE DODERO '98

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LEE PELLEGRINI

TEN THINGS comedians will tell you: New jokes need to be broken in one at a time. A “clam” is a hackneyed joke. Accelerating the delivery of a routine jump-starts the crowd. Swearing onstage is cheating. Audiences are much more willing to laugh at male comics than at female comics—no one knows why that is. Comedy club owners are vile. Lisps are funny. Teaching school or “going into writing” are the comedian’s choice of fall-back careers. Hecklers don’t just insult the comic, they also insult the comic’s mother. He with the microphone always wins. He with the televised timeslot wins bigger.

DAVE MCLAUGHLIN '85 is among a half-dozen BC graduates currently working in stand-up comedy. He doesn’t star in his own sitcom (though he’s appeared in more than 20 televised commercials) and he hasn’t hosted an HBO special. But he has navigated the unpaid open-mic nights that give experience and exposure to beginners. He has an agent who books him into auditions for both broadcast advertisements and voice-over narration. His wife, Lori, works at a capital investment firm in midtown Manhattan, providing a hedge against the whims of his chosen trade; she considers it destiny that the word “laugh” appears in their last name.

McLaughlin tells jokes two or three nights a week, averaging between 150 and 175 gigs a year, but confesses that he wishes those numbers were higher. He admits that, at his level in the comedy business, stage time in New York City is barely profitable (\$20 on weeknights and \$50 on weekends, with one notoriously cheap club doling out \$6 per appearance), and “quality” stage time (20 minutes or more) is extremely difficult to find—but McLaughlin insists that performing is more about practice and visibility than cash. Although the wages he draws from making people laugh are piddling, McLaughlin combines it with his income from advertisements to earn what he describes as a middle-class living. To hear him tell it, stand-up comedy demands persistence, passion, and patience. Also, it is one of the few trades in the world where your personal flaws and failings are valued commodities.

Take tonight, for instance—an early Saturday evening at Stand-Up NY, a 180-person-capacity comedy club wedged in Manhattan’s Upper

West Side. A spunky secretary strides onto the small, knee-high, carpeted stage and squawks about her bipolar moodswings to 60 or so people seated among tables sipping away at their two-drink minimum (\$6.50 beers; \$8 Cosmopolitans). She is followed by a 17-year-old high school senior named Max who assures the folks that he is so stupid, college admissions offices are using his entrance applications as bathroom tissue. Later, a squash-shaped woman boasts that her backside is as broad as a widescreen television. She bends over to illustrate. The audience giggles nervously.

Finally, McLaughlin bounds up to the microphone and begins cracking jokes about his unhealthy eating habits. “If it was up to me,” McLaughlin declares in a rant about holiday meals, “I’d be stuffing the turkey with Pepperidge Farm chocolate chip cookies.” Dressed in a worn black turtleneck, a black V-neck blazer of indeterminate fabric—“black makes me look thinner”—and denim jeans, the burly McLaughlin looks like a cookie-munching, six-pack-glugging, working-class American. Which is exactly the demographic he is trying to channel.

“Growing up in New Hampshire,” he says, bolstering his bona fides, “we went to the beach for two reasons: to eat bad food and get a sunburn. But then my wife and I are out in L.A.”—at this point it’s clear that the paunchy McLaughlin is about to become a stranger in a strange land—“and they’re exercising at the beach. First of all, exercise is one thing I don’t do. Obviously. But at the beach?”

The audience chuckles, either at his considerable naïveté or his gruff hyperbolic delivery. “So I’m walking along this concrete path in the sand, on the way to get a snack because the one I’m eating’s almost gone”—the audience roars, McLaughlin pauses—“and these rollerbladers are screaming at me to get out of the way: ‘On your leeeeeeeefffffffft!’” McLaughlin scrunches up his face in an imitation of the overexerting skaters. “‘On your riiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiight!’” Then, as he pretends to elbow a speeding Californian in the head, he snaps, “On your ass!”

McLaughlin tells audiences his dream is to own a nationwide chain of donut shops: “I already got the name, I already got the slogan, tell me whatcha think: ‘Dave’s Donuts—get

Left: McLaughlin records his thoughts on a NYC subway platform. “If you’re not enjoying the process, you’re wasting your life.”



them before he does.’” But offstage, when his comic persona’s booming volume and exaggerated tone are switched off (well, turned down), and McLaughlin is just plain talking, he admits what he really dreams: “*to make people laugh on a weekly basis, Tuesdays at 8 P.M. on ABC.*” For a profession that showcases dogged dissenters, manic misfits, and self-styled odd ducks, comedy is rife with mainstream ambition.

JOHN ROARKE '74 has been in the stand-up business for the last quarter-century, and he agrees: Most comedians want what McLaughlin wants. His own career, however, is proof that success in comedy, as in most occupations, is less a winner-takes-all proposition, more a matter of degrees.

In a photograph posted on his promotional Web site, Roarke assumes the firm, all-knowing smile of a talk show host who’s listening, sort of, but has heard it before. Talk with Roarke long enough, and you’ll realize that he has. He is a seasoned stand-up comic whose *métier* is impressions. Over the past 25 years, he’s lampooned the mannerisms, styles, and foibles of such household names as Bing Crosby, Ed Sullivan, Henry Kissinger, Richard Simmons, Woody Allen, Phil Donahue, Bill Cosby, William Shatner, David Letterman, Jay Leno, Larry King, Ronald Reagan, Bob Dole, Bill Clinton, Newt Gingrich, Austin Powers, and George H. W. Bush (“he didn’t really light my fire. He was kind of a bland, WASPy geek”).

Even among stand-up comics, Roarke suggests, comic impersonators rank as consummate freaks. “It’s like [being] a geek that bites the heads off chickens at a carnival,” he says over the phone from his Los Angeles office. “It’s really a different skill. You wake up every morning wondering what kind of a cruel god would give you this talent.”

Roarke, who now develops routines by scrutinizing tapes of his subjects, first recognized his sideshow skill while attending an all-boys academy in Providence, Rhode Island, when he began impersonating faculty members. “The teachers who were cool would smuggle me into their classes and I would do five minutes [of impressions] and leave,” he says. After graduation, he entered Our Lady of Providence Catholic Seminary to prepare for the priesthood, but within two years “freaked out and went to BC.” Although Roarke had always entertained ideas of becoming a comedian, his new college wasn’t exactly an incubator for aspiring parodists. “Senior year at BC, they have one day with all these card tables, when all these corporations come to sign you up.

But there’s no company for comedy that comes. You don’t want a job at UniFax, so you don’t know what the hell to do.”

Roarke’s big break came in 1976, when a

The life: from top, McLaughlin at a call-back for a commercial voice-over; hailing a cab for uptown; checking leads in *Variety* as the laundry dries; bound for Manhattan from his home in Queens.

EVEN AMONG STAND-UP COMICS, JOHN ROARKE '74 SUGGESTS, COMIC IMPERSONATORS RANK AS CONSUMMATE FREAKS. "IT'S LIKE [BEING] A GEEK THAT BITES THE HEADS OFF CHICKENS AT A CARNIVAL," HE SAYS. "YOU WAKE UP EVERY MORNING WONDERING WHAT KIND OF A CRUEL GOD WOULD GIVE YOU THIS TALENT."

producer from a speaker's bureau spotted him in a Boston-based improv group and offered him a three-year stint performing at colleges. At his very first engagement, at a school in Nebraska, he earned a standing ovation—and the applause sealed his fate: "That was a pivotal point in my life. I realized, you know, I've got something here." His first significant television role came within two years, as a cast member on *Fridays*, an early 1980s sketch comedy show that took its cues from *Saturday Night Live* and featured future *Seinfeld* foil Michael Richards. *Fridays* lasted three seasons. In the score of years since the program's cancellation, Roarke has hopscotched from voice work (for puppeteers Sid and Marty Krofft on their syndicated political satire *D.C. Follies*), to season-long spots on sitcoms like NBC's *Out of This World* and the syndicated *Café DuArt*, to one-shot appearances on *Charles in Charge*, *The Fresh Prince of Bel-Air*, and *The Weird Al Show*.

These days, Roarke isn't vying for small-screen parts. "I just don't have the patience to go out for television stuff anymore," he says. And even TV commercial auditions no longer seem to make much business sense. "I've done a lot of commercials. They say if you get one commercial out of 30 auditions, you're doing well. I sat down and calculated that I had done one commercial for every 90 auditions," he states matter-of-factly. "To pursue television stuff, you have to put 10 units of energy in and maybe get one unit back. It's for a young kid with a lot of time."

At 50, Roarke admits that age imparts certain professional limitations. "It's easier for a younger person to impersonate an older person than it is for an older person to impersonate a younger person. So because I'm 50, I have this built-in obsolescence thing—it's sort of like a baseball player. For me to go out and try to do Leonardo DiCaprio wouldn't look very good." Roarke adds in the tangential manner of a person whose vocation encourages speaking in parenthetical asides, "Although Leonardo's got a great hairline."

Roarke also points out that there are few film prospects for an impersonator, but his own résumé includes a smattering of movies. He spoofed George H. W. Bush in *Naked Gnn 2: The Smell of Fear* (1991), multitasked as Sam Donaldson, Ted Koppel, and Larry King in the satirical *S.F.W.*

(1994), feigned the air of a fictional president in *Courage Under Fire* (1996), and caricatured a trio of talk show hosts (Jerry Springer, Maury Povich, and Tom Snyder) in *American Virgin* (2000). Roarke's name generally appears far down the closing credits, but it's there.

"The comedy business is hard," he says. "Even if you get [a sitcom], good luck if the pilot gets picked up, good luck if you know how to handle the producers, good luck if you have the juice to make the changes you need to make before they squash you, good luck if you go 13 [episodes], and good luck if by then you're not already gone."

Roarke keeps his career in play with the entrepreneurial skill that most lifelong comedians master. "You have to create your own opportunities," he explains. So in addition to juggling stand-up gigs in Hawaiian hotels and Vegas clubs, Roarke emcees big-budget corporate meetings, earning up to \$20,000 per event. "The meeting has a number of goals that the company wants to communicate to its people and ordinarily it's very boring," he says. Roarke injects "fun into it, so it goes down a little easier." Fun could mean summoning the solemn style of Tom Brokaw to read mock, company-related news briefs, or donning the suspenders and bad posture of Larry King for a staged interview with the CEO.

Has Roarke ever considered quitting comedy altogether? "I'm the last person who wants to do anything because"—he assumes a tone of pompous authority—"it's a job. I really love what I'm doing and I'm spoiled in that way." Asked if he's accomplished his goals, Roarke offers ambivalence. "Yes and no. I've done a lot of good work, but it's been sporadic—feast and famine. I would like to have done a lot more, but I know how notoriously hard it is to do. And only 1 percent of anybody who tries really gets there for a long period of time. How many Jay Lenos and David Lettermans are there?"

COUNTING THE STAND-UP COMICS who make it to the top is easy. It can be harder to pin down the ones who opted out somewhere along the way, even those who had a measure of success. After nine years and 24 televised commercials, David Pierre '90 relinquished the road-tripping, club-hopping, gut-splitting lifestyle of a stand-up comic in

JOKERS

BRIAN KILEY: "IT HAPPENED REALLY FAST"

Eight years ago, Brian Kiley '83 was a relatively successful stand-up comic with a handful of *Tonight Show* appearances. A few of Kiley's pals worked at *Late Night with Conan O'Brien*, and the television show, then only six months old, needed a monologue writer. Kiley's friends gave him the heads-up, and he submitted a package of topical jokes. "It happened really fast," Kiley remembers. "They were like, 'Conan likes it. Can you start tomorrow?'" He has been a writer on O'Brien's staff ever since.

As a child, Kiley idolized the fictional comedy writer Rob Petrie on *The Dick van Dyke Show*. At 16, the future English major began scripting jokes. But it wasn't until Kiley was a junior at BC and saw political satirist Barry Crimmins live at O'Connell House that he considered performing. "I talked to Crimmins afterwards," Kiley recalls. "He said that in Boston, you couldn't really make any money writing comedy; you had to go onstage."

Soon after, Kiley went onstage at the club where Crimmins worked, the now-defunct Ding Ho in Cambridge, and eventually he was manning microphones once or twice a week in the Boston area. This was back in the early 1980s—before cable shows like *Comic Strip Live* and *Evening at the Improv* allowed people to see stand-up without leaving their couches.

It was also a time when a fresh-faced kid like Kiley could earn a living solely from stand-up gigs—a feat he managed to accomplish by the time he was 24. "It wasn't a huge living, but I paid my rent without asking my dad. So that was a moral victory. I lucked out in the sense that the comedy boom had just started. I did the clubs for years, and then I traveled around the country."

Since then, Kiley has opened for Jerry Seinfeld, garnered Emmy nominations for his work on *Late Night* ("We don't win—but at least we get to go"), and had his caricatured likeness appear as a guest on the animated series *Dr. Katz, Professional Therapist*.

GARY GULMAN: "YOU CAN'T GO BACK"

Gary Gulman '93 is a stand-up comedian living in Los Angeles. His onstage alter ego is a callow, Jewish twentysomething still paying rent to his folks—a premise rooted in truth for the Peabody, Massachusetts, native. "I lived at home until I moved [to L.A.] when I was 25 or 26," he says. "It was a miserable existence."

Compounding that misery was Gulman's day job as an accountant, a dull, number-crunching position that became intolerable once the lanky former Eagles tight end first got onstage during an open-mic night at Nick's Comedy Stop in Boston. "Comedy is a drug. When you get up there and get a positive response from the audience, you can't go back to ac-

counting. You certainly don't get that kind of laughter in the auditing room."

Gulman worked at stand-up for six years before landing his first of two appearances on *The Tonight Show*. (He's also appeared on *The Late Show with David Letterman*). "You think that when you do *The Tonight Show*," he says, "the next day, everybody you ever knew is going to call you and tell you how great you were or tell you how sorry they are for breaking up with you. You think teachers will call and apologize for giving you bad grades and you'll get offers to be in movies. Instead, you get a call from your mom, who's like, 'You should've worn a tie.'"

With several fruitless sitcom-development deals behind him, Gulman's love for comedy hasn't faded. He takes acting classes three nights a week and performs at L.A. clubs between two and four nights a week, all in the hopes that he'll someday sculpt a career similar to that of *Mad About You* star Paul Reiser. "The only thing you can really control," he says, "in a business that's so out of control is how much you believe in yourself. Persistence is essential."

GREG JOHNSON: "ME BEING GOOFY"

"My act is this totally lame, stupid thing. It's me being goofy, me making fun of myself, me dancing around stage," says Greg Johnson '03. This past May, Johnson finished in the top seven among 140 competitors at the third annual Boston Comedy Festival—a ranking that's all the more impressive when you consider that Johnson doesn't own a comic's business card or proper publicity stills. "During the festival, a lot of people were like, 'Hey, can I get your number? Do you have a card?' I didn't have any, so I'd scribble my number on a bar napkin."

High school ennui first spurred Johnson's entrance into stand-up. "I don't like to talk about this—it's a pretty embarrassing way to get into comedy—but I took a class at the Boston Center for Adult Education. I was having a boring summer, and my mother thought it would be a good idea. At the end of the course, they let me do a show at the Comedy Studio."

Although Johnson has leapt headfirst into the stand-up spotlight, he's still a college student at heart—and in syntax. Recounting a show he self-produced at BC, he says, "So I did a lot of stupid, 'What's the deal with Doug Flutie?' [one-liners]. Everyone's like, 'That's so funny. Doug Flutie, totally.' So then I'm like, 'Yeah, what's with all the athletes here?' And they were like, 'Yeah!' They thought I was hilarious. Totally. I don't know why."

As for the future, Johnson is wisely keeping his options open. "Comedy seems to be something I'm talented at, but I don't know where I'm going with it."

"In some ways, I wish I were, like, talented at accounting." Really? "No, wait a minute. I didn't mean that."

Camille Dodero

September 2001. He became a full-time special-education teacher in south-central Los Angeles. But despite the fact that his stretch in the joke sellers' marketplace is over, Pierre, who started out as a disc jockey at Boston's WFNX, frames his comedic experience with positive memories and an unexpected reserve.

Pierre's comedy career began when he relocated to California and acquired an entry-level position at a comedy club on Sunset Strip. "I got a job answering phones at the Comedy Store," he recalls. "The owner there is Mitzi Shore, Pauly's mom. All the people that work at the Comedy Store—in the booth, at the door, and in the parking lot—are comics. She staffs the place with comics; it's kind of like a school to her."

While Pierre fielded phone calls, he cultivated a "quirky" persona, an alter ego exemplified by his later commercial roles. "I did a rental car commercial, and I played the guy who works for the *other* rental car company," he explains over the phone. His voice is distinctly nasal and sounds fitting for a smarmy salesman. "Also, in a Bud Light commercial I did—it aired during the Super Bowl three years ago—there were two guys in a checkout line and they had to decide between beer and toilet paper. I was the guy who went, 'Paper or plastic?'"

Pierre never imagined that he'd be identifying himself by a Super Bowl spot. But as he discovered, the undertow of acting is strong in Los Angeles. "I came out to L.A. with the idea that I was going to be just a comedy guy. But when you're doing comedy in L.A.—and I didn't know this until I got here—there's all this TV and movie stuff around you, and comedy often leads to it."

Comedy also leads to friendship, and that's the one thing Pierre mentions missing about the industry. "I miss seeing the friends I made, y'know, the comics who you chum around with at the gigs. Because part of the fun is watching each other, cheering each other on, and getting kicks out of your buddy's new joke."

Pierre portrays the demands of comedy as somehow consuming. "Doing stand-up is more than just opening your list of jokes and going down it," he says; there's also a constant refining of the comic persona. "There's a lot of effort to keep your act fresh. It's ongoing. It's something you always have to be working on, you always have to be writing new bits, calibrating your point of view."

Comedy attracts a lot of hopefuls, he says, who think, "Oh, I'm just going to try this for six months and see if it takes off." But "unless a miracle happens, there is liter-

From top: Gary Gulman '93, backstage at *The Tonight Show*; Brian Kiley '83, with Conan O'Brien; John Roarke '74, as George W. Bush; Greg Johnson '03, at the 2002 Boston Comedy Festival.





ally no way you can establish yourself that quickly." For some lucky aspirants, he suggests, the process will only take years. The ones with a certain temperament, and enough commitment, turn rejection and discouragement into fresh material and soldier on.

DAVE MCLAUGHLIN FIRST DOVE into stand-up when he was 31—an unusually late age. Most aspiring comics start hitting the clubs in their late teens or early-to-mid twenties. After graduating from BC, he returned to his native New Hampshire and fell uneasily into selling insurance. ("I hated every minute of it.") The turning point came one night when he was watching television—he can't seem to recall which show—with his brother. "That guy really stinks," he complained about a particularly dreadful comic. "And he's on national television. I can do better than that." McLaughlin's brother effectively issued him a challenge by calling Nick's Comedy Stop in Boston and scheduling stage time for him three months hence.

McLaughlin showed up at that first gig, bowled the crowd over, and within two years had quit his desk job, relocated to Los Angeles with his wife, and purchased a license plate that read MCLAUGH. Upbeat and ambitious, he made headway on the comedy circuit by waiting in all-day lines for three-minute slots at open-mic nights. Eventually, perseverance paid off: he became a regular performer at Hollywood's Laugh Factory (famous as the club where Richard Pryor got his start), acquired an agent, and started landing television commercials. (His first contract was for 10 ads for Borders Books, which ran on networks nationwide.)

Then an established club owner offered McLaughlin a six-month management contract that promised an abundance of stage time but required McLaughlin to perform material he didn't write. Despite misgivings, McLaughlin inked the deal in the hopes that it would be the long-sought catalyst toward a television career. "Sold my soul for six months, which I regret now. But I did it thinking, 'This is going to get me a show—this is going to get me a show.' Six months later, I almost quit stand-up I was so miserable," he says. "It wasn't me up there." Hurt simultaneously by a commercial actors' strike that cut off his other source of income, McLaughlin watched his career flatline. But instead of leaving stand-up altogether, he and his wife opted for a change of scenery—which is how he ended up moving to New York City.

"What that experience taught me is that this is about life," he reflects. "This isn't only about getting a TV show. If you're not enjoying the process,

From top: McLaughlin shares an unrehearsed laugh in a café at mid-day; with comedian Jackie Gleason's statue at the Port Authority; reviewing notes backstage at Stand-Up NY; onstage later that night.

COUNTING THE STAND-UP COMICS WHO MAKE IT TO THE TOP IS EASY. IT CAN BE HARDER TO PIN DOWN THE ONES WHO OPTED OUT SOMEWHERE ALONG THE WAY. AFTER NINE YEARS AND 24 TELEVISED COMMERCIALS, DAVID PIERRE '90 RELINQUISHED THE ROAD-TRIPPING, CLUB-HOPPING, GUT-SPLITTING LIFESTYLE.

you're wasting your life."

McLaughlin tends to speak with a warm smile, but right now, his expression is sober. He's seated in a third-floor food court near Times Square, a cafeteria-style tray of fast-food Chinese positioned in front of him. On the table also are a tape recorder and notebook, which he keeps on hand to capture ideas. He's scheduled to perform for 10 minutes at Stand-Up NY in a few hours. Sipping on a large soda that came free with a coupon he brought to lunch, McLaughlin talks ardently about an ABC pilot he will be auditioning for later in the week. "They're either going with a Ralph Kramden type or they're going with the Alec Baldwin type," he effuses while poking a plastic fork into a chunk of orange chicken. McLaughlin's face is familiar, friendly, and globular, a confluence of John Goodman's playful grin and Andy Richter's doughy chin. "I'm the Ralph Kramden type, but I'm not sure which way they're going. But it's perfect. It's everything that I'm trying to do on stage."

McLaughlin is highly motivated by the notion of starring on prime-time television. He usually prefaces the phrase "get a show" with qualifiers like "someday" and "when." He's already primed a tight version of his set for Letterman or Leno, he often considers which anecdotes will be included in his imagined ghostwritten autobiography (one possible title: *Husky . . . And Other Words that Haunt Me from Childhood*), and he keeps a journal he expects will be published, you know, *someday when*. "Your path can change on a dime," he asserts. "For instance, about a month ago, I'm auditioning for *The Sopranos*. It's one of my favorite shows in the whole world.

"I go in and read, expecting nothing because I've gone on hundreds of auditions. I do a reading with a girl; we do it again. Then we do it more angry, then we do it more light-hearted. After four or five times, she says, 'Well, let me get the head casting director.' She leaves the room, and for those 45 seconds, I let myself believe, 'Oh my god, I'm on *The Sopranos*! I just nailed this, I'm on *The Sopranos*!'

"The door opens, the head casting director sticks her head in and goes, 'Nope, the guy's supposed to be mid-forties. Too young.' And the door closes. I'm walking out of there, going, 'I had it, I had it. For those 45 seconds, I had it.'"

SEVERAL MONTHS LATER, McLaughlin still hasn't heard anything about his tryout for the Ralph Kramden/Alec Baldwin part, although the audition tape went to ABC for review. "I've been scouring through *Variety* everyday," he says, "and it still hasn't mentioned anyone else getting the lead." Is he feeling optimistic? Well, he has lately auditioned for *Third Watch*, *Law & Order*, and the lead in another sitcom, and he'll be supplying the voice of Eddie in Adam Sandler's new cartoon feature *Eight Crazy Nights*, scheduled for release this Thanksgiving. As McLaughlin exhorts on his Web site, "Keep the faith—I'm getting closer—I CAN FEEL IT!!!"

TEN MORE FACTS comedians may (or may not) tell you about their work: There is no category listed for comics on the U.S. Census form; the closest title is "miscellaneous entertainer or performer." Stand-up comics have little respect for the cozy ensemble of improv—having teammates onstage means a safety net in the event of a solo comedic plummet. The word "juice" means charisma, talent, or energy. Chris Rock, rumor has it, can command upwards of \$150,000 per show.

A half-hour stand-up routine contains between 50 and 75 punch lines. Letterman and Leno sets usually involve a punch line every 15 seconds for seven minutes. Roughly 10 percent of comedians are women. Currently nine stand-up comics have their own prime-time TV shows (eight men and Ellen DeGeneres). The New York City *Yellow Pages* list 27 comedy clubs; Los Angeles follows with 12, Washington, D.C., with 10; but you can find a club almost anywhere—Boise and Tacoma have one apiece. In a survey of BC alumni who are comedians, 40 percent of respondents said they've had their mother insulted by a heckler while onstage; 100 percent said they've insulted their mother themselves while onstage.

Camille Doderio is a freelance writer based in Boston. Her article on Fox TV's Boston Public, "School for Scandal," appeared in BCM's Winter 2002 issue.



SHELF LIFE

LIBRARIES AREN'T
COLLECTIONS BUT
CIVILIZATIONS.
THAT'S WHY THEY
HAVE HISTORIES,
CULTURES, LOYAL-
ISTS, AND ENEMIES

BY LARRY WOLFF

Editor's Note: Recently, Boston College's University Library System was admitted into the Association of Research Libraries, a select group of about 120 libraries held to provide the most significant support for scholarship in North America. In celebration of this recognition, BCM invited Larry Wolff, a professor of history, to write about the meanings of libraries he's known and used, from Chestnut Hill to St. Petersburg. For more on the Boston College libraries, see page 56.

ON A SUMMER NIGHT in August 1992, Serbian forces besieging the city of Sarajevo fired on the National and University Library of Bosnia, which then burned for three days in a blaze that consumed a million books on their wooden shelves.

The destruction of a library and its books took place in the context of atrocities committed against men, women, and children in Bosnia, and amid paramilitary campaigns of ethnic cleansing, rape, and massacre that put Bosnia on our front pages and made Sarajevo the focus of international conscience and anguish.

A century old, the stately library was built when Sarajevo was ruled from Vienna by the Hapsburg emperor, and it was designed in a monumental neo-Moorish style to reflect the Islamic history of the city. Yet the men who besieged Sarajevo and destroyed the library in

1992 were probably less offended by the Islamic architectural inflections than by collections that reflected the multicultural history of Bosnia and Sarajevo, books and periodicals from the intersecting currents of Islamic, Christian, and Jewish intellectual life, all represented in the library as they were in the history and society of Sarajevo. It was this cosmopolitan co-existence of cultures that was under assault in Sarajevo, and since the library preserved the record of that historical legacy, the brutal logic of ethnic cleansing could mean not only the murder of men and women but also the burning of books.

The greatest library of the ancient world, the Library of Alexandria in Egypt, was also a casualty of fire in wartime, and its destruction has been traditionally dated to Julius Caesar's strategic decision to burn the ships in the Alexandria harbor in the first century B.C., at a time when the library probably contained half a million extremely flammable papyrus scrolls. From its creation in the third century B.C., the library served as the center of the Mediterranean's Hellenistic culture, hosting such spectacularly important research projects

as Euclid's geometry, Archimedes' mechanics, and Ptolemy's geography, and including works of Greek science, philosophy, and drama that we will never know. Its destruction thus radically altered and diminished the literary legacy

Left: The atrium of the National and University Library of Bosnia, in Sarajevo, in 1993. Serbian forces shelled the building, destroying an irreplaceable collection. AP/wide world photos

of the ancient world. In fact, Caesar's act of arson was probably only the first of a series of fires that beset the library over the course of centuries, and there has been some historical controversy about whether the *coup de grâce* was delivered by Christian intellectual intolerance in the fourth century A.D. or Muslim intellectual intolerance in the seventh.

CAME THE REVOLUTION

If you sift through the stacks in Boston College's O'Neill Library, you can find a few artifacts of a time not so long ago when libraries—even American university libraries—were susceptible to the pressures of intellectual intolerance. In the French literature collection on the fourth floor, for example, a little pamphlet-size edition of excerpts in French from Stendhal's *Charterhouse of Parma* contains the notice that "By reason of a decree of the Congregation on the Index, Catholics require permission to read this work." The notice, typewritten on a little label bordered in red, now slightly faded, was probably licked and pasted onto the title page at some moment in the 1950s, not too long before the Index itself was suppressed by the Church in 1966.

I've been using the O'Neill Library as a research facility since the 1980s, and it has satisfied many of my eccentric scholarly needs and yearnings. This is attributable certainly to the maturation of the library, in all aspects, but also to a marvelous 20th-century institution, known as Interlibrary Loan, which allows O'Neill to draw upon the collections of just about any library in the world.

For example, for the writing of my last book, *Venice and the Slavs* (Stanford, 2001), O'Neill was particularly resourceful in obtaining for me articles from Yugoslav journals published between the 1920s and the 1970s (precisely the journals whose complete series must have been destroyed in the Sarajevo library in 1992). Interlibrary Loan also seemed to have had no trouble laying hands on a study of the Slavic Glagolitic script published in Italian in Zadar in 1922, and on a study of French travelers to Bosnia written by a professor from Sarajevo and published in French in Paris in 1960, and on a collection of documents concerning the Italian occupation of the Yugoslav coast during World War II, published by the Italian army in Rome in 1985. Though I blushed at making the request, O'Neill Library also promptly obtained for me the copy I needed of *Casanova Loved Her* by Bruno Brunelli.

But if Interlibrary Loan was the supplementary

engine of 20th-century libraries—extending their reach to the end of every mail route on the planet—the Internet is clearly the engine of the 21st-century revolution in libraries. University Librarian Jerome Yavarkovsky, who came to Boston College in 1995 with a background in engineering, administration, and computer technology, is fully attuned to this most important theme in contemporary librarianship. The more textual information is available on the Web, he says, the more the library can function as a purely electronic portal: not merely a physical place called "O'Neill Library," or even a physical place connected to other physical libraries, but an array of resources that you can access from your screen anywhere on campus, or in Boston, or indeed from an Internet café in Moscow, as I found last summer.

The library as portal to all the stored electronic information in the world is a revolutionary idea in more ways than one, potentially erasing the distinctions that have long prevailed among libraries based on their fiscal endowments, physical collections, and histories. When I ask Yavarkovsky which university library is BC's model for electronic development—is it Harvard? Yale? Stanford?—he replies, "We are the model."

LIBRARY LIFE

Though the building itself is nobody's favorite architectural space on campus, the O'Neill Library is still very much a physical place, especially for the students who have colonized its every corner according to the multifarious modes of study and sociability. Just ask the students, and they'll tell you.

"People like to study in the jungle, of course."

"The jungle?"

"You know, the potted plants. Under the skylight. It's supposed to be the Skylight Lounge, but everybody calls it the jungle."

"I like to study by the windows."

"Except, you look out the window, and you want to stop studying."

"Sometimes you see the hawk."

"The hawk?"

"Yeah, I think he hangs somewhere on the roof of Gasson, and sometimes he dives."

"That is really cool, and the library is the best view."

"Another fun thing is to hang out in the Media Center on Fridays and see what videos professors are taking home for the weekend."

The section for sleeping, in case you're wondering, is to the back and on the right, on the ground level, where you can pull two seats together, though some

IN FACT, CAESAR'S ACT OF ARSON WAS PROBABLY ONLY THE FIRST OF A SERIES OF FIRES THAT BESET THE LIBRARY OVER THE CENTURIES, AND THERE HAS BEEN SOME CONTROVERSY ABOUT WHETHER THE *COUP DE GRÂCE* WAS DELIVERED BY CHRISTIAN INTELLECTUAL INTOLERANCE IN THE FOURTH CENTURY A.D. OR MUSLIM INTELLECTUAL INTOLERANCE IN THE SEVENTH

students prefer the business library in Fulton for really peaceful sleeping.

"The people who stop you from bringing drinks into O'Neill, they are the worst. There are two of them, and they are real sticklers."

"I've smuggled coffee in under my shirt, but it means I have coffee stains on my shirts."

"Well, I smuggled in really hot coffee under my shirt, and I have burn marks on my chest."

"What a man!"

"And the coffee wasn't even for me."

"Do you know about the dog?"

"The dog?"

"Yeah, this is the best. There is one student who smuggles in a dog in a duffel bag, just for company. You know, you need company in O'Neill while you're studying."

"Have you ever seen Spiderman?"

"No, I've heard about him in O'Neill, coming out of the recycling bin during exam period, but I've never actually seen him."

"I think the kid has probably graduated, with his costume."

"Yeah, I heard he went to Harvard Law School."

I myself have never seen Spiderman in O'Neill, or in the Harvard Law School Library for that matter, but maybe he just doesn't come out when professors are around. He probably remains invisible to librarians too.

In 1957 the classic Broadway musical *The Music Man* introduced the iconic figure of Marian the Librarian, whose romantic ideals, taken from books, almost prevent her from discovering true love with a traveling salesman. She is warned, in song, by her Irish mother:

When a woman has a husband
and you've got none,
why should she take advice from you,

even if you can quote Balzac and Shakespeare
and all those other highfalutin Greeks?

Yet Marian, in spite of her idealism, is suspected of corrupting the morals of the Iowa citizenry with Chaucer, Rabelais, and Balzac (though not Stendhal). In the end, she is wooed away from her literary fantasies by a brass band and the declaration: "I love you madly, madly, Madame Librarian!"

Boston College students also have a sense of the library as a place of romantic possibilities, maybe just because studying is lonely, and you naturally look for solace.

"Well, like, hang out around the Shakespeare section when Shakespeare papers are due. That's where I would go to try to meet someone."

"I met my boyfriend at the library."

"Oh, I met my boyfriend at the library too."

"You met *him* at the library? He never goes to the library."

"He did once. That's when I met him."

"You know, there is a place in O'Neill that is really private enough so that people make out there."

"Where would that be?"

"Well, I can tell you, but you have to promise not to publish the information."

In my conversations with students, I was struck by how much the students seemed to enjoy the library space, really living in it—eating, drinking, sleeping, falling in love—all while studying, of course.

Perhaps the most alarming librarian in American culture is the hypothetical librarian in the movie *It's a Wonderful Life*, Frank Capra's classic of 1946. Remember that Jimmy Stewart is permitted, through the intervention of an angel, to view the world as it might have been if he had never been born. And, among the many hypothetical catastrophes caused by his nonexistence, he discovers that his wife, his true

love, the divine Donna Reed, was doomed never to marry, and to become a spinster librarian. He sees her hurrying out of the library at the end of the day, hunched over and wearing glasses (which she doesn't seem to need when she's happily married to Jimmy Stewart). When he addresses her, she begins to scream and run away, an "old maid" librarian traumatized by sexual hysteria at the approach of a strange man. Did Capra have to make her a librarian? Was that the worst fate that he could imagine imposing upon Donna Reed? What does that tell us about American ambivalence regarding libraries and librarians? And is it any wonder that undergraduates find a transgressive thrill when it comes to making out in the stacks?

THE END OF BOOKS?

In an American civics reader of 1948, an immigrant grandmother testifies to the local library as the ultimate expression of American civilization: "When I was a young girl, no school was near my home. I did not learn to read until I came to this country. Here I learned to read in a fine school. Here I have a library where I can get all the books I want to read. And that is why I am so glad that this is my country now."

Yet, in recent years, the world of American libraries has not been all untroubled contentment and patriotic celebration. The library world has been rocked by the furious accusations of so-called library activists, who charge librarians with the wanton destruction of the reading materials that they are supposedly mandated to preserve. The writer Nicholson Baker has published a series of denunciations of the contemporary library world for its embrace of modern technology: first for getting rid of the traditional card catalogues, in their wooden filing cabinets; then for dumping thousands of books, especially in San Francisco, just to save space; and finally for consigning to destruction mountains of irreplaceable original newspapers and periodicals after having transferred their contents to compactly stowable reels of microfilm.

Nicholson and the activists see the librarians of America, focused on computer technology, space conservation, and the Web, as sacrificing the essential custodianship of the material books, magazines, and newspapers that constitute our printed relation to the historical past, the physical artifacts of our cultural legacy. The notion of the library as portal and information as electronic data seems to these dissidents to be fundamentally and dangerously opposed to the traditional concept of the library as architectural

space, the idea of reading as a physical and sensual relation between humans and printed matter. From their activist point of view, the administrative "deaccession" of books in San Francisco is an act of cultural vandalism, different in method and purpose but maybe similar in effect to the military destruction of books in Sarajevo.

The National Library in Sarajevo is being rebuilt as an architectural monument, and real books are being collected in an international effort to recreate the collection. Irreplaceable are some of the long serial runs of Bosnian periodicals, dating back to the 19th century, which, as a matter of fact, might have been better protected for posterity if they had all been microfilmed. Indeed, if they had been electronically scanned and made available on the Web, no army could ever have harmed them. In the meantime, the government of Egypt, working closely with UNESCO, has for a decade been undertaking the tremendous project of rebuilding a great library at Alexandria, an internationally encouraged effort to spotlight modernity in the Middle East. Suzanne Mubarak, wife of Egypt's president, has declared that the restored ancient library will also be "the library of the digital age."

I myself, working as an historian, am addictively devoted to the tactile and intellectual experience of handling and reading old newsprint, and I would be sorry someday to have to conduct my research exclusively on the microfilm reader and the computer screen. But the future is coming on fast. In June 2002, at an international conference at BC on Jesuit history, we had a demonstration of the Athanasius Kircher project, in which the correspondence of the great 17th-century Jesuit polymath, preserved at the Pontifical Gregorian University Library in Rome, may be summoned to anyone's computer screen and analytically searched according to a variety of academic criteria. It was exciting to watch, a demonstration pregnant with thrilling research possibilities, but I also felt a pang of nervous premature nostalgia, imagining a future time when real travel to real libraries might become less relevant to a scholar's life.

IN THE STACKS

Like the balance between books and Web pages, the balance between museum custodianship and traditional use is always being negotiated at university library collections. I recently attended a conference on the history of childhood at Princeton's Cotsen Children's Library. The Cotsen Library consists of one of

the world's most important and valuable collections of children's books, including such items as a 17th-century alphabet book of Bible verses, and an 18th-century edition of *Jack and the Beanstalk*. The collector Lloyd Cotsen insisted in his arrangement with Princeton that, in spite of the precious bindings and editions, the library would have to be used by real children. During some of our scholarly conference, we adult professors found ourselves exchanging academic views while seated in tot-size plastic chairs arranged around nursery school tables, but surrounded by shelves and shelves of elegant antique leather-bound volumes.

This peculiar Alice-in-Wonderland scenario was a reminder of the tension inherent in the missions of university libraries in the 21st century: their simultaneous commitments to the custodianship of the printed treasures of the past, the service of the reading and researching populations of the present, and the ex-

ploration of the technologies of information that will determine the libraries of the future.

I have relished my own work in the world's great and glamorous libraries, in the Vatican Library in Rome, the British Museum Library in London, the Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris, and others. Anyone who loves libraries knows the excitement of the library as a particular place; whether it's your hometown library or the Library of Congress, each has its own idiosyncrasies of collection and organization.

I have worked in the St. Petersburg Public Library for the odd reason that the Russian empress Catherine the Great bought Voltaire's library after the French philosopher died in 1778 and had his books all shipped to St. Petersburg, where they have remained ever since, in spite of the fact that Voltaire himself never traveled to Russia. When I first made this trip I had to find my way into the bowels of the St. Petersburg library where I finally encountered the

Clockwise from top left: Gargan Hall in Bapst Library at Boston College; the manuscript room of the Saltykov-Shehedria Public Library, in St. Petersburg, Russia; the round reading room of the British Museum; an illustration of the ancient Library of Alexandria, Egypt. Photos by, clockwise from top left: Gary Wayne Gilbert; Gregor Schmid/Corbis; Peter Marlow/Magnum Photos; Corbis.



BOSTON COLLEGE'S LIBRARY SYSTEM: A YEAR IN THE LIFE

Volumes, total: 1,900,000

Of these, the number that begin with *How to Succeed in. . .*: 13—in academics, banking, business (3), college, company politics, law school, organic chemistry, school, show business, siting a drug abuse treatment center, and the organizational jungle

Number of titles purchased by the system last year: 29,000 (June 2001–May 2002)

Number of volumes discarded: 1,285

Magazine and newspaper subscriptions: 21,400

Of these, the number of periodicals in Japanese devoted to health care: 6

Microforms, total (mostly periodicals, newspapers, government documents): 3,750,000

Of all available federal documents, the percentage that BC selects for its collection: 59

Maps, total: 17,600

Oldest map: from 1493, the first map of Germany ever printed in a book—in the *Nuremberg Chronicle*, by the Nuremberg town physician, Hermann Schedel

Films, DVDs, videocassettes, and laser discs, combined total: 8,600

Performances of *Hamlet* available for viewing: 7—starring Kenneth Branagh, Richard Burton, Nicol Williamson, Ethan Hawke, Derek Jacobi, Lawrence Olivier, and Innokentii Smoktunovskii (in Russian)

Total audio collection (cassettes, CDs, LPs): 12,800

CDs lost or missing (a partial list): *BBC Sound Effects, Volume XIV: Cities; Mountain Music of Peru; Motown Dance Party, Volume I*

Number of books charged out last year: 370,628

Charged out by students: 67 percent

Charged out by faculty: 13 percent

Time when most books are charged out: 4:00–5:00 P.M.

Visitors each year to the O'Neill Library (BC's main research facility): more than 796,000

Visitors to the Burns Library (rare books, special collections, and University archives): 5,000

Hits on the BC library system's Web site last year: 7,342,926 (July 2001–June 2002)

Least active hour on the Web in the busiest month of the year (November): 5:00–6:00 A.M.

Hits per day last November: 49,937, for an average of 17 minutes each

Electronic books added to the system last year: 3,400

Electronic databases added: 25

Contained in *American Civil War Letters and Diaries*, an electronic database acquired last year: 52,000 pages of personal memoirs, letters, and diaries from 1855 to 1875

Contained in *Polling the Nations*, an electronic database acquired last year: 400,000 answers from 14,000 surveys conducted in 84 countries

With thanks to the BC library system's 70 librarians, 90 support staff, and 170 student assistants

ALL TOO OFTEN I'VE FOUND MYSELF ON THE VAPORETTO GOING DOWN THE GRAND CANAL AT ONE O'CLOCK, COUNTING THE MINUTES, JUMPING OFF THE BOAT AT SAN MARCO, RACING PAST THE VIOLINS ("DON'T CRY FOR ME, ARGENTINA"), AND FILLING OUT MY LIBRARY REQUESTS IN A FRENZY AS THE OFFICE PREPARES TO CLOSE.

late Madame Larissa Albina, who fiercely guarded Voltaire's library during the Soviet period, while making her own multivolume compilation of Voltaire's marginalia. She would, after some cajoling, place one of Voltaire's books in my hands and then watch vigilantly over my shoulder, Madame Librarian, breathing fire, while I tried to read.

More recently I've been working with 18th-century periodicals and publications in the Biblioteca Marciana of Venice. The building itself is the 16th-century Renaissance masterpiece of Jacopo Sansovino, and it faces the Doge's Palace across the Piazzetta of San Marco. Standing outside, you hear the serenading melodies of the little orchestra of the Café Chioggia, but if you step inside you may have access to a library collection first established in the 15th century for the Greek manuscripts of Cardinal John Bessarion, a treasured fraction of the Greek legacy that was lost with the Library of Alexandria. One of the library's regulations is that you can only request old books from the stacks until 1:30 in the afternoon, though you may read them until 7:00 once they've been delivered. Scholars in Venice often divide their time between the library and the state archive, which are at opposite ends of the city. All too often I've found myself on the *vaporetto* going down the Grand Canal at one o'clock, counting the minutes, jumping off the boat at San Marco, racing past the violins ("Don't Cry for Me, Argentina"), and filling out my library requests in a frenzy as the office prepares to close down for lunch and the duration.

At Harvard's Widener Library, a 10-minute walk from my home and the place where I first learned how to do research, there are no request forms because Widener still has open stacks. If you love libraries, you love open stacks beyond all other attractions.

It's a memorial library, built to honor Harry Elkins Widener, who went down with the *Titanic* in 1912, and I for one will not forget him. There is a particular coolness, a dimness, and a hush that envelops you as you enter the Widener stacks and begin to navigate the 10 different levels with little metal staircases that would almost make you think you were shipboard. The real magic, however, involves finding your book by its call number—and then letting your gaze wander along the shelf to see whatever else happens to be there.

This is the greatest pleasure and excitement of being in a library: not the purposeful encounter with the book you were seeking, but the casual and accidental encounter with the book you never heard of before, but which is about to change your life—or, in any event, your scholarship. You meet people too in the depths of Widener (and somehow you always feel like you're in the depths, even though you might actually be on one of the upper floors). Stay there long enough and you will meet everyone you ever knew in the academic world, and strangers whom you know you will see again, because, after all, what sort of a person hangs out among the Slavic periodicals? The hushed sociability of the stacks, however, is always secondary to the religious intensity devoted to the books themselves, as a succession of bindings leads you along the shelf to some unpredictable destiny that you will only be able to realize on the spot, in the place.

Larry Wolff

*Larry Wolff is a professor of history at Boston College. He is the author of *Inventing Eastern Europe: The Map of Civilization on the Mind of the Enlightenment* (1994) and was this year awarded a Guggenheim Fellowship. His most recent article for BCM was "Fire and Ice," an account of the Edvard Munch exhibit, in Spring 2001.*

LOYALTY—Members of the 25th Reunion Gift Committee for the Class of 1977, from left: Leo Vercollone (chair), Tom Sullivan, and Jennifer Lynch, with President William P. Leahy, SJ. The occasion was the Loyalty Luncheon: A Celebration with the President, held during Reunion Weekend. The Class of 1977 raised \$2.7 million for its reunion gift, including a special fund established to honor the memory of classmate William G. Minardi, who died in the collapse of the World Trade Center towers on September 11, 2001.



JUSTIN KNIGHT

RECORDS AND MILESTONES

The year in review

Boston College wrapped up a successful year by raising \$82,076,086 in pledges and \$56,626,591 in cash, bringing the total amount reached by the Ever to Excel Campaign to \$372.8 million, against the overall goal of \$400 million.

The Boston College Fund's Fides Society had a total of 2,956 gifts of \$1,000 to \$4,999; the President's Circle had 500 gifts of \$5,000 to \$9,999; and the Gasson Society had 626 gifts of \$10,000 or more. The Reunion Gift Program raised \$16,936,872, which is the second-largest reunion total in the University's history.

The President's Circle reached the milestone of 500 gifts for the first time in its 20-year history. "We have enjoyed tremendous success this year in both increasing our membership and the dollar amount raised by President's Circle members," said President's Circle executive committee chair Susan McManama Gianinno '70.

Gianinno and the executive committee launched a number of new initiatives, including the Presidential Perspective program and a series of breakfasts at which current and prospective members were in-

vited to network.

President's Circle gifts provide funding for various needs and programs such as tuition grants, junior faculty research grants, and religious and developmental retreats for students.

The 5th, 20th, and 25th reunion classes all raised the bar for future reunion classes at Boston College. The 5th reunion Class of 1997 was led by gift chair ReRe Petrillo-Corcoran and raised \$178,000 for the University. The Class of 1982's 20th reunion gift chair Patricia Flaherty led her class to a total of \$1,648,523.

The Class of 1977's 25th Reunion gift chair, Leo Vercollone, spurred his class on to raise \$2.7 million for Boston College. As a part of this effort, the Class established the William G. Minardi '77 Memorial Scholarship Fund, which recognizes their classmate killed in the destruction of the World Trade Center on September 11. The scholarship was announced at the Loyalty Luncheon: A Celebration with the President (see photo and caption, above) during Reunion Weekend. Minardi's wife, brother, and sister were in attendance.

PAR FOR THE COURSE

Joan and William Cunningham Endow Golf Scholarship

Joan and William H. Cunningham, Jr., '57 have pledged \$165,000 to establish an endowed golf scholarship at Boston College in memory of their son, William J. Cunningham III. As part of Bill's 45th reunion gift, this scholarship will aid the Ever to Excel campaign. "Because of the generosity of alumni and friends like the Cunninghams, BC athletes will continue to receive a quality education," says Gene DeFilippo, BC's athletic director.

Cunningham, an avid golfer, is a past president of the

Boston College Alumni Association. He led the association to commit a \$1 million gift to the campaign, in support of volunteer programs. The Cunningham family includes a number of BC alumni, among them Bill's father William J. '26, his brothers Paul J. '60 and John F. '64, and daughter Lynn '80.

"My family and I have been loyal fans and BC football season ticket holders for years," said Cunningham, retired president of Dataware Products. "It is heartwarming to know that in my son's name a deserving



Joan and William H. Cunningham, Jr.

student will get the same experiences and opportunities that my family did."

HUSSON ON BOARD

Expansion effort begins

James J. Husson joins Boston College as vice president for development this summer, as part of an expansion of the University's fund-raising efforts. Husson most recently served as the vice president for development at Brown University, where he expanded the development staff by 30 percent, to a team of approximately 100, and led the fund-raising operation to significant advances in annual giving, new gifts, and pledges. Before that, he worked at Harvard University as director of major gifts for the Faculty of Arts and Sciences, during

Harvard's \$2.2 billion capital campaign.

University President William P. Leahy, SJ, describes Husson as "a person who is committed to higher education fund-raising and who has been successful in guiding a similar university through its own development expansion."

In accepting his appointment, Husson said that he looks forward to joining Mary Lou DeLong's team and working closely with BC's faculty, trustees, and alumni: "Boston College combines the best qualities of an academically rigorous institution and a



James J. Husson

thoughtful community. I am pleased to have the opportunity to work on behalf of the goals that Fr. Leahy, the deans, and the faculty identify."

GASSON CHAIRED

The Gasson Society, the premier annual giving society at Boston College, has named John Powers '73 as its new chair, succeeding Tom Ryan '63. Powers will lead a national executive committee of prominent volunteers who strive to increase membership of annual donors at the \$10,000-and-above level. Since its inception in 2000, the committee has more than doubled in size and has fueled the growth of Gasson Society membership among alumni, parents, and friends of BC.

CIRCLE UNBROKEN

The President's Circle has named Randy Seidl '85 as the new chair, succeeding Susan McManama Gianinno '70. Seidl will lead a committee of more than 125 individuals committed to raising annual gifts of \$5,000 to \$9,999. In addition to the legions of New England area volunteers, the committee includes dedicated groups in New York, Washington, D.C., the Midwest, Southwest, and Northwest. President's Circle gifts provide funding for programs such as tuition grants, junior faculty research, and religious and development retreats for students.

SEMPER FIDES

The Fides Society has named Ann Finck '66 as the new chair, succeeding Ed Murphy '84. Finck recently completed her tenure as chair of the New York Fides Committee. Members of the Fides Society contribute annual gifts of \$1,000 to \$4,999 and account for more than 25 percent of all giving to the Boston College Fund each year. A special Young Fides membership is available to graduates who have not yet celebrated their 10th reunion and commit to a gift of \$1,000 over two years.



GARY WAYNE GILBERT

A public affair

With the best of intentions, Americans have isolated religion from political discourse, says theology professor David Hollenbach, SJ, in his latest book
An interview by Richard J. Higgins

In your new book, *The Common Good and Christian Ethics* (Cambridge, 2002), the good is by definition common. One accepts Aristotle's point, and yours, that the more common the good, the better. But is there any stand-alone sense of the good to which *common* adds something useful and distinctive? Is individual good intrinsically inferior? I'm trying to make the case that conceiving of our lives as fulfilled in privacy is a bad idea; that our fulfillment as human beings comes in our relationships—our relationships with one another and as citizens in the larger society, and, I want to argue, ultimate-

ly in our relationship with God. If we understand the good as that which is fulfilling for human beings, it is profoundly imbedded in our relationships with one another.

You argue that individual freedom, the freedom to be self-determining, is not an absolute right, as libertarians allege, but is always situated. As you write, reworking Paul, the situated self lives and moves and has its being in community. It's such a basic point, I wonder how we have lost track of it today.

I would say that self-determination is

something that has profoundly social dimensions to it. I really can't be self-determining unless I am given support by and sustained by a whole series of interrelationships and interconnections with other people. So a sense of being self-determining on my own, it seems to me, is illusory. Now, why have we come to stress individual self-determination as strongly as we do in our society? I think it's because notions of communal responsibility or the presumed good of the community have been used in repressive ways. For example, it's been thought that the good

of the community demanded the repression of minority religious beliefs. We have over the course of centuries rebelled against the idea that society or authorities or the government or whoever can tell *me* what to do.

A deeply ingrained fear of tyranny?

Yes, we're deeply in fear of tyranny and we're deeply skeptical of the notion of community as something that can stifle freedom.

My argument about the common good is certainly no argument for stifling freedom. It's rather to say that there's a kind of freedom that we can only achieve if we achieve it together. For example, the freedom of a democracy can't exist if everyone stays home on election day. We all have to work together to create that democratic freedom. So I'm trying to give a new orientation to our thinking about freedom that is more social and more communal.

What worries me is the emphasis that one encounters today on freedom as meaning being left alone. That idea doesn't have the power to address important issues we face in our society today. The book deals with some of these issues—the split one often finds between cities and suburbs, an example being the contrast between public schools in an affluent place like Wellesley and those in Boston. Or the way healthcare is delivered, or not, in the United States. And there are global issues, like environmental degradation. We have to deal with all of these in some manner together. If we stress being on our own, what resources do we bring to protecting the environment? How are we going to reduce the economic dislocation caused by global competition? How are we going to build fruitful interaction between the inner city and the suburb? If we leave each other alone, we're saying the status quo is fine. That's just not enough.

If you had to fit a definition of the common good on a postage stamp, what would it say?

My short definition of the common good is the good of being a community at all, of being a community of people working together and making choices together about the direction in which our lives are going to go together.

I like the analogy of friendship. When two people are friends, something happens between them that isn't in each of them separately. Friendship is something that happens in interaction. You can't have a genuine friendship between a master and a slave. You might have coexistence, but it can't be friendship. Friendship has to be on the basis of some kind of reciprocal equality.

Nor can you have friendship between two people who are totally isolated from each other. There's something about friendship that demands reciprocal respect, interactive freedom, and decision-making that takes place together. The common good is like that, as well.

To what extent is your book a reply to the philosopher John Rawls's assertion, in *A Theory of Justice*, that the tolerance of difference is the highest aspiration a society can have?

I wouldn't want to bill my book as a response just to Rawls. I have great respect for Rawls and I admire his work immensely. My book is, however, a response to a larger cultural trend of stressing the acceptance of difference almost to the exclusion of searching for what we hold in common, a trend that Rawls's philosophy expresses and endorses. I don't want to deny the importance of tolerance and respect for difference, but I think we can go beyond what Rawls thinks we can. As a matter of fact, I think we must.

You mentioned in your book the 17th-century religious conflicts—the strife in England between Anglicans and Catholics, the Thirty Years' War in Europe—that gave birth to the modern conviction that common values are impossible to achieve and that therefore tolerance is the highest good. And you say that these were unique historical circumstances and should not deter us from searching for

the common good today. But don't the contemporary political conflicts with religious roots belie your argument?

I don't believe so. My argument is that the diverse religious communities of the world are compelled by economic interconnections and the new dynamics of communications—the Internet and all that sort of stuff—to bang shoulders. We're rubbing shoulders against each other all the time. This is certainly true in the United States today. There are more Muslims in the United States now than there are Episcopalians. This interaction calls for something more than just leaving one another alone, I think. We need to find ways to understand each other.

You're asking us to move past the religious conflicts of the 20th century, and yet we see similar conflicts emerging in our time. Aren't we sunk in the same pit?

I don't think so. The reaction that we are seeing from the radical Islamists is a reaction, in large part, to Islam having been marginalized by colonialization and the rise of Western secular culture. One of the ways to define fundamentalism is as reactivity to modernity: a rebellion on the part of Muslims and others—there are Christians like this, too—against a purely secular view of how society should be organized; against the idea that religion is a private affair and doesn't effect public life.

Rather than try to put religion back strictly into private life, we have to find a way for these religious communities to come into a more fruitful interaction with one another in the public sphere. Now, that's a big, big challenge. It's what we're trying to do here at Boston College—getting students to take interreligious issues very seriously. You don't say, Well, it doesn't matter what anybody believes, it's all private anyway. You say, Let's look at our religious beliefs; let's argue about them; let's think about them; let's have serious grappling with them in public, right here in the middle of this university, where these issues are

taken seriously, in the way that I think our culture should take them.

In describing how Christians can contribute as Christians to building a common morality, you note that the Second Vatican Council affirmed both the notion of interreligious dialogue and the distinctiveness of Christian truth. It said that human dignity resides in all human beings but can only be known "in its full depth through Christian revelation." How do you get beyond this wanting to have it both ways?

Well, I'm not sure I do. I want to affirm two things about religious truth in the book. One is that Christianity provides a privileged insight into what God and the universe are ultimately all about. In other words, I'm a Christian. I want to make a truth claim about Christianity. But I do not want to say that Christianity possesses the whole truth. I think Christianity has a lot to learn from interaction and serious dialogue with other religions. Does that mean I think all religions are equal? No, it doesn't. Does it mean that I think Christians ought to take other religions with deep seriousness? Yes, it does.

You introduce a new "ism," nonjudgmentalism, which captures perfectly our societal obsession with recognizing and accepting difference. Are you saying that we need to judge more?

Yes, but I'm not saying we need to be more judgmental about the goodness of individuals. I am saying we need to make judgments about the kind of life we want to share together. Do we really want to live in a city where a large number of people in the center are hungry, unemployed, hooked on drugs, for generation after generation? We ought to be able to reach a judgment that there's something wrong with that—with what the philosopher Cornell West calls the "institutionalization of despair."

You note that one of the challenges arising from globalization is that it changes the scale of community to a size that is hardly tenable

for community at all. How big a world can we live in while aspiring to live communally?

I think the bonds have to be worldwide, but there are different kinds of bonds. One way to look at it is as a series of concentric circles. There's me and my family or immediate friends, the people who are closest to me. That's the inner circle. The circles get bigger and bigger, all the way out to the level of global interaction. This doesn't mean that the relationship I have with somebody in Bangladesh is necessarily going to have personal intensity, but that there is some kind of solidarity, some kind of concern that gets mediated through a series of political or economic interactions.

For example, something that means a lot to me is what happened in Rwanda. In 1994, genocide took place there. Some 800,000 people were killed in 100 days. The United States made decisions that had a major impact on what we, other countries, and the United Nations didn't do. In truth, we should have supported U.N. intervention to prevent that genocide from happening. We stood up and swore, in the light of the Holocaust, never again. We'll never let—well, the hell with that language. We *did* let it happen again, and we shouldn't have. Now, there are those who would argue that we can't be concerned about all those sorts of things, that it's beyond our national interest. That is George W. Bush's position. Bush was asked during the campaign, if there were another Rwanda genocide, should the United States intervene? His answer was no. Well, I think that's wrong. Why? Because I think there is a shared good that cuts across national boundaries, and it won't do to say we're only concerned about Americans.

The religious life, which you've chosen personally, is both highly communal and highly solitary. In your book, you explain that members of religious orders, even when silent or alone, are never out of connection with others in a spiritual sense. Would you elaborate?

Well, I think that monasticism makes sense from a Christian theological point of view and spiritual point of view if you see it as a school of love, as a form of life in which love for God and love for one's neighbors can be encouraged to grow. If somebody went off into solitude as a hermit, and did not grow in love for God and his or her neighbors, I would say that person is moving toward hell. A classic definition of hell, from a Christian point of view, is a state of radical isolation. Being cut off, ultimately, from any contact with God or one's neighbors. The opposite of that is what heaven is about.

I was at the Trappist monastery in Spencer, Massachusetts, for Easter, and they had special vespers. The place was filled with a sense of joy, interaction, communication. It wasn't a bunch of people just looking inside themselves. They were doing something different than that. The common good was very much alive.

Is there a place or country in the world where you believe the notion of the common good is being lived out? Has there ever been such a place?

There have been places in the past where people worked together to build a community that realized the common good, such as early New England towns and villages, or countries that have come together in times of war and conflict, as the United States did in World War II. But the challenges we face today will not be met by defining the common good simply for a town or even for an individual nation. The challenge we face is that of attaining a broader and deeper realization of the common good, because the world in which we live is more interconnected than was ever the case before.

*Richard J. Higgins is a freelance writer based in the Boston area. Professor Hollenbach's *The Common Good and Christian Ethics* (2002) is available at a discount from the BC Bookstore via the BCM Web site: www.bc.edu/bcm*

Lost and found



CARY WAYNE GILBERT

Editor's Note: After a half-page notice appeared in the Fall 2001 issue announcing BCM's first essay contest and a \$1,000 prize, nearly a hundred original works of fiction, fact, and poetry followed. Among the entrants were members of classes from '51 to '04, as well as BC faculty and staff. The topic proposed was "Hope," and many wrote about deeply personal concerns—incipient alcoholism, a father's suicide, a grievously sick child. Some sent treatises, with footnotes; Erin Heath '03 took the voice of Noah's wife aboard the ark.

Given the timing and the topic, many entries conveyed the strains of September 11. "There are days when [hope] is difficult to master," wrote Geraldine Laninger Moriarty '72 of her job as a fifth-grade teacher in a Massachusetts inner city school. She derived hope, on one day at least, from her students' grief at the senseless loss of thousands of strangers' lives in a city hundreds of miles away. Children figured often in the writings: Parenthood itself is a state of constant hope, suggested Kate Lee Padden '85. A few writers quoted Vaclav Havel: Hope "is not the conviction that something will turn out well, but the certainty that something makes sense." In that vein, wrote Michael Azevedo '84, "We lay odds with the words we choose. . . . Who among us would confidently board Hope Airlines?"

A new contest topic will be announced in Fall 2002. In the meantime, here is the winning essay, by Michael Antrobus '88.

THE DAY AFTER Thanksgiving last year, a former colleague of mine named David Legier swallowed a bottle of prescription pills in a final act of hopelessness that would end his short and remarkable life on earth. At 37 years of age, the former special-projects editor of the business newspaper where I worked—who once moonlighted in the French Quarter as the transvestite Belinda—had come to a grim threshold I believe he had visited many times before. This time, he stepped across to the other side.

The popular assumption is that people like David kill themselves because they have lost hope—we mortals' protection against despair. The implication is that hope is something we carry through life like a football as we march toward the final goal line. If we aren't careful, we may fumble it or allow it to be stripped.

In casting this view, we allow ourselves to feel the sorrow that accompanies loss from suicide, and the pity aroused by another's misfortune, yet we reserve room for an underlying indignation: Suicide desecrates the sacred temple where life resides—therefore it must be condemned. We sympathize with the players tackled suddenly from behind, but we nonetheless believe them culpable when they drop the ball.

Why couldn't they just hold on? The suggestion is that hope can be possessed by individuals, on their own. My experience as a phone counselor at a suicide hotline contradicts this.

IT WAS AROUND the time I first met David Legier that I volunteered to become a suicide phone counselor. A former poker buddy of mine had recently shot himself in the head. Jim's unreturned voice message on my answering machine still haunts me. He had called to talk, to connect with another human being. His voice sounded tired, but I was familiar with Jim's alcoholism. Put off by his frequent drunkenness, afraid of becoming an enabler, I found it easy not to return his call. When I erased his message from my answering machine, I did not realize I would never hear his voice again.

My training as a crisis intervention phone counselor taught me to tune in to the feelings behind the words of callers. Often, just naming the feelings they communicated through tired or sorrowful or angry or fearful voices helped establish a rapport with people I'd never met. Confidentiality prevents me from sharing details of my calls. Some callers were manipulative. Some were genuinely lost. Often calls ended without much measurable progress. Other times I was left feeling I had helped someone live at least one more day. When I resigned from the phone lines after five years, I was no longer afraid of answering a call from a troubled soul.

David Legier's coworkers all loved him. He had an endearing way about him. He seemed very much in control of his universe. The product of a dysfunctional nuclear family, David fashioned his own new family out of confidantes and trusted colleagues.

David was a student of human social interaction. He read people with expert precision, learned what made them laugh, manipulated them to his advantage like a genial puppeteer. He had a nickname for everyone, with no regard for political correctness. One of our colleagues was a native of New Delhi; David called him, without malice, "the Injun." The executive assistant to the publisher was "Governor." My byline read Michael but most people called me Mike, so David called me "Michael Mike."

His home he called "the Villa Belinda." The alter ego grew out of a love for the singer Belinda Carlyle, whose picture he kept above his desk. His most endeared neighbor was an older woman he called "the señorita," and he loved to drop her name in conversation. He once remarked that he had spent more time at her house in a particular week than at his own. It seemed to me she was his adopted mother.

Not only people got nicknames from David. David didn't go to the bathroom, he went to "make water," and he wasn't shy about announcing this to a room full of managers in suits. He was unapologetic about his homosexuality, and generous in offering to lend out his formal gowns to any

woman in the office large enough to wear them.

None were. Standing around six feet tall, he easily weighed in at 230 pounds on a bad day. His weight rose and declined like the stock market. David tried every weight loss program that came his way—Sugar Busters, Slim-Fast, pills, you name it. But he wasn't one for moderation. He drank Diet Coke out of three-liter plastic bottles.

We knew David struggled with his weight, and some of us suspected there were other struggles as well. My editor later told me David had spent a week sobering up at a local treatment center, where she visited him every day. She loved him too. She wanted to help him tame his demons, and for a time after his stay at the rehabilitation clinic, things appeared promising. He returned to work and continued to bring in special-project clients. He wrote a cover story—about Amway—that was widely praised. But then he engineered a scheme to defraud an insurance company using our business paper's stationary. The editor may have saved him from prosecution, but David was sacked and I never saw him again.

Unlike beauty, hope is not found in things. Unlike faith, hope does not reside within the individual. As it turns out, hope is found only in other people. If it cannot be found there, it cannot be found. When hope is lost, we all are implicated.

This becomes clear when we consider where individuals on the threshold of despair turn when they embrace hope. Following the horrors of September 11, friends and families of the missing distributed flyers with pictures of their loved ones. They turned to other people, strangers, anyone who might give them hope. By no coincidence, Christians place their ultimate hope in Jesus, a human.

In the five years I worked as a phone counselor, I spoke with hundreds of Davids. They came from every walk of life. No age, gender, race, sexual orientation, or economic status seems to derail people on the approach to the hopeless threshold of suicide. Though my callers often turned for brief comfort to alcohol, drugs, sex, money, food, religion, they found no hope in them. Nor did they find it in themselves.

Ultimately, they turned to me. I was the one working the lines when they called. I was hope.

On Thanksgiving Day last year, as I sat down to a marvelous formal dinner with all the fixings, David Legier, once again struggling with the ultimate despair, drove himself to a substance abuse clinic. I'm still shaky on the details and don't know the reasons, but the clinic turned David away. It was then, when those to whom he had gone for help—and hope—shut the door on him, that he returned home and took matters into his own hands.

Michael Antrobus '88

Michael Antrobus is an editorial page writer for the Baton Rouge Advocate newspaper. He and his wife, Elise, are expecting their first child—and greatest hope—in August.

Vote getter

DISABILITY RIGHTS LAWYER KRISTIN AIELLO '89



As an attorney for the Disability Rights Center (DRC) of Maine—a “protection and advocacy” agency for people with disabilities, funded by the state and federal government—Kristin Aiello usually helps one individual at a time: the man fired from his job because he has multiple sclerosis; the boy with muscular dystrophy seeking a school’s accommodation for his wheelchair. So when she won *Doe v. Rowe*, a case with Constitutional scope and national implications, last August, she was excited enough to print out the judge’s decision and place it by her bedside. “Every morning I’d wake up and read it,” she says at her office in Augusta.

Doe v. Rowe overturned a long-standing provision of the Maine constitution that prohibited mentally ill people from voting if they had been placed under guardianship by the courts. Aiello and the DRC argued that being unfit to reliably pay one’s bills or to stick with an appropriate course of medical treatment has nothing to do with one’s ability to understand political issues or cast a ballot. What’s more, Maine’s courts had repeatedly failed to warn individuals that guardianship meant disenfranchisement, thereby “denying hundreds of citizens a basic civic right without due process,” says Aiello. “In Maine, if you are a felon, you can vote,” Aiel-

lo says. “If you are senile and don’t even know your own name, you can vote. Technically, if you are in a *coma* you can vote. But if you happen to have been mentally ill”—what the state’s archaic law termed “lunatic”—and were under guardianship, “you couldn’t vote.”

Aiello pressed *Doe v. Rowe* on behalf of three mentally ill women, two suffering from bipolar disorder and one from personality disorder. Her goal was to secure them a vote in the 2000 elections. Maine’s citizens had already twice struck down referenda to abandon the law. Aiello finally prevailed on August 9, 2001, when a federal judge ruled that the law was a direct violation of the U.S. Constitution and the Americans with Disabilities Act of 1990.

More than 40 states restrict the voting rights of people with mental disabilities, and mental health advocates predict that Aiello’s success will spark similar suits elsewhere. “There’s a saying we have in Maine,” notes Aiello: “As Maine goes, so goes the nation.’ I hope that proves true.”

Daniel B. Smith

Daniel B. Smith is a freelance writer based in New York City. His article on student filmmakers appeared in BCM Spring 2002.

Turning point



The Devlin family congratulating the namesake of the Woods College of Advancing Studies (left to right): Matt Devlin '90, with son Jack, wife Erin, and son Ian; Robert M. Devlin; Katharine B. Devlin; James C. Woods, SJ; University President William P. Leahy, SJ; and Michael Devlin '88. Photo by Gary Wayne Gilbert.

FAMILY HONORS

After 34 years at the helm of the University's College of Advancing Studies, James C. Woods, SJ, now shares his name with the program, thanks to a \$5 million gift from Katharine B. and Robert M. Devlin and their family. "It is all of the Devlins' honor to recognize Fr. Woods for the commitment, dedication, and outstanding leadership he has provided over the years to BC and society in general," said Bob Devlin at the recent dedication of the Woods College of Advancing Studies. Devlin is chairman of Curragh Capital Partners and former chairman, president, and CEO of American General Corporation. Devlin's sons, Matt and Michael, are graduates of the college.

